

THE
P L A Y S
OF
William Shakspeare,
COMPLETE,
IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

VOLUME VII.

CONTAINING

HENRY VI. PART I.
HENRY VI. PART II.
HENRY VI. PART III.
RICHARD III.
HENRY VIII.

THE ENGRAVINGS TO THIS VOLUME ARE,
TWO SCENES TO EACH PLAY, AND TWO ALLEGORIES.

ALLEGORIES.

1. THE HISTORIC MUSE DICTATING TO SHAKSPEARE.
 2. THE HISTORIC MUSE AT THE TOMB OF SHAKSPEARE
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L O N D O N:

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1796.

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HENRY VI.

PART I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King HENRY the Sixth.

Duke of GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*

Duke of BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, and Regent of France.*

Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester, and great Uncle to the King.*

Duke of EXETER.

Duke of SOMERSET.

Earl of WARWICK.

Earl of SALISBURY.

Earl of SUFFOLK.

Lord TALBOT.

Young TALBOT, *his Son.*

Richard PLANTAGENET, *afterwards Duke of York.*

Mortimer, Earl of March.

Sir JOHN FASTOLFE *WOODVILLE, Lieutenant of the Tower, Lord Mayor of London.* *Sir* THOMAS GARGRAVE. *Sir*

WILLIAM GLANSDALE. *Sir* WILLIAM LUCY.

Vernon, of the White Rose, *or York Faction.*

Basset, of the Red Rose, *or Lancaster Faction.*

Charles, Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.

Reignier, Duke of Anjou, *and titular King of* Naples.

Duke of BURGUNDY.

Duke of ALENCON.

Bastard of Orleans.

Governor of Paris.

Master Gunner of Orleans. *Boy, his Son.*

An old Shepherd, *Father to* Joan la Pucelle.

W O M E N.

Margaret, Daughter to Reignier, *and afterwards Queen to* King Henry.

Countess of AUVERGNE.

Joan la Pucelle, commonly called, JOAN OF ARC; a Maid pretending to be inspired from Heaven, and setting up for the Champions of France.

Fiends attending her.

Lords, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants, both on the English and French.

The SCENE is partly in England, and partly in France.

FIRST PART OF
H E N R Y VI.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Westminster-Abbey. Dead March. Enter the Funeral of King Henry the Fifth, attended on by the Duke of BEDFORD, Regent of France; the Duke of GLOSTER, Protector; the Duke of EXETER, and the Earl of WARWICK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, and the Duke of SOMERSET, &c.*

Bedford.

HUNG be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
Henry the fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech;
He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourn in black; Why mourn we not in blood?

Henry is dead, and never shall revive;
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurers and forcerers, that afraid of him,
By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king blest of the King of kings.
 Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
 So dreadful will not be, as was his fight.
 The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought:
 The church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The church! where is it? Had not church-men
 pray'd,
 His thread of life had not so soon decay'd:
 None do you like but an effeminate prince,
 Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art protector;
 And lookest to command the prince and realm.
 Thy wife is proud; she holdeth thee in awe,
 More than God, or religious church-men, may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the flesh;
 And ne'er throughout the year to church thou go'st,
 Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your minds in
 peace!

Let's to the altar:—Heralds, wait on us:—
 Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms;
 Since arms avail not, now that Henry's dead.—
 Posterity, await for wretched years,
 When at their mother's moist eyes babes shall suck;
 Our isle be made a nourish of salt tears,
 And none but women left to wail the dead.—
 Henry the fifth! thy ghost I invoke;
 Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils!
 Combat with adverse planets in the heavens!
 A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
 Than Julius Cæsar, or bright————

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you all!
 Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
 Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture:
 Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans,
 Paris, Guysors, Poictirs, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man, before dead Henry's corse?
 Speak softly; or the loss of those great towns
 Will make him burst his lead, and rise from death.

Glo. Is Paris lost? is Roan yielded up?

If Henry were recall'd to life again,
This news would cause him once more yield the ghost.

Exe. How were they lost? what treachery was us'd?

Mess. No treachery; but want of men and money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered—

That here you maintain several factions:

And, whilst a field should be dispatch'd and fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have ling'ring wars, with little cost;

Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings;

A third man thinks, without expence at all,

By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.

Awake, awake, English nobility!

Let not sloth dim your honours, new-begot:

Crop'd are the fleur-de-luces in your arms;

Of England's coat one half is cut away.

Exe. Were our tears wanting to this funeral,
These tidings would call forth their flowing tides.

Bed. Me they concern; regent I am of France.—

Give me my steeled coat, I'll fight for France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes!

Wounds I will lend the French, instead of eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter to them another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of bad mischance,
France is revolted from the English quite;

Except some petty towns of no import:

The dauphin Charles is crowned king in Rheims;

The bastard of Orleans with him is join'd

Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth take his part;

The duke of Alençon fleeth to his side.

[*Exit.*

Exe. The dauphin crowned king! all fly to him!

O, whither shall we fly from this reproach?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies' throats:—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my forwardness?

An army have I muster'd in my thoughts,

Wherewith already France is over-run.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords—to add to your laments,

Wherewith ye now bedew king Henry's hearse—

B

I must inform you of a dismal fight,
Betwixt the stout lord Talbot and the French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcome? is't so?

3 Mess. O, no; wherein lord Talbot was o'erthrown:
The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans,
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three and twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon:
No leisure had he to enrank his men;
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of hedges,
They pitched in the ground confusedly,
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued;
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him;
Here, there, and every where, enrag'd he slew;
The French exclaim'd, The devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood amaz'd on him:
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out again,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle.
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolf had not play'd the coward:
He being in the vaward (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and massacre;
Enclosed were they with their enemies:
A base Walloon to win the dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with her chief assembled strength,
Durst not presume to look once in the face.

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay myself,
For living idly here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dastard foe-men is betray'd.

3 Mess. O no, he lives; but is took prisoner,
And lord Scales with him, and lord Hungerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I shall pay:
I'll hale the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ransom of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours.—
Farewel, my masters; to my task will I;
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great St. George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.

3 Mess. So you had need; for Orleans is besieg'd;
The English army is grown weak and faint:
The earl of Salisbury craveth supply;
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny,
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exe. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn;
Either to quell the dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take leave,
To go about my preparation. [Exit.]

Glo. I'll to the Tower with all the haste I can,
To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king. [Exit.]

Exe. To Eltham will I, where the young king is,
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise. [Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office;
The king from Eltham I intend to send,
And sit at chieffest stern of the public weal. [Exit.]

S C E N E II.

*Before Orleans in France. Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON,
and REIGNIER, marching with a Drum and Soldiers.*

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in the heavens,
So in the earth, to this day is not known:
Late, did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.
What towns of any moment, but we have? B 2

At pleasure here we lie, near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale ghosts,
Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules,
And have their provender ty'd to their mouths,
Or piteous will they look, like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege; why live we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear:
Remaineth none, but mad-brain'd Salisbury;
And he may well in fretting spend his gall,
Nor men, nor money, hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound, alarum; we will rush on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorn French:—
Him I forgive my death that killeth me,
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

[*Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the English, with great loss.*

Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, and REIGNIER.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I?—
Dogs! cowards! dastards!—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they left me midst mine enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide;
He fighteth as one weary of his life.
The other Lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hunger prey.

Alen. Froissard, a countryman of ours, records,
England all Olivers and Rowlands bred,
During the time Edward the third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but Sampsons, and Goliasses,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten!
Lean raw-bon'd rascals! who would e'er suppose
They had such courage and audacity?

Char. Let's leave this town; for they are hair-brain'd slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down, than forsake the siege.

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmals or device,
Their arms are set, like clocks, still to strike on;
Else they could ne'er hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the Bastard of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the prince Dauphin? I have news for him.

Dau. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd;
Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence?
Be not dismay'd for succour is at hand:
A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France,
The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome;
What's past, and what's to come, she can descry.
Speak, shall I call her in? Believe my words,
For they are certain and infallible.

Dau. Go, call her in: But first, to try her skill,
Reignier, stand thou as dauphin in my place:
Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern;—
By this means shall we found what skill she hath.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats?

Pucel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me?—
Where is the dauphin?—come, come from behind;
I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me:
In private will I talk with thee apart;—
Stand back, you lords' and give us leave awhile.

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Pucel. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,
My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven, and our Lady gracious, hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate;
Lo, whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,
God's mother deigned to appear to me;

And, in a vision full of majesty.
 Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
 And free my country from calamity :
 Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :
 In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
 And, whereas I was black and swart before,
 With those clear rays which she infus'd on me,
 That beauty am I blest with which you see.
 Ask me what question thou canst possible,
 And I will answer unpremeditated :
 My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
 And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex.
 Resolve on this : Thou shalt be fortunate,
 If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Dau. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms :
 Only this proof I'll of thy valour make—
 In single combat thou shalt buckle with me ;
 And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
 Otherwise I renounce all confidence.

Pucel. I am prepar'd : here is my keen edg'd sword,
 Deck'd with fine fleur-de-luces on each side ;
 The which, at Tourain in saint Katharine's church-yard,
 Out of a deal of old iron I chose forth.

Dau. Then come o' God's name, I fear no woman.

Pucel. And, while I live, I'll never fly no man.

[*Here they fight, and PUCELLE overcomes.*

Dau. Stay, stay thy hands ; thou art an Amazon,
 And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Pucel. Christ's mother helps me, else I were too weak.

Dau. Whoe'er helps thee, 'tis thou that must help me :
 Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;

My heart and hands thou hast at once subdu'd.

Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so,

Let me thy servant, and not sovereign be ;

'Tis the French dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Pucel. I must not yield to any rites of love,

For my profession's sacred from above :

When I have chased all thy foes from hence,

Then will I think upon a recompence.

Dau. Mean time, look gracious on thy prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks is very long in talk.

Alen. Doubtless, he shrives this woman to her smock ;
Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps no mean ?

Alen. He may mean more than we poor men do know :
These women are shrew'd tempters with their tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise you on ?
Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Pucel. Why, no, I say, distrustful recreants !
Fight 'till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Dau. What she says, I'll confirm ; we'll fight it out.

Pucel. Assign'd I am to be the English scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise :

Expect saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,

Since I have enter'd thus into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,

Which never ceases to enlarge itself,

'Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.

With Henry's death, the English circle ends ;

Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,

Which Cæsar and his fortunes bare at once.

Dau. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?

Thou with an eagle art inspired then.

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,

Nor yet saint Philip's daughters, were like thee.

Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave of delays, and let us raise the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save our honours ;
Drive them from Orleans, and be immortaliz'd.

Dau. Presently we'll try :—Come, let's away about it :
No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Tower-gates in London. Enter GLOSTER, with his
Serving-Men.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day ;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is conveyance.—
Where be these warders, that they wait not here ?
Open the gates ; it is Gloster that calls.

1 *Ward.* Who's there, that knocketh so imperiously?

1 *Man.* It is the noble duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* Whoe'er he be, you may not be let in.

1 *Man.* Villains, answer you so the lord protector?

1 *Ward.* The Lord protect him! so we answer him:
We do no otherwise than we are will'd.

Glo. Who willed you? or whose will stands; but mine?
There's none protector of the realm, but I—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantize:
Shall I be flouted thus by dunghill grooms?

*GLOSTER's Men rush at the Tower-Gates, and WOODVILE
the Lieutenant, speaks within.*

Wood. What noise is this? what traitor have we here?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you, whose voice I hear?
Open the gates; here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The cardinal of Winchester forbids:

From him, I have express commandment,
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodvile, prizest him 'fore me?
Arrogant Winchester? that haughty prelate.
Whom Henry, our late sovereign ne'er could brook!
Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

Serv. Open the gates there to the lord protector;
We'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.
*Enter to the Protector at the Tower-Gates, WINCHESTER,
and his Men in tawney Coats.*

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? What means
this?

Glo. Piel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out?

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator;
Thou, that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;
Thou, that giv'st whores indulgences to sin:
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back, I will not budge a foot;
This be Demasus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt.

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back :
Thy scarlet robes, as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use, to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st ; I bear'd thee to thy face.

Glo. What ? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face ?—
Draw, men, for all this privileged place ;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware thy beard ;
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly :
Under my feet I'll stamp thy cardinal's hat ;
In spite of pope, or dignities of church,
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose ! I cry—A rope ! a rope !—
Now beat them hence, Why do you let them stay ?—
Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—
Out, tawny coats ! out, scarlet hypocrite !

*Here GLOSTER'S Men beat out the Cardinal's ; and enter
in the Hurly-Burly, the Mayor of London and his Officers.*

Mayor. Fie, lords ! that you, being supreme magistrates,
Thus contumeliously should break the peace !

Glo. Peace, mayor ; for thou know'st little of my wrongs :
Here's Beaufort, that regards nor God nor king,
Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster too, a foe to citizens ;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines ;
That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm ;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,
To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows.

[Here they skirmish again.]

Mayor. Nought rests for me in this tumultuous strife,
But to make open proclamation :
Come, officer ; as loud as e'er thou canst.

Off. All manner of men assembled here in arms this day,
against God's peace and the king's, we charge and command
you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwell-
ing-places ; and not wear, handle, or use, any sword,
weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law:
But we shall meet, and break our minds at large,

Win. Gloster, we'll meet; to thy cost, be thou sure;
Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

Mayor. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away:—
This cardinal is more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster, guard thy head;
For I intend to have it ere long. [Exeunt.

Mayor. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
Good God! that nobles should such stomachs bear!
I myself fight not once in forty year. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

*Orleans in France. Enter Master Gunner of Orleans,
and his Boy.*

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd;
And how the English have the suburbs won.

Boy. Father, I know: and oft have shot at them,
Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.

M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me;
Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
Something I must do to procure me grace.
The prince's spials have informed me,
How the English in the suburbs close entrench'd,
Went through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to over-peer the city:
And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
They may vex us, with shot, or with assault.
To intercept this inconvenience,
A piece of ordinance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
And fully even these three days I have watch'd,
If I could see them: Now, boy, do thou watch;
For I can stay no longer.

If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [Exit.

Boy. Father, I warrant you; take you no care;
I'll never trouble you if I may spy them.

*Enter the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT, with Sir W.
GLANSDALE and Sir T. GARGRAVE, on the Turrets.*

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy, again return'd!

How wert thou handled, being prisoner?
Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
Discourse, I pr'ythee, on this turret's top.

Tal. The duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
Called—the brave lord Ponton de Santrailles;
For him I was exchange'd and ransom'd.
But with a baser man of arms by far,
Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
Which I, disdainingly, scorn'd: and craved death
Rather than I would be so pill'd esteem'd.
In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.

But, oh! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart!
Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts,
In open market-place produc'd they me,
To be a public spectacle to all;
Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
The scare-crow that affrights our children so.
Then broke I from the officers that led me;
And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
My grisly countenance made others fly;
None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
That they suppos'd, I could rend bars of steel,
And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
That walk'd about me every minute while;
And if I did but stir out of my bed,
Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linstock.

Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endur'd;
But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
Now it is supper-time in Orleans:
Here through this grate, I can count every one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortify;
Let us look in, the sight will much delight thee.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glanfdale,
Let me have your exprefs opinions.

Where is the best place to make our battery next.

Gar. I think, at the north gate: for there stand lords,

Glan. And I here, at the bulwark of the bridge.

Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.

[*Shot from the Town. SAL. and Sir T. GAR. fall down.*

Sal. O Lord, have mercy on us wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord, have mercy on me, woeful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd
us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least, if thou canst speak;

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men?

One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,

That hath contriv'd this woeful tragedy!

In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;

Henry the fifth he first train'd to the wars:

Whilst any trump did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.—

Yet liv'st thou Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—

Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,

If Salisbury want mercy at thy hands!—

Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.—

Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?

Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him,

Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;

Thou shalt not die, whiles——

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me;

As who should say, *When I am dead and gone,*

Remember to avenge me on the French.—

Plantagenet, I will; and Nero-like,

Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:

Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*Here an Alarum, and it thunders and lightens.*

What stir is this? What tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and this noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord, the French have gather'd head:

The dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd—
A holy prophetess, new risen up—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[Here SAL. lifteth himself up, and groans:

Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!
It irks his heart, he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you:
Pucelle or puzzle, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,
And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—
Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what dastard Frenchmen dare.

[Alarum. Exeunt, bearing out the bodies.

SCENE V.

Here an Alarum again; and TALBOT pursueth the Dauphin, and driveth him: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE driving Englishmen before her. Then enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;
A woman, clad in armour, chafeth them.

Enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes;—I'll have a bout with thee;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Pucel. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[They fight.

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Pucel. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

[A short Alarum. Then enters the town with Soldiers.

O'ertake if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up your hunger-starved men;
Help Salisbury to make his testament:
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[Exit PUCELLE.

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel ;
 I know not where I am, nor what I do :
 A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists ;
 So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,
 Are from their hives, and houses, driven away.
 They call'd us, for our fierceness, English dogs ;
 Now, like their whelps, we crying run away,

[*A short Alarum.*

Hark, countrymen ! either renew the fight,
 Or tear the lions out of England's coat ;
 Renounce your foil, give sheep in lions' stead :
 Sheep run not half so timorous from the wolf,
 Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
 As you fly from your oft-subdu'd slaves.——

[*Alarum. Here another Skirmish.*

It will not be :—Retire into your trenches :
 You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
 For none would strike a stroke in his revenge.—
 Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans,
 In sight of us, or aught that we could do.
 O, would I were to die with Salisbury !
 The shame hereof will make me hide my head.

[*Exit TALBOT. Alarum, retreat, flourish.*

SCENE VI.

*Enter on the Walls, PUCELLE, Dauphin, REIGNIER,
 ALENÇON, and Soldiers.*

Pucel. Advance our waving colours on the walls ;
 Rescu'd is Orleans from the English wolves :
 Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her word.

Dau. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
 How shall I honour thee for this success ?
 Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
 That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the next.—
 France, triumph in thy glorious prophets !—
 Recover'd is the town of Orleans ;
 More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells throughout the town ?
 Dauphin, command the citizens make bonfires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy which God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with mirth and joy,
When they shall hear how we have play'd the men.

Dau. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day is won;
For which, I will divide my crown with her:
And all the priests and friars in my realm
Shall, in procession, sing her endless praise.
A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, and Memphis', ever was:
In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious
Than the rich jewel'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals
Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on St. Dennis will we cry,
But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,
After this golden day of victory. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Before Orleans*

Enter a French Serjeant with two Centinels.

Serjeant.

SIRS, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noise, or soldier, you perceive,
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign,
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

Cent. Serjeant, you shall. [*Exit Serjeant.*] Thus are
poor servitors

(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and cold.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, and BURGUNDY, with scaling Ladders. Their Drums beating a dead March.

Tal. Lord regent—and redoubted Burgundy—
By whose approach, the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us—
This happy night the Frenchman are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity;
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful forcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he wrongs his
fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell.

Bur. Traitors have never other company.—

But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid! and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine ere long;
If underneath the standard of the French,
She carry armour, as she hath begun,

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse with spirits;
God is our fortress; in whose conquering name,
Let us resolve to scale these flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow thee;

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways;
That, if it chance the one of us do fall,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed; I'll to yon corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or make his grave.—
Now, Salisbury! for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scaling the Walls, cry, St George! a Talbot!*

Cent. [*Within.*] Arm, arm! the enemy doth make assault!

The French leap over the Walls in their Shirts. Enter several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON REIGNIER, half ready and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what all unready so?

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake, and leave our beds,
Hearing alarums at our chamber doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd arms,
Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprize
More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot is a fiend of hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens, sure, favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles; I marvel, how he sped.

Enter CHARLES and PUCELLE.

Bast. Tut! holy Joan was his defensive guard.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,

Make us partakers of a little gain,

That now our loss might be ten times so much?

Pucel. Wherefore is Charles impatient with his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?

Sleeping, or waking, must I still prevail.

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?—

Improvident soldiers! had your watch been good,

This sudden mischief never could have fall'n.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your default;

That, being captain of the watch to-night,

Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely kept;

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And, for myself, most part of all this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the centinels:

Then how, or in which way, should they break in?

Pucel. Question, my lords, no further of the case,

How, or which way; 'tis sure, they found some part

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made.

And now there rests no other shift but this—

To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platform to endamage them.

Alarum: Enter a Soldier crying, a Talbot! a Talbot! they

fly, leaving their clothes behind.

Sol. I'll be so bold to take what they have left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

G

For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name.

[Exit.

SCENE II.

The same. Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, &c.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is fled,
Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.
Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. [*Retreat.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,
The middle centre of this cursed town.—
Now have I pay'd my vow unto his soul;
For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen dy'd to-night,
And, that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corpse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans;
The treacherous manner of his mournful death,
And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the dauphin's grace;
His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of Arc;
Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, lord Talbot, when the fight began,
Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself (as far as I could well discern.
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night)
Am sure I scar'd the dauphin and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly running,
Like to a pair of loving turtle doves,
That could not live asunder day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lord! which of this princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, countess of Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst vouchsafe
To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast, she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport;
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd:—
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks:
And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?

Bed. No, truly; that is more than manners will:
And I have heard it said—Unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no remedy,
I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.
Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*—You perceive my
mind.

Capt. I do, my lord; and mean accordingly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*The Countess of AUVERGNE'S Castle. Enter the Countess
and her Porter.*

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in charge;
And, when you have done so, bring the keys to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall out right,
I shall as famous be by this exploit, C 2

As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his atchievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine ears,
To give their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd,
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. [*As Musing.*] Is this the scourge of France?
Is the Talbot so much fear'd abroad.

That with his name their mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:

I thought I should have seen some Hercules,

A second Hector, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.

Alas! this is a child, a filly dwarf:

It cannot be, this weak and wrizled shrimp;
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither
he goes.

Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter with Keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;

And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like:

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny, these many years,

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn
to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow;
Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself,
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here;
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarities agree?

Tal. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horn. Drums strike up: a Peal of Ordnance.

Enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath,
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done hath not offended me:

Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
 But only (with your patience) that we may
 Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;
 For soldiers' stomach always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
 To feast so great a warrior in my house. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden. Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and another Lawyer.

Plant. Great lords, and gentleman, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a cause of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple hall we were too loud;
 The garden here is more convenient.

Plant. Then say at once, If I maintain'd the truth;
 Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
 And never yet could frame my will to it;
 And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,
 Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
 Between two blades, which bears the better temper,
 Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
 Between two girls, which hath the merrier eye,
 I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
 But in these nice sharp quillits of the law,
 Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
 The truth appears so naked on my side,
 That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
 So clear, so shining, and so evident,
 That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye,

Plant. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speak,
 In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
 Let him, that is a true-borne gentleman,

And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this briar pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and, without all colour
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose, with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset;
And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen; and pluck no more,
'Till you conclude—that he, upon whose side
The fewest roses are crop'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected:
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plant. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red
And fall on my side so against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well well, come on: Who else?

Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held, was wrong in you; [*To Som.*
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?

Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose to a bloody red.

Plant. Mean time, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses;
For pale they look with fear, as witnessing
The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,
'Tis not for fear; but anger—that thy cheeks
Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses;
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plant. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet?

Plant. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth;
Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,
That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plant. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,
I scorn thee, and thy fashion, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plant. Proud Poole, I will; I scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into my throat.

Som. Away, away, good William De-la-Poole!
We grace the yeoman, by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will thou wrong'st him, Somerset;
His grandfather was Lionel duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward king of England;
Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root?

Plant. He bears him on the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By him that made me, I'll maintain my words
On any plot of ground in Christendom:
Was not thy father, Richard, earl of Cambridge,
For treason executed in our late king's days?
And, by his treason, stand'st not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry?
His trespass yet lies guilty in thy blood;
And, 'till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plant. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor;
And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,
Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.
For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory,
To scourge you for this apprehension:
Look to it well; and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still:
And know us, by these colours for thy foes;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plant. And, by my soul, this pale and angry rose,
As cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,

Will I for ever, and my faction, wear;
 Until it wither with me to my grave,
 Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition!
 And so farewell, untill I meet thee next. [Exit.

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious
 Richard. [Exit.

Plant. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it!

War. This blot, that they object against your house,
 Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
 Call'd for the truce of Winchester and Gloster:
 And, if thou be not then created York,
 I will not live to be accounted Warwick.

Mean time, in signal of my love to thee,
 Against proud somerset, and William Poole,
 Will I upon the party wear this rose:
 And here I prophesy—This brawl to-day
 Grown to this faction, in the Temple-garden,
 Shall send between the red rose and the white,
 A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plant. Good master Vernon, I am bound to you,
 That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still I wear the same.

Law. And so will I.

Plant. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner: I dare say,
 This quarrel will drink blood another day. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*A Room in the Tower. Enter MORTIMER, brought in a
 Chair, and Jailors.*

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
 Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
 Even like a man new-haled from the rack,
 So fare my limbs with long imprisonment,
 And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,
 Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
 Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.
 These eyes—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent—

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent :
 Weak shoulders, over-borne with burth'ning grief ;
 And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
 That droops his sapless branches to the ground.—
 Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
 Unable to support this lump of clay—
 Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
 As witting I no other comfort have.—
 But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :
 We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber ;
 And answer was return'd, that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul then shall be satisfy'd—
 Poor gentleman ! his wrongs doth equal mine.
 Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign
 (Before whose glory I was great in arms)
 This loathsome sequestration have I had ;
 And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
 Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :
 But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
 Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
 With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence :
 I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
 That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend ? is he come ?

Plant. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
 Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
 And in his bosom spend my latter gasp :
 Oh, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
 That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
 And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
 Why didst thou say—of late thou wert dispis'd ?

Plant. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm ;
 And, in that case, I'll tell thee my disease.
 This day, in argument upon a case,
 Some word there grew 'twixt Somerset and me :
 Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,

And did upbraid me with my father's death ;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him :
Therefore, good uncle—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curst instrument of his decease.

Plant. Discover more at large what cause it was ;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.

Mor. I will ; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard ; Edward's son,
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne :
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young king Richard thus remov'd,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, the third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he,
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but the fourth of that heroic line.
But mark ; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant that rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army ; weening to redeem,

And have install'd me in the diadem :
 But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
 And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
 In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plant. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue have ;
 And that my fainting words do warrant death ;
 Thou art my heir ; the rest, I wish thee gather :
 But yet be weary in thy studious care.

Plant. Thy grave admonishments prevail with me :
 But yet, methinks, my father's execution
 Was nothing less than bloody tyranny.

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic ;
 Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
 And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
 But now thy uncle is removing hence ;
 As princes do their courts, when they are cloy'd
 With long continuance in a settled place.

Plant. O, uncle, would some part of my young years
 Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me ; as the slaughterer doth,
 Which giveth many wounds, when one will kill,
 Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
 Only, give order for my funeral ;
 And so farewell : and fair be all thy hopes !
 And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war ! *[Dies.]*

Plant. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul !
 In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
 And like a hermit over-pass'd thy days.
 Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
 And what I do imagine, let that rest —
 Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself
 Will see his burial better than his life. —
 Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
 Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort : —
 And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
 Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house —
 I doubt not, but with honour to redrets :
 And therefore haste I to the parliament :
 Either to be restored to my blood,
 Or make my ill the advantage of my good. *[Exit.]*

A C T III.

SCENE I. *Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and RICHARD PLANTAGENET. GLOSTER offers to put up a Bill; WINCHESTER snatches it and tears it.*

Winchester.

COM'ST thou with deep premeditated lines,
With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphry of Gloster? if thou canst accuse,
Or aught intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place command my
patience,

Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks
As very infants prattle of thy pride.

Thou art a most pernicious usurer;
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lescivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession, and degree;
And for thy treachery, What's more manifest?

It that thou laid'st a trap to take my life,
As well at London-bridge, as at the Tower?
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were sifted,
The king, thy sovereign is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I defy thee.—Lords, vouchsafe
To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, perverse, ambitious,
As he will have me, How am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance

Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
 And for dissention, Who preferreth peace
 More than I do—except I be provok'd?
 No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
 It is not that, that hath incens'd the duke:
 It is, because no one should sway but he;
 No one, but he, should be about the king;
 And that engenders thunder in his breast,
 And makes him roar these accusations forth.
 But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good!

'Thou bastard of my grandfather!—

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,
 But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an out-law in a castle keeps,
 And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent.

Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Sam. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not over-borne.

Sam. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
 And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be humbler;
 It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Sam. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of that?
 Is not his grace protector to the king?

Rich. Plantagenet, I see, must hold his tongue;
 Lest it be said, *Speak, sirrah, when you should;*

Must your bold verdict enter talk with lords?

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

[*Aside:*

K. Henry. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,
 The special watchmen of our English weal;
 I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
 To join your hearts in love and amity.
 Oh, what a scandal is it to our crown,

That two such noble peers as ye, should jar!
Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissention is a viperous worm,
That gnaws the bowels of the common-wealth.—

[*A noise within; Down with the tawny coats!*
What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again, Stones! Stones!*

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

Mayor. Oh, my good lords—and virtuous Henry—
Pity the city of London, pity us!
The bishop and the duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones;
And, banding themselves in contrary parts,
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'd out;
Our windows are broke down in every street,
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

Enter Men in Skirmish, with bloody Pates.

K. Henry. We charge you, on allegiance to ourself,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep the peace.
Pray uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare, we are as resolute.

[*Skirmish again.*

Gla. You of my household, leave this peevish broil,
And set this unaccustomed fight aside.

3 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to be a man
Just and upright; and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none, but to his majesty;
And, ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the common-weal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will fight,
And have our bodies slaughter'd by our foes.

1 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our nails
Shall pitch a field when we are dead. [*Begin again.*

KING HENRY VI.

Glo. Stay, stay, I say!

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Henry. Oh, how this discord doth afflict my soul!—
Can you, my lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not?
Or who should study to prefer a peace,
If holy churchmen take delight in broils?

War. My lord protector, yield;—yield, Winchester;—
Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the realm.
You see what mischief, and what murder too,
Hath been enacted through your enmity;
Then be at peace, except ye thirst for blood.

Win. He shall submit, or I will never yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands me stoop;
Or, I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me.

War. Behold, my lord of Winchester, the duke
Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear:
Why look you still so stern, and tragical?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my hand.

K. Henry. Fie, uncle Beaufort! I have heard you
preach,
That malice was a great and grievous sin:
And will not you maintain the thing you teach,
But prove a chief offender in the same?

War. Sweet king;—the bishop hath a kindly gird.—
For shame, my lord of Winchester! relent;
What, shall a child instruct you what to do?

Win. Well, duke of Gloster, I will yield to thee;
Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. Ay; but, I fear me, with a hollow heart.—
See here, my friends, and loving countrymen;
This token serveth for a flag of truce,
Betwixt ourselves, and all our followers:
So help me God, as I dissemble not!

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend it not!

K. Henry. O loving uncle, kind duke of Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract!—
 Away, my masters! trouble us no more;
 But join in friendship, as your lords have done.

1 *Serv.* Content; I'll to the surgeon's.

2 *Serv.* So will I.

3 *Serv.* And I will see what phyfic
 The tavern affords.

[*Exeunt.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious sovereign;
 Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet
 We do exhibit to your majesty.

Glo. Well urg'd, my lord of Warwick;—for, sweet
 prince,

An if your grace mark every circumstance,
 You have great reason to do Richard right:
 Especially, for those occasions
 At Eltham-place I told your majesty.

K. Henry. And those occasions, uncle, were of force;
 Therefore, my loving lords, my pleasure is,
 That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood;
 So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester.

K. Henry. If Richard will be true, not that alone,
 But all the whole inheritance I give,
 That doth belong unto the house of York,
 From whence you spring by lineal descent.
 And humble service, 'till the point of death.

K. Henry. Stoop then, and set your knee against my foot;
 And, in requerdon of that duty done,
 I gird thee with the valiant sword of York:
 Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet;
 And rise created princely duke of York.

Rich. And so thrive Richard, as thy foes may fall:
 And as my duty springs, so perish they
 That grudge one thought against your majesty!

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty duke of York!

Som. Perish base prince, ignoble duke of York! [*Aside.*]

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
 To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in France:
 The presence of a king engenders love
 Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends;

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And it disanimates his enemies.

K. Henry. When Gloster says the word, king Henry goes ;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.

[*Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in France,
Not seeing what is likely to ensue :

This late dissention, grown betwixt the peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,

And will at last break out into a flame :

As fester'd members rot but by degrees,

'Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,

So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,

Which, in the time of Henry, nam'd the fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe—

That Henry, born at Monmouth, should win all ;

And Henry, born at Windsor, should lose all :

Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish

His days may finish ere that helpless time.

[*Exits*]

S C E N E II.

*Roan in France. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE disguised, and
Soldiers with Sacks upon their Backs, like Countrymen.*

Pucel. These are the city gates, the gates of Roan,

Through which our policy must make a breach :—

Take heed, be wary how you place your words ;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,

That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),

And that we find the slothful watch but weak,

I'll by a sign, give notice to our friends,

That Charles the dauphin may encounter them.

1 Sol. Our sacks shall be a mean to sack the city,

And we be lords and rulers over Roan ;

Therefore we'll knock.

[*Knocks.*]

Watch. *Qui va là !*

Pucel. *Païsans, pauvres gens de France :*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their corn.

Watch. Enter, go in; the market-bell is rung.

Pucel. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks to the ground. [Exeunt.

Enter DAUPHIN, BASTARD, and ALENÇON.

Dau. Saint Dennis bless this happy stratagem!
And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her practifants:
Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder tower;
Which once discern'd, shews, that her meaning is—
No way to that, for weakness, which she enter'd.

Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE *on a Battlement, thrusting out a*
Torch burning.

Pucel. Behold, this is the happy weeding torch,
That joineth Roan to her happy countrymen;
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles! the beacon of our friend,
The burning torch in yonder turrent stands.

Dau. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,
A prophet to the fall of all our foes!

Alen. Defer no time, delays have dangerous ends;
Enter, and cry—*The Dauphin!*—presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*An Alarum; TALBOT in an Excursion.*

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason with thy tears,
If Talbot but survive thy treachery.—

Pucelle, that witch, that damn'd forcerefs,
Hath wrough this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. [Exit.

An Alarum. Excursions. Enter BEDFORD, *brought in*
sick, in a Chair, with TALBOT *and* BURGUNDY *with-*
out. Within, JOAN LA PUCELLE, DAUPHIN, BAST-
ARD, and ALENÇON, on the Walls.

Pucel. Good morrow, gallants! want ye corn for
bread?

I think the duke of Burgundy will fast,

D 2

Before he'll buy again at such a rate :

'Twas full of darnel ; Do you like the taste ?

Burg. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless courtezan !
I trust, ere long to choak thee with thine own,
And make thee curse the harvest of that corn.

Dau. Your grace may starve, perhaps, before that time.

Bed. Oh, let no words, but deeds, revenge this treason !

Pucel. What will you do, good grey-beard ? break a
lance,

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despight,
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours !
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Pucel. Are you so hot, sir ?—Yet, Pucelle, hold thy
peace ;

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, whisper together in Council.*
God speed the parliament ! who shall be the speaker ?

Tal. Dare ye come forth, and meet us in the field ?

Pucel. Belike, your lordship takes us then for fools,
To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest ;
Will ye like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signor, no.

Tal. Signor, hang !—base muletteers of France !
Like peasant foot-boys do they keep the walls,
And dare not take up arms like gentlemen.

Pucel. Captains, away : let's get us from the walls ;
For Talbot means no goodness, by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord ? we came, sir, but to tell you
That we are here. [Exeunt from the Walls.

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame !—
Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house
(Prick'd on by public wrongs sustain'd in France),
Either to get the town again or die :
And I—as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror ;
 As sure as in this late-betrayed town
 Great Cœur-de-Lion's heart was buried :
 So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Burg. My vows are equal partners with thy vows.

Tal. But, ere we go, regard this dying prince,
 The valiant duke of Bedford :—Come, my lord,
 We will bestow you in some better place,
 Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot do not so dishonour me :
 Here will I sit before the walls of Roan,
 And will be partner of your weal, or woe.

Burg. Courageous Bedford, let us now persuade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once I read,
 That stout Pendragon, in his litter sick,
 Came to the field, and vanquished his foes :
 Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
 Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast ;—
 Then be it so :—Heavens keep old Bedford safe !—
 And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,
 But gather we our forces out of hand,
 And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces.*]

*An Alarum. Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE,
 and a Captain.*

Capt. Whither away, sir John Fastolfe, in such haste ?

Fast. Whither away ? to save myself by flight ;
 We are like to have the overthrow again.

Capt. What ! will you fly, and leave lord Talbot ?

Fast. Ay,
 All the Talbots in the world, to save my life. [*Exit.*]

Cap. Cowardly knight ! ill fortune follow thee ! [*Exit.*]

*Retreat. Excursions. PUCELLE, ALENÇON, and Dau-
 phin fly.*

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when heaven shall please ;
 For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.
 What is the trust or strength of foolish man ?
 They, that of late were daring with their scoffs, D 3

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.

[Dies, and is carried off in his Chair.

An Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the rest.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!

This is a double honour, Burgundy:—

Yet, heavens have glory for this victory!

Burg. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart; and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument.

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?
I think her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,
That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers;

And then depart to Paris, to the king;

For there young Henry, with his nobles, lies.

Burg. What wills lord Talbot, pleaseth Burgundy.

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*The same. The Plain near the City. Enter the Dauphin,
Bastard, ALENÇON, and JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

Pucel. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin, and the rest, will be but rul'd.

Dau. We have been guided by thee hitherto,

And of thy cunning had no diffidence;
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint;
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Pucel. 'Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:
By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will intice the duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us.

Dau. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,
France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,
And not have title to an earldom here.

Pucel. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,
To bring this matter to the wished end. [*Drums afar off.*
Hark! by the sound of the drum, you may perceive
Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

[*English March.*

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread;
And all the troops of English after him. [*French March.*
Now, in the rereward, comes the duke, and his;
Fortune, in favour, makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley, we will talk with him.

[*Trumpets sound a Parley.*

Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY, marching.

Dau. A parley with the duke of Burgundy.

Burg. Who craves a parley with Burgundy?

Pucel. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Burg. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching
hence.

Dau. Speak, Pucelle; and enchant him with thy words.

Pucel. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France!
Stay, let thy humble hand-maid speak to thee.

Burg. Speak on, but be not over-tedious.

Pucel. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,
And see the cities and the towns defac'd

D 4

By wasting ruin of the cruel foe !
 As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
 When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
 See, see, the pining malady of France ;
 Behold the wounds, the most unnatural wounds,
 Which thou thyself has given her woeful breast !
 Oh, turn thy edged sword another way ;
 Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help !
 One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's bosom,
 Should grieve thee more than streams of foreign gore ;
 Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
 And wash away thy country's stained spots !

Burg. Either she hath bewitch'd me with her words,
 Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Pucel. Besides, all French and France exclaims on thee,
 Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
 Whom join'st thou with, but with a lordly nation,
 That will not trust thee, but for profit's sake ?
 When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
 And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
 Who then, but English Henry, will be lord,
 And thou be thrust out, like a fugitive ?
 Call we to mind—and mark but this, for proof ;—
 Was not the duke of Orleans thy foe ?
 And was he not in England prisoner ?
 But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
 They set him free, without his ransom paid,
 In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.
 See then ! thou fight'st against thy countrymen.
 Come, come, return ; return, thou wand'ring lord ;
 Charles, and the rest, will take thee in their arms.

Bur. I am vanquish'd ; these haughty words of her's
 Have batter'd me like roaring cannot-shot,
 And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
 Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen !
 And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace :
 My forces, and my power of men are yours ;—
 So, farewell, Talbot ; I'll no longer trust thee.

Pucel. Done, like a Frenchman ; turn, and turn again !

Dau. Welcome, brave duke ! thy friendship makes us
 fresh.

Bast. And doth beget new courage in our breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part in this,
And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Dau. Now let us on, my lords, and join our powers;
And seek how we may prejudice the foe. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Paris. An Apartment in the Palace. Enter King HENRY,
GLOSTER, VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them TAL-
BOT, with Soldiers.

Tal. My gracious prince—and honourable peers—
Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:
In sign whereof, this arm—that hath reclaim'd
To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of strength,
Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;
And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got,
First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Henry. Is this the lord Talbot, uncle Gloster,
That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my liege.

K. Henry. Welcome, brave captain, and victorious lord!
When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,
A flouter champion never handled sword.
Long since we were resolved of your truth,
Your faithful service, and your toil in war;
Yet never have you tasted our reward,
Or been reguerdon'd with so much as thanks,
Because 'till now we never saw your face:
Therefore, stand up; and, for these good deserts,
We here create you earl of Shrewsbury;
And in our coronation take your place.

[Exeunt King, GLO. TAL.]

Ver. Now, fir, to you that were so hot at sea,
Disgracing of these colours that I wear
In honour of my noble lord of York—

Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou spak'st?

Bas. Yes, sir; as well as you dare patronage
The envious barking of your saucy tongue
Against my lord, the duke of Somerset.

Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.

Bas. Why, what is he? as good a man as York.

Ver. Hark ye; not so: in witness take ye that.

[*Strikes him.*]

Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms is such,
That, who so draws a sword, 'tis present death;
Or else this blow should broach thy dearest blood.

But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
I may have liberty to venge this wrong;
When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy cost.

Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon as you;
And, after, meet you sooner than you would. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. *Paris. A Room of State.*

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, WINCHESTER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WARWICK, TALBOT, EX-
ETER, and Governor of Paris.*

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his head.

Win. God save king Henry, of that name the sixth?

Glo. Now governor of Paris, take your oath—
That you elect no other king but him:
Esteem none friends, but such as are his friends:
And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
Malicious practices against his state:
This shall ye do, so help your righteous God!

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode from Calais,
To haste unto your coronation,
A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
Writ to your grace from the duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the duke of Burgundy, and thee!
I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee next,
To tear the garter from thy craven's leg [*Plucking it off,*
(Which I have done), because unworthily

Thou was installed in that high degree.—
 Pardon me, princely Henry and the rest :
 This dastard at the battle of Poitiers—
 When but in all I was six thousand strong,
 And that the French were almost ten to one—
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away ;
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred men ;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was infamous,
 And ill befitting any common man ;
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd, my lords,
 Knights of the garter were of noble birth ;
 Valiant, and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Does but usurp the sacred name of knight,
 Profaning this most honourable order ;
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Henry. Stain to thy countrymen! thou hear'st thy
 doom :

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight ;
 Henceforth we banish thee of pain of death.—

[*Exit FASTOLFE.*]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
 Sent from our uncle duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath chang'd his
 stile?

No more but, plain and bluntly—*To the King?*

[*Reading.*]

Hath he forgot he is his sovereign ?
 Or doth his churlish superscription
 Pretend some alteration in good will ?

What's here?—*I have upon special cause—* [Reads,
Mov'd with compassion with my country's wreck,
Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon—
Forfaken your pernicious faction
And join'd with Charles, the rightful king of France.

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so;

That in alliance, amity, and oaths,

There should be found such false dissembling guile?

K. Henry. What? doth my uncle Burgundy revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord; and is become your foe.

K. Henry. Is that the worst this letter doth contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he writes.

K. Henry. Why then lord Talbot there shall talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse:

My lord, how say you? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes; but that I am prevented,
 I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.

K. Henry. Then gather strength, and march unto him
 straight:

Let him perceive how ill we brook his treason;

And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
 You may behold confusion of your foes. [Exit TALBOT.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat, gracious sovereign!

Bas. And me, my lord, grant me the combat too!

York. This is my servant; Hear him noble prince!

Som. And this is mine; sweet Henry, favour him!

K. Henry. Be patient, lords, and give them leave to
 speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done me wrong.

K. Henry. What is that wrong whereof you both com-
 plain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into France,
 This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,

Upbraided me about the rose I wear ;
 Saying—the sanguine colour of the leaves
 Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
 When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,
 About a certain question in the law,
 Argu'd betwixt the duke of York and him ;
 With other vile and ignominious terms :
 In confutation of which rude reproach,
 And in defence of my lord's worthiness,
 I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord :
 For though he seem, with forged quaint conceit,
 To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
 Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him ;
 And he first took exceptions, at this badge,
 Pronouncing—that the paleness of this flower
 Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be left ?

Som. Your private grudge, my lord of York, will out,
 Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Henry. Good lord ! what madness rules in brain-
 sick men ;

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
 Such factious emulations shall arise)—
 Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
 Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissention first be try'd by fight,
 And then your highness shall command a peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us alone ;
 Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge ; accept it, Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so ? mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so ? Confounded be your strife !

And perish ye, with your audacious prate
 Presumptuous vassals ! are you not ashamed,
 With this immodest clamorous outrage
 To trouble and disturb the king and us ?—
 And you, my lord—methinks, you do not well,
 To bear with their perverse objections ;
 Much less, to take occasion from their mouths

To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves ;
Let me persuade you take a better course.

Exe. It grieves his highness ;—Good my lords, be friends.

K. Henry. Come hither, you that would be combatants ;

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,
Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—

And you, my lords—remember where we are ;

In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation :

If they perceive dissention in our looks,

And that within ourselves we disagree,

How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel ?

Beside, what infamy will there arise,

When foreign princes shall be certify'd,

That, for a toy, a thing of no regard,

King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,

Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France ?

O, think upon the conquest of my father,

My tender years ; and let us not forego

That for a trifle, which was bought with blood !

Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife.

I see no reason, if I wear this rose, [*Putting on a red Rose.*

That any one should therefore be suspicious

I more incline to Somerset than York :

Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both :

As well they may upbraid me with my crown,

Because, forsooth, the king of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade,

Than I am able to instruct or teach :

And therefore, as we hither came in peace,

So let us still continue peace and love.—

Cousin of York, we institute your grace

To be our regent in these parts of France :—

And good my lord of Somerset, unite

Your troop of horsemen with his bands of foot ;—

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest

Your angry choler on your enemies.

Ourselves, my lord protector, and the rest,

After some respite, will return to Calais;
 From thence to England; where I hope ere long
 To be presented, by your victories,
 With Charles, Alençon, and that traiterous rout.

[*Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*

Manent YORK, WARWICK, EXETER, and VERNON.

War. My lord of York, I promise you the king
 Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did; but yet I like it not,
 In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush! that was but his fancy, blame him not;
 I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. And if I wist he did—But let it rest;
 Other affairs must now be managed. [*Exeunt.*

Manent EXETER.

Exe. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice:
 For, had the passion of thy heart burst out,
 I fear, we should have seen decypher'd there
 More rancorous spight, more furious raging broils,
 Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.
 But howsoe'er, no simple man that sees
 This jarring discord of nobility,
 This factious bandying of their favourites,
 But that he doth presage some ill event.
 'Tis much, when sceptres are in children's hands;
 But more, when envy breeds unkind division;
 There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

*Before the Walls of Bourdeaux. Enter TALBOT, with
 Trumpets and Drum.*

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter,
 Summon their general unto the wall. [*Sounds.*

Enter General aloft.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
 Servant in arms to Harry king of England;
 And thus he would—Open your city gates,
 Be humbled to us; call my sovereign yours,
 And do him homage as obedient subjects,

And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power;
 But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
 You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
 Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire;
 Who, in a moment, even with the earth
 Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
 If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of death,
 Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge!
 The period of thy tyranny approacheth.
 On us thou canst not enter, but by death:
 For, I protest, we are well fortify'd,
 And strong enough to issue out and fight:
 If thou retire, the dauphin, well appointed,
 Stands with the snares of war to tangle thee:
 On either hand thee there are squadrons pitch'd,
 To wall thee from the liberty of flight;
 And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
 But death doth front thee with apparent spoil,
 And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
 Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacrament,
 To rive their dangerous artillery
 Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
 Lo! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant man,
 Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit:
 This is the latest glory of thy praise,
 That I, thy enemy, due thee withal;
 For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
 Finish the process of his sandy hour,
 These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
 Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and dead.

[Drum afar off.]

Hark! hark! the dauphin's drum, a warning bell,
 Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul;
 And mine shall ring their dire departure out.

[Exit from the Walls.]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy!—
 Out, some light horsemen, and pursue their wings.—
 O, negligent and heedless discipline!
 How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale;
 A little herd of England's timorous deer,
 Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French curs!

If we be English deer, be then in blood :
 Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch ;
 But rather moody-mad, and desperate stags,
 Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,
 And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
 Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
 And they shall find dear deer of us, my friends.
 God, and faint George ! Talbot, and England's right !
 Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

*Another part of France. Enter a messenger meeting YORK,
 who enters with a Trumpet, and many Soldiers.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd again,
 That dogg'd the mighty army of the dauphin ?

Mess. They are return'd, my lord ; and give it out,
 That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with his power,
 To fight with Talbot : as he march'd along,
 By your espials were discovered
 Two mightier troops than that the dauphin led ;
 Which join'd with him, and made their march for Bour-
 deaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset ;
 That thus delays my promised supply
 Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
 Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid ;
 And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
 And cannot help the noble chevalier :
 God comfort him in this necessity !
 If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English strength,
 Never so needful on the earth of France,
 Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot ;
 Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
 And hemm'd about with grim destruction :
 To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux, York !
 Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's honour !

York. O God ! that Somerset—who in proud heart
 Doth stop my cornets—were in Talbot's place !
 So should we save a valiant gentleman,

E

By forfeiting a traitor, and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, makes me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O send some succour to the distress'd lord?

York. He dies, we lose: I break my warlike word:
We mourn, France smiles; we lose, they daily get;
All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then God take mercy on brave Talbot's soul!
And on his son young John; whom, two hours since,
I met in travel towards his warlike father!
This seven years did not Talbot see his son;
And now they meet were both their lives are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of death.—

Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Bloys, Poitiers, and Tours are won away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

Lucy. Thus while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror,
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the fifth:—Whiles they each other cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE IV.

Another part of France. Enter SOMERSET, with his Army.

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them now:
This expedition was by York and Talbot,
Too rashly plotted; all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with; the over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour,
By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure:
York set him on to fight, and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the name.

Capt. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with me
Set from our o'er match'd forces forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and sold lord
Talbot;

Who, wring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there
Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied limbs,
And, in advantage ling'ring, looks for rescue.
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's honour,
Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds:
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, and Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default,

Som. York set him on, York should have sent him aid,

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace exclaims;
Swearing, that you withheld his levied host,
Collected for this expedition,

Som. York lies; he might have sent, and had the horse;
I owe him little duty, and less love;
And take foul scorn, to fawn on him by sending.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now entrapt the noble-minded Talbot:
Never to England shall he bear his life;
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will dispatch the horsemen straight;
Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en, or slain;
For fly he could not, if he would have fled;
And fly would Talbot never though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot then adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his shame in you;

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A field of battle near Bourdeaux. Enter TALBOT, and his Son;

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for thee, E 3

To tutor thee in stratagems of war :
 That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
 When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
 Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
 But—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
 Now art thou come unto a feast of death,
 A terrible and unavoyd danger?
 Therefore dear boy, mount on my swiftest horse ;
 And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape
 By sudden flight : come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot? and am I your son?
 And shall I fly? O! if you love my mother,
 Dishonour not her honourable name,
 To make a bastard and a slave of me :
 The world will say—He is not Talbot's blood.
 That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so, will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then, let me stay ; and, father do you fly :
 Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
 My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
 Upon my death the French can little boast ;
 In your's they will, in you all hopes are lost.
 Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;
 But mine it will, that no exploit have done :
 You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;
 But if I bow, they'll say—it was for fear.
 There is no hope that ever I will stay,
 If, the first hour, I shrink, and run away.
 Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
 Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him, but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name ; shall flight abuse it?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my follower here, to fight, and die?
My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame?
No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide:
Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I;
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,
Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.
Come, side by side together live and die;
And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemm'd about, and TALBOT rescues him.

Tal. Saint George, and victory! fight, soldiers, fight:
The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France's sword.
Where is John Talbot?—pause, and take thy breath;
I gave thee life and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O twice, my father! twice am I thy son:
The life thou gav'st me first, was lost and done;
Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the dauphin's crest thy sword struck
fire,
It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire
Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age
Quickened with youthful spleen and warlike rage,
Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.
The ireful bastard Orleans—that drew blood
From thee, my boy; and had the maidenhood
Of thy first fight—I soon encounter'd;
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed
Some of his bastard blood; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus: *Contaminated, base,*
And mis-begotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor; for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy:—
Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,

Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's care;
 Art not thou weary, John, how dost thou fare?
 Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
 Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry?
 Fly, to revenge my death, when I am dead;
 The help of one stands me in little stead.
 Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
 To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
 If I to-day die not with Frenchman's rage,
 To-morrow I shall die with mickle age:
 By me they nothing gain, an if I stay,
 'Tis but the shortning of my life one day:
 In thee thy mother dies, our household's name,
 My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's fame:
 All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay;
 All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away.

John. The sword of Orleans hath not made me smart,
 These word's of your's draw life-blood from my heart:
 Oh what advantage, bought with such a shame,
 To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame!
 Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
 The coward horse that bears me, fall and die!
 And like me to the peasant boys of France;
 To be shame's scorn, and subject of mischance;
 Surely, by all the glory you have won,
 An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son:
 Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot;
 If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate fire of Crete,
 Thou Icarus, thy life to me is sweet:
 If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side;
 And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter old TALBOT, led by the French.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own is gone;—
 O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant John?—
 Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity!
 Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at thee:—
 When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
 And, like a hungry lion did commence
 Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience:
 But when my angry guardant stood alone,
 Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none,
 Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
 Suddenly made him from my side to start
 Into the clust'ring battle of the French:
 And in that sea of blood my boy did drench
 His over-mounting spirit; and there dy'd
 My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

Enter JOHN TALBOT, borne.

Serv. O my dear lord! lo, where your son is borne!

Tal. Thou antic death, which laugh'st us here to scorn,
 Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
 Coupl'd in bonds of perpetuity,
 Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
 In thy despight, shall 'scape mortality.—
 O thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd death,
 Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy breath:
 Brave death by speaking, whether he will or no;
 Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy foe.—
 Poor boy! he smiles, methinks: as who should say—
 Had death been French, then death had dy'd to-day.
 Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms;
 My spirit can no longer bear these harms.
 Soldiers adieu! I have what I would have,
 Now my old arms are young John Talbot's grave. [*Dies.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Continues near Bourdeaux.*

*Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD,
 and JOAN LA PUCELLE.*

Charles.

HAD York and Somerset brough rescue in,
 We should have found a bloody day of this.

Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's raging wood,
 Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood?

Pucll. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I said, E 4

Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a maid:
 But—with a proud, majestic, high scorn—
 He answer'd thus; *Young Talbot was not born—*
To be the pillage of a giglot wench:
 So rushing in the bowels of the French,
 He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless he would have made a noble knight:
 See, where he lies inhered in the arms
 Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their bones asunder;
 Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh, no; forbear: for that which we have fled
 During the life, let us not wrong it dead.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the dauphin's tent, to
 know

Who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
 We English warriors wot not what it means.
 I come to know what prisoners thou hast ta'en,
 And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
 But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. Where is the great Alcides of the field,
 Valiant lord Talbot, earl of Shrewsbury?
 Created, for his rare success in arms,
 Great earl of Walsford, Waterford, and Valence;
 Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
 Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,
 Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Shef-
 field.

The thrice victorious lord of Faulconbridge;
 Knight of the noble order of saint George,
 Worthy saint Michael, and the golden fleece;
 Great marshal to Henry the sixth,
 Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Pucel. Here is a silly stately style, indeed!
 The Turk that two and fifty kingdoms hath,
 Writes not so tedious a style as this.—
 Him, that thou magnify'st with all these titles,

Stinking, and fly-blown, lies at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain! the Frenchman's only scourge,
Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
Oh, were mine eye-balls into bullets turn'd,
That I, in rage, might shoot them at your faces!
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France:
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Give me their bodies; that I may bear them hence,
And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Pucel. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,
He speaks with such a proud commanding spirit.
For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,
They would but stink, and putrify the air.

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear
Them hence; but from their ashes shall be rear'd
A phoenix, that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what thou
wilt,
And now to Paris, in this conquering vein;
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain. [Exeunt.

S C E N E II.

England. Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Henry. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this—
They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of,
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Henry. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my lord; and as the only means
To stop effusion of our Christian Blood,
And establish quietness on every side.

K. Henry. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,
It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord—the sooner to effect,
And surer bind this knot of amity—
The earl of Armagnac—near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France—
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry.

K. Henry. Marriage! uncle, alas! my years are young;
And fitter is my study, and my books,
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.
Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,
So let them have their answers every one:
I shall be well content with any choice,
Tends to God's glory, and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate and two Attendants, with WINCHESTER,
as Cardinal.*

Exe. What! is my lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd unto a cardinal's degree?
Then, I perceive, that will be verify'd,
Henry the fifth did sometime prophesy—
*If once he come to be a cardinal,
He'll make his cap co-equal with the crown.*

K. Henry. My lords ambassadors, your several suits
Have been consider'd and debate on.
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd
To draw conditions of a friendly peace;
Which, by lord of Winchester, we mean
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your master—
I have inform'd his highness so at large,
As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,
Her beauty, and the value of her dower—
He doth intend she shall be England's queen.—

K. Henry. In argument and proof of which contract,
Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—
And so, my lord protector, see them guarded,
And safely brought to Dover; where, inshipp'd,
Commit them to the fortune of the sea.

[Exeunt King and Train.]

Win. Stay my lord legate; you shall first receive
The sum of money, which I promised

Should be deliver'd to his holiness
For cloathing me in these grave ornaments.

Legate. I will attend upon your lordship's leisure.

Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trow,
Or be inferior to the proudest peer.
Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well perceive,
That, nor in birth, nor for authority,
The bishop will be over-borne by thee:
I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy knee,
Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

France. Enter Dauphin, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, and
JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Dau. These news, my lords, may cheer our drooping
spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles of France,
And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them, if they turn to us;
Else, ruin combat with their palaces!

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices!

Dau. What tidings send our scouts? I pr'ythee, speak.

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parts, is now conjoin'd in one;
And means to give you battle presently.

Dau. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the warning is;
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not there;
Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Pucel. Of all base passions, fear is most accurs'd:—
Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be thine;
Let Henry fret, and all the world repine.

Dau. Then on, my lords; and France be fortunate!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter JOAN LA PUCELLE.

Pucel. The regent conquers, and the Frenchmen fly.—
 Now help, ye charming spells, odd periapts;
 And ye choice spirits, that admonish me,
 And give me signs of future accidents! [*Thunder.*
 You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
 Under the lordly monarch of the north,
 Appear, and aid me in this enterprize!

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
 Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
 Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
 Out of the powerful regions under earth,
 Help me this once, that France may get the field.

[*They walk, and speak not.*

Oh, hold me not with silence over-long!
 Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
 I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
 In earnest of a further benefit;
 So you do condescend to help me now.—

[*They hang their heads.*

No hope to have redress?—My body shall
 Pay recompence, if you will grant my suit.

[*They shake their heads.*

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
 Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
 Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,
 Before that England give the French the foil.

[*They depart.*

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,
 That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,
 And let her head fall into England's lap.
 My ancient incantations are too weak,
 And hell too strong for me to buckle with:—
 Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. [*Exit.*

Excursions. PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand.
PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think I have you fast:

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,
And try if they can gain you liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Pucel. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be.

York. Oh, Charles the dauphin is a proper man;
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Pucel. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!
And may ye both be suddenly surpriz'd
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell, banning hag! enchantress, hold thy tongue.

Pucel. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse a while.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake.
[*Exeunt.*]

Alarum. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.

[*Gazes on her.*]

Oh, fairest beauty, do not fear, nor fly;
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.
I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side:
Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name; and daughter to a king,
The king of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,
Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:
So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,
Keeping them prisoners underneath her wings:
Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend. [*She is going.*]

Oh, stay!—I have no power to let her pass;
My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the grassy streams,
Twinkling another counterfeited beam,
So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak;
I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind!

Fie, De-la-Poole! disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's fight;
 Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such,
 Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, earl of Suffolk—if thy name be so—
 What ransom must I pay before I pass?
 For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. How can'st thou tell, she will deny thy suit,
 Before thou make a trial of her love? [*Aside.*]

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I
 pay?

Suf. She's beautiful; and therefore to be woo'd:
 She is a woman: therefore to be won. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no?

Suf. Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;
 Then how can Margaret be thy paramour? [*Aside.*]

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random; sure the man is mad.

Suf. And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. I'll win this lady Margaret. For whom?
 Why, for my king: Tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talk of wood: It is some carpenter.

Suf. Yet so my fancy may be satisfy'd,
 And peace established between these realms.
 But there remains a scruple in that too:
 For though her father be the king of Naples,
 Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor,
 And our nobility will scorn the match, [*Aside.*]

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:
 Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—
 Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,
 And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. Perhaps I shall be rescu'd by the French;
 And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*]

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. Tush! women have been captive ere now.
 [*Aside.*]

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a slave in base servility;
For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my——

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth;
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

Sound. Enter REIGNIER on the Walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see, thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier; and unapt to weep,
Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord:

Consent (and, for thy honour, give consent),

Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king;

Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto;

And this her easy-held imprisonment

Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty.

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows,
That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend,
To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the Walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sound. Enter REIGNIER below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:
Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,
Fit to be made companion with a king:
What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost design to woo her little worth,
To be the princely bride of such a lord;
Upon condition I may quietly
Enjoy mine own, the countries Maine and Anjou,
Free from oppression or the stroke of war,
My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her;
And those two countries, I will undertake,
Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again—in Henry's royal name,
As deputy unto that gracious king—
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kindly thanks,
Because this is in traffic of a king:
And yet, methink, I could be well content
To be mine own attorney in this case. [Aside.
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd
So, farewell, Reignier! Set this diamond life
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [She is going.

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! but hark you, Margaret!
No princely commendations to the king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord, a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [Kisses her.]

Mar. That for thyself;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[Exeunt REIG. and MAR.]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But, Suffolk, stay;
Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth;
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.
Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:
Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art;
Repeat their semblance often on the seas,
That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's feet,
Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with wonder. [Exit.]

S C E N E V.

*Camp of the Duke of YORK, in Anjou. Enter YORK,
WARWICK, a Shepherd, and PUCELLE.*

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd to burn.

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart outright!
Have I fought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death!
Ah, Joan, sweet daughter Joan, I'll die with thee!

Pucel. Decripit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood;
'Thou art no father, nor no friend of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—my lords, an please you, 'tis not so;
I dig beget her, all the parish knows:
Her mother liveth yet, can testify
She was the first-fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life hath been,
Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan! that thou wilt be so obstacle! F

God knows, thou art a collop of my own flesh;
And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:
Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Pucel. Peasant, avaunt!—You have suborn'd this man,
Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'Tis true, I gave a noble to the priest,
The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—
Kneel down and take my blessing, good my girl.
Wilt thou not stoop? Now curst be the time
Of thy nativity! I would, the milk
Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst her breast,
Had been a little ratbane for thy sake!
Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs a-field,
I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!
Dost thou deny thy father, curst drab?
O, burn her, burn her! hanging is too good. [Exit.

York. Take her away; for she hath liv'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Pucel. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd:
Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceiv'd! Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

War. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no faggots, let there be enough:
Place barrells of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucel. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?—
Then Joan, discover thine infirmity;
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides:
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although you hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forefend! the holy maid with child?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought:
Is all your strict preciseness come to this?

York. She and the dauphin have been juggling:
I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to; we will have no bastards live;
Especially, since Charles must father it.

Pucel. You are deceiv'd; my child is none of his;
It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon! that notorious Machiavel!
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Pucel. O, give me leave, I have deluded you:
'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,
But Reignier, king of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A marry'd man! that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl! I think she knows not well,
There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And, yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—
Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee:
Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Pucel. Then lead me hence; with whom I leave my
curse:

May never glorious sun reflect his beams
Upon the country where you make abode?
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you; 'till mischief and despair,
Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves!

[Exit guarded.]

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,
Thou foul accursed minister of hell!

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, &c.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence
With letters of commission from the king.

For now, my lords, the state of Christendom,
 Mov'd with remorse at these outrageous broils,
 Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
 Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
 And see at hand the dauphin and his train,
 Approaching to confer about some matters.

York. Is all our travel turn'd to this effect ?
 After the slaughter of so many peers,
 So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
 That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
 And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,
 Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
 Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
 By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
 Our great progenitors had conquered ?—
 Oh, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
 The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York ; if we conclude a peace,
 It shall be with such strick covenants,
 As little shall the Frenchman gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, BASTARD, and REIGNIER.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,
 That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,
 We come to be informed by yourselves
 What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choler chokes
 The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,
 By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :
 That—in regard king Henry gives consent,
 Of mere compassion, and of lenity,
 To ease your country of distressful war,
 And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace—
 You shall become true liegemen to his crown :
 And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
 To pay him tribute and submit thyself,
 Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
 And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then a shadow of himself ?
 Adorn his temples with a coronet ;

And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'Tis known already, that I am possessed
Of more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:
Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means
Us'd intercession to obtain a league;
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison,
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My, lord, you do not well in obstinacy,
To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. To say the truth, it is your policy,
To save your subjects from such massacre,
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility:
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure serves.

[*Aside to the Dauphin.*

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our condition stand

Char. It shall:

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey,
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of England.—

[*CHARLES, and the rest give tokens of Fealty.*
So, now dismiss your army when ye please;

Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be still,
For here we entertain a solemn peace. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

England. A Room in the Palace. Enter SUFFOLK, in Conference with King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Henry. Your wondrous rare description; noble earl,
Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart:
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide;
So am I driven by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush, my good lord! this superficial tale
Is but a preface of her lovely praise:
The chief perfections of that worthy dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them.)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.
And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord.

K. Henry. And otherwise will Henry ne'er presume.
Therefore, my lord protector, give consent
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is betroth'd
Unto another lady of esteem;
How shall we then dispense with that contract,
And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or, one, that, at a triumph having vow'd
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds:
A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why what I pray, is Margaret more than that?
Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a king,
The king of Naples and Jerusalem;
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchman in allegiance.

Glo. And so the earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant liberal dower;
While Reignier sooner will receive, than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king.
That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To chuse for wealt, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen,
And not to seek a queen to make him rich:
So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep or horse.

But marriage is a matter of more worth,
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship;

Not whom we will, but whom his grace affects,
Must be companion of his nuptial bed:

And therefore lords since he effects her most,
It most of all these reasons bindeth us,

In our opinions she should be preferr'd.
For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,

An age of discord and continual strife?
Whereas the contrary bringeth forth bliss,

And is a pattern of celestial peace.
Whom should we match with Henry, being a king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none, but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit

(More than in woman commonly is seen), will
Answer our hope in issue of a king?

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high a resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield my lords? and hear conclude with me,
That Margaret shall be queen, and none but she.

K. Henry. Whether it be through force of your report.
My noble lord of Suffolk? or for that
My tender youth was never yet attaint
With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell? but this I am assur'd,
I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping? post, my lord, to France?
Agree to any covenants? and procure
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen?
For your expences and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.
Be gone, I say? for, 'till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—
And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.
And so conduct me, where from company,
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [Exit.

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and last.

[Exeunt GLOSTER, and EXETER.]

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd? and thus he goes,
As did the youthful Paris once to Greece?
With hope to find the like event in love,
But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king?
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm. [Exit.

THE END.

HENRY VI.

PART II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

M E N.

King HENRY *the Sixth.*
Duke of GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King.*
Cardinal BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Duke of YORK, *pretending to the Crown.*
Duke of BUCKINGHAM, }
Duke of SOMERSET, } *of the King's Party.*
Duke of SUFFOLK. }
Earl of SALISBURY. } *of the York Faction.*
Earl of WARWICK. }
Lord CLIFFORD, *of the King's Party.*
Lord SAY.
Lord SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*
Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD,
Young STAFFORD, *his Brother.*
ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*
Young CLIFFORD, *Son to Lord Clifford.*
EDWARD PLANTAGENET, } *Sons to the Duke of York.*
RICHARD PLANTAGENET. }
VAUX, *a Sea Captain, and* WALTER WHITMORE, *Pirates.*
A Herald, HUME *and* SOUTHWELL, *two Priests.*
BOLINGBROKE, *an Astrologer.*
A Spirit, attending on JOURDAIN *the Witch.*
THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.* PETER, *his Man.*
Clerk of Chatham. Mayor of St. Alban's
SIMPCOK, *an Imposter.*
JACK CADE, BEVIS, MICHAEL, JOHN HOLLAND, DICK
the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.

W O M E N.

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry VI.*
Dame ELEANOR, *wife to the Duke of Gloster.*
Mother JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*
Wife to SIMPCOX.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers, Citizens,
with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and other Attendants.
The SCENE, is laid very dispersedly in several Parts of England.

SECOND PART OF
H E N R Y VI.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *The Palace.*

Flourish of Trumpets: then Hautboys. Enter King HENRY, Duke HUMPHERY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and BEAUFORT, on the one Side; the Queen, SUFFOLK, YORK, SOMERSET, and BUCKINGHAM, on the other.

Suffolk.

AS by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge for my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours—
In presence of the kings of France and Sicil,
The dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretaigne, Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, twenty reverend bishops—
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen
To your most gracious hand, that ere the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, queen Margaret:
I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kifs.—O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
For thou hast given me in this beauteous face,
A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great king of England, and my gracious
lord;
The mutual conference that my mind hath had— A 2

By day, by night; waking, and in my dreams;
 In courtly company, or at my beads—
 With you mine alder-lieft sovereign,
 Makes me the bolder to salute my king
 With ruder terms; such as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minister.

K. Henry. Her sight did ravish: but her grace in speech,
 Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
 Makes me, from wondering, fall to weeping joys;
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.—
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live queen Margaret, England's happiness!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted peace,
 Between our sovereign and the French king Charles,
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. read.] Imprimus, *It is agreed between the French king Charles and William De-la-Poole, marquis of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry, king of England—that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter to Reiginer, king of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem; and crown her queen of England, ere the thirteenth of May next ensuing.*

Item, That the dutchies of Anjou and Maine, shall be released and delivered to the king, her fa—

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
 Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
 And dimm'd mine eye, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. *Item, It is further agreed between them—that the dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the king, her father; and she sent over of the king of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well.—Lord marquis, kneel down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
 And gird thee with the sword.—
 Cousin of York, we here discharge your grace
 From being regent in the parts of France,
 'Till term of eighteen months be full expir'd.—

Thanks, uncle Winchester, Gloster, York, and Buckingham,
 Somerset, Salisbury, and Warwick;
 We thank you all for this great favour done,
 In entertainment to my princely queen.
 Come, let us in; and with all speed provide
 To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt King, Queen, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
 To you duke Humphery must unload his grief
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?
 Did he so often lodge in open field,
 In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
 To conquer France, his true inheritance?
 And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,
 To keep by policy what Henry got?
 Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
 Brave York and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
 Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
 Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Study so long, sat in the council-house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
 Or hath his highness in his infancy
 Been crown'd in Paris in despite of foes;
 And shall these labours, and these honours, die?
 Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die?
 O peers of England, shameful is this league;
 Fatal this marriage! cancelling your fame;
 Blooting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown;
 Reverfing monuments of conquer'd France;
 Undoing all, as all had never been!

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstance?
 For France, 'tis ours; and we keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it, if we can;

A 3

But now it is impossible we should :
 Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,
 Hath given the duchies of Anjou and Maine
 Unto the poor king Reignier, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
 These counties were the keys of Normandy :—
 But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery :
 For, were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
 Anjou and Maine ! myself did win them both ;
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer :
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Deliver'd up again with peaceful words ?
 Mort Dieu !

York. For Suffolk's duke—may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle !
 France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I could have yielded to this league.
 I never read but England's kings have had
 Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives :
 And our king Henry gives away his own,
 To match with her that brings no 'vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
 That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
 For costs and charges in transporting her !
 She should have staid in France, and starv'd in France,
 Before—

Car. My lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot :
 It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My lord of Winchester, I know your mind ;
 'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
 But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
 Rancour will out : proud prelate, in thy face
 I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
 We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—

Farewell, my lords ; and say, when I am gone,
 I prophesy'd—France will be lost ere long. [Exit.

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
 'Tis none to you, he is mine enemy :

KING HENRY VI.

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all;
 And no great friend, I fear me to the king.
 Consider, lords—he is the next of blood,
 And heir apparent to the English crown;
 Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
 There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
 Look to it, lords; let not his smoothing words
 Bewitch your hearts; be wise and circumspect.
 What though the common people favour him,
 Calling him—*Humphrey, the good duke of Gloster*;
 Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—
Jesu maintain your royal excellence!
 With—*God preserve the good duke Humphrey!*
 I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
 He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,
 He being of age to govern of himself?—
 Cousin of Somerset, join with me,
 And all together—with the duke of Suffolk—
 We'll quickly hoise duke Humphrey from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;
 I'll to the duke of Suffolk presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though Humphrey's
 pride,
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal;
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside;
 If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector.
 Despight duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[Exeunt BUCK. and SOM.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw but Humphrey duke of Gloster
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman.
 Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal—
 More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,
 As stout, and proud, as he were a lord of all—

Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.—
 Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Hath won the greatest favour of the commons;
 Excepting none but good duke Humphrey.—
 And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,
 In bringing them to civil discipline;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd, and honour'd, of the people—
 Join we together, for the public good;
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal,
 With Somerset and Buckingham's ambition;
 And, as we may, cherish duke Humphrey's deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves the land,
 And common profit of his country!

York. And so says York, for he hath greater cause.

[*Aside.*]

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main! Oh father Maine is lost;
 That Maine, which by main force Warwick did win.
 And would have kept, so long as breath did last:
 Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant Maine;
 Which I will win from France, or else be slain.

[*Exit WAR. and SAL.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the French;
 Paris is lost; the state of Normandy
 Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.
 Suffolk concluded on the articles;
 The peers agreed; and Henry was pleas'd,
 To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
 I cannot blame them all; What is't to them?
 'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
 Pirates may make cheap pennyworth of their pillage,
 And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
 Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone:
 While as the silly owner of the goods
 Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stand aloof,
 Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
 So York must sit and fret, and bite his tongue,
 While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
 Methinks, the realms of England, France, and Ireland,
 Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
 As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
 Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
 Anjou and Maine, both given unto the French!
 Cold news for me; for I had hope of France.
 Even as I have of fertile England's soil.
 A day will come, when York shall claim his own;
 And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud duke Humphrey,
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit:
 Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
 Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a crown.
 Then, York, be still awhile, 'till time do serve;
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the state;
 Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and England's dear-bought queen,
 And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at jars:
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd:
 And in my standard, bear the arms of York,
 To grapple with the house of Lancaster;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the crown,
 Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England down.

[Exit.]

S C E N E II.

The Dukes of GLOSTER's House. Enter Duke HUMPHREY and his Wife ELEANOR.

Elean. Why droops my lord, like over ripen'd corn,
 Hanging on the head at Ceres' plenteous load?
 Why doth the great duke Humphrey knit his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fix'd to the fullen earth,
 Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What see'st thou there? king Henry's diadem,
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold:—
 What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine:
 And, having both together heav'd it up,
 We'll both together lift our heads to heaven;
 And never more abase our sight so low
 As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Gla. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love thy lord,
 Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
 And may that thought, when I imagine ill
 Against my king and nephew, virtuous Henry,
 Be my last breathing in this mortal world!

My troublous dream this night doth make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office badge in court,
 Was broke in twain; by whom, I have forgot,
 But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;
 And on the pieces of the broken wand
 Were plac'd the heads of Edmund duke of Somerset,
 And William De-la-Poole, first duke of Suffolk.
 'This was my dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
 That he, that breaks a stick of Glóster's grove,
 Shall lose his head for his presumption.
 But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet duke:
 Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
 In the cathedral church of Westminster,
 And in that chair where kings and queens are crown'd;
 Where Henry, and dame Margaret, kneel'd to me,
 And on my head did set the diadem.

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide outright:
 Presumptuous dame, ill-natur'd Eleanor!
 Art thou not second woman in the realm;

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,
 Above the reach or compass of thy thought?
 And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,
 To trample down thy husband, and thyself,
 From top of honour to disgrace's feet?
 Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what, my lord! are you so choleric
 With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?
 Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
 And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 'tis his highness' pleasure,
 Your do prepare to ride unto Saint Alban's,
 Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell, thou wilt ride with us.

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I follow presently.

[*Exit GLO.*]

Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While Gloster bears this base and humble mind.
 Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks,
 And smooth my way upon their headless necks:
 And, being a woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in fortune's pageant.
 Where are you there? sir John! nay, fear not, man,
 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesu preserve your royal majesty!

Elean. My majesty! why, man, I am but grace.

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and Hume's advice,
 Your grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet con-
 ferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch;
 And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?
 And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. Thisthey have promised—to shew your highness
 A spirit rais'd from depth of under ground,

That shall make answer to such questions,
As by your grace shall be propounded to him.

Elean. It is enough; I'll think upon the questions:
When from St. Alban's we do make return,
We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry, man,
With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.

Hume. Hume must make merry with the dutcheſs' gold;
Marry, and ſhall. But, how now, ſir John Hume?
Seal up your lips, and give no words but—mum!
The buſineſs aſketh ſilent ſecrecy.

Dame Eleanor gives gold, to bring the witch:
Gold cannot come amiſs, were ſhe a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great new-made duke of Suffolk;

Yet I do not find it ſo: for, to be plain,

They, knowing dame Eleanor's aspiring humour,

Have hired me to undermine the dutcheſs,

And buſy theſe conjurations in her brain.

They ſay, A crafty knave does need no broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall go near

To call them both—a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus, I fear, at laſt,

Hume's knavery will be the duchefs' wreck;

And her attainture will be Humphrey's fall:

Sort how it will, I ſhall have gold for all. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

*An apartment in the Palace. Enter three or four Petitioners,
PETER, the Armourer's Man, being one.*

1 *Pet.* Mo maſters, let's ſtand cloſe; my lord protect-
or will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver
our ſupplikations in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good
man! Jeſu bleſs him!

Enter SUFFOLK and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with
him: I'll be firſt, ſure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool ; this is the duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow ? would'st any thing with me ?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord pardon me ! I took ye for my lord protector.

2 *Mar.* For my lord protector ! are your supplications to his lordship ? Let me see them : What is thine ?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too ? that is some wrong, indeed.—What's your's ? what's here ? (*reads.*) *Against the duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford.*—How now, fir knave ?

2 *Pet.* Alas, fir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole townshp.

Peter. Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, That the duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

2 *Mar.* What say'st thou ? Did the duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown ?

Peter. That my mistress was ? No, forsooth : my master said, That he was ; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there ?—Take this fellow in, and send for his master with a pursuivant presently ;—we'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exit PETER, guarded.*]

2 *Mar.* And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our protector's grace, Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Petitions.*]

Away base cullions !—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

2 *Mar.* My lord of Suffolk, say is this the guise, Is this the fashion in the court of England ?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king ?

What ! shall king Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surley Gloster's governance ?

Am I queen in title and in style,

And must be made subject to a duke ?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours
 Thou ran'st a tilt in honour of my love,
 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France;
 I thought, king Henry had resembled thee,
 In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads:
 His champions are—the prophets and apostles;
 His weapons, holy laws of sacred writ;
 His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves
 Are brazen images of canoniz'd saints.
 I would, the college of the cardinals
 Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,
 And set the triple crown upon his head;
 That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
 Your highness came to England; so will I
 In England work your grace's full content.

2. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beau-
 fort,

The imperious churchman; Somerset, Buckingham,
 And grumbling York; and not the least of these,
 But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in England than the Nevils:
 Salisbury and Warwick, are no simple peer.

2. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife.
 She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,
 More like an empress than duke Humphrey's wife;
 Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
 She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty:
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous base-born catall as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very training of her worst wearing-gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands,
 'Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her;
 And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,

That she will light to listen to their lays,
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest: and, madam, list to me;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this.
 Although we fancy not the cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him, and with the lords,
 'Till we have brought duke Humphrey in disgrace.
 As for the duke of York—this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit:
 So, one by one, we'll wed them all at last,
 And you yourself shall steer the happy realm.

*To them enter King HENRY, Duke HUMPHREY, Cardinal
 BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, YORK, SALISBURY,
 WARWICK, and the Dutcheſs of GLOSTER.*

K. Henry. For my part, noble lords, I care not which;
 Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself in France,
 Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the place,
 Let York be regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea, or no.
 Dispute not that; York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters speak.

War. The cardinal's not my betters in the field.

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters, Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and shew some reason, Buckingham,
 Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this:

2. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough himself,
 To give his censure: these are no women's matters.

2. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your grace
 To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm;
 And, at his pleasure, will resign my place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert king (as who is king, but thou?)

The common-wealth hath daily run to wreck:

The dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;

And all the peers and nobles of the realm

Have bee: as bondmen of thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the clergy's bags
Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution,
Upon offenders, hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and town in France—
If they were known, as they suspect is great—
Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit GLO. The Queen drops her fan.*]

Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Gives the Dutchess a box on the ear.*]

I cry you mercy, madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud Frenchwoman:
Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
Pl set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will!—Good king, look to't in
time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a baby:
Though in this place most master wears no breeches,
She shall not strike dame Eleanor unreveng'd. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now: her fume can need no spurs,
She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter Duke HUMPHREY.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of common-wealth affairs,
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law:
But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country!
But, to the matter that we have in hand:—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man
To be your regent in the realm of France,

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To shew some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet.
First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
'Till France be won into the dauphin's hands.
Last time I danc'd attendance on his will,
'Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness; and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong Warwick!

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace?

Enter HORNER the Armourer, and his Man PETER,
guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the duke of York excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, Suffolk? tell me: what
are these?

Suf. Please it your majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason:
His words were these;—that Richard, duke of York,
Was rightful heir unto the English crown;
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Henry. Say, man, were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor
thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely
accus'd by that villain.

Peter. By these ten bones, my lords, [*holding up his*
hands.] he did speak them to me in the garret one night,
as we were scouring my lord of York's armour.

York. Base dunghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:—
I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words.
My accuser is my prentice; and when I did correct him

B

for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me: I have good witness of this, therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. Henry. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge.

Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion?
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice:
This is the law, and this duke Humphrey's doom.

K. Henry. Then be it so. My lord of Somerset,
We make your grace lord regent o'er the French.

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Arm. And I accept the combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my case! the spite of a man prevaleth against me. O lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O lord, my heart!—

Glo. Sirrah, you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. Henry. Away with them to prison: and the day
Of combat shall be the last of the next month.—
Come, Somerset, we'll see the sent away.

Flourish. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Duke HUMPHREY's Garden. Enter Mother JOURDAIN,
HUME, SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

Hume. Come, my masters; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided:
Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms?

Hume. Ay; what else? fear you not her courage,

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit: but it shall be convenient, master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below; and so I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*]
Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth:
—John Southwell, read you; and let us to our work.

Enter ELEANOR, above.

Elean. Well said, my masters; and welcome, all.
To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their time:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

*[Here they perform the Ceremonies, and make the Circle,
BOLINGBROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Conjuro
te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spi-
rit rises.]*

Spirit. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asinath,
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!

Boling. First, of the king. *What shall of him become?*

[Reading out of a Paper.]

Spirit. The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, they write the Answer.]

Boling. What fates await the duke of Suffolk?

Spirit. By water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun castles:

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid! *[Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.]*

*Enter the Duke of YORK, and the Duke of BUCKINGHAM,
with their Guard, and break in.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.—
Beldam, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.— B 2

What, madam, are you there? the king and common-wealth
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'nt where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?
[*Shewing her the Papers.*]

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.—

We'll see your trinkets here forth-coming all;
Away! [*Exeunt Guards with* JOURD. SOUTH. &c.]

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you watch'd her
well:

A pretty plot, well chose to build upon!
Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here?

The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose; [*Reads.*]
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

Why this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos, vincere posse.*
Well, to the rest.

Tell me what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the duke of Somerset?

Let him shun castles;
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords:

These oracles are hardly attain'd,
And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress to Saint Alban's:

With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.
Who's within there, ho!

Enter a Serving-Man.

Invite my lords of Salisbury, and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away! [*Exeunt.*]

A C T H.

S C E N E I. *At St. Alban's.*

Enter King HENRY, Queen, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hallowing.

Queen Margaret.

BELIEVE me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw no better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds, are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know, their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much; he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal; how think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal!

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown so pe-
remptory?

Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

Suf. No malice, fir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

B 3

K. Henry. I pr'ythee peace, good queen ;
And whet not on these two too furious peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud protector with my sword !

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to
that

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep : an if thou
dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my lords ?

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport.—Come with thy two-hand sword.

[*Aside to GLOS.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Are you advis'd—the east side of the grove ?

Cardinal I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Henry. Why how now, uncle Gloster ?

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown for
this,

Or all my fence shall fail. [*Aside.*

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medici teipsum ;*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high ; so do your stomachs,
lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart !
When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony ?
I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter one, crying, A Miracle !

Glo. What means this noise ?
Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

One. A miracle ! a miracle !

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour, hath receiv'd his sight;
A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now, God be prais'd! that to believing
souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

Enter the Mayor of St. Alban's, and his Brethren, bearing SIMPCOX between two in a Chair, SIMPCOX's Wife following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
To present your highness with the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the king,
His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we for thee may glorify the Lord.
What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou could'st have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Henry. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great
to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

2. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
chance?

Or of devotion to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd
A hundred times, and oftner, in my sleep
By good saint Alban; who said—*Saunders, come,*

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame?

Simp. A, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off of a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree!

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dst plumbs very well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good master, my wife desir'd some damsons, And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave! but yet it shall not serve.—
Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them:—
In my opinion, yet thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and faint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said: what colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why, then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all my life.

Glo. Tell me, firrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an it please you, master.

Glo. Then Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave
In Christendom. If thou had'st been born blind,
Thou might'st as well have known all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.
Sight may distinguish colours; but suddenly
To nominate them all, it is impossible.—

My lord, faint Alban here hath done a miracle;
Would you not think that cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O, master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of faint Alban's,
Have you not beadles in your town, and things
Call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight,
[*Exit Messenger.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by and by. Now,
sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap
me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone;
You go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle, with Whips.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs.
Sirrah, beadle, whip him 'till he leaps over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able to
stand. [After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over
the stool, and runs away; and the People fol-
low and cry, A Miracle!]

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh, to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave; and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town
Until they come to Berwick, whence they came.

[*Exit Beadles, with the Woman, &c.*]

Car. Duke Humphrey hath done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made, in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent—
 Under the countenance and confederacy
 Of lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
 The ring-leader and head of all this rout—
 Have practis'd dangerously against your state,
 Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
 Whom we have apprehended in the fact;
 Raising up wicked spirits from under ground,
 Demanding of king Henry's life and death,
 And other of your highness' privy council,
 As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means
 Your lady is forth-coming yet at London.
 This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;
 'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to GLO.*

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart!
 Sorrow and grief have vanish'd all my powers;
 And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
 Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked
 ones;
 Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;
 And, look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heaven I do appeal,
 How I have lov'd my king and common-weal:
 And, for my wife, I know not how it stands;
 Sorry I am to hear, what I have heard:
 Noble she is; but, if she have forgot
 Honour and virtue, and convers'd with such
 As, like to pitch, defile nobility,
 I banish her, my bed, and company;
 And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
 That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:
 To-morrow, toward London, back again,
 To look into this business thoroughly,
 And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 And poise the cause in justice' equal scale,
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[*Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

The Duke of York's Garden. Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin: and if thy claim be good,
The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

Edward the third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the black prince, prince of Wales;
The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, duke of Clarence; next to whom
Was John of Gaunt, the duke of Lancaster:
The fifth, was Edmund Langley, duke of York;
The sixth, was Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloster;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.
Edward, the black prince, dy'd before his father;
And left behind him Richard, his only son,
Who, after Edward the third's death, reign'd king;
'Till Henry Bolingbroke, duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the fourth,
Seiz'd on the realm; depos'd the rightful king;
Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret; where, as both you know,
Harmless Richard was murder'd traiterously.

War. Father, the duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right;
For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, duke of Clarence (from whose line
I claim the crown), had issue—Philippe, a daughter,
Who married Edmund Mortimer, earl of March.
Edmund had issue—Roger, earl of March:

Roger had if — Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,
As I have read, laid claim unto the crown;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king,
Who kept in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, earl of Cambridge; who was son
To Edmund Langley, Edward the third's fifth son.
By her I claim the kingdom: she then was heir
To Roger, earl of March; who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer; who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, duke of Clarence:
So, if the issue of his elder son
Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this?
Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,
The fourth son; York claimeth it from the third.
'Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign:
It fails not yet; but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock. —
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!

York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd;
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the duke of Suffolk's insolence,
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous prince, the good duke Humphrey:
'Tis that they seek; and they, in seeking that,
Shall find their deaths, if York can prophecy.

Sal. My lord, break we off; we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the earl of Warwick
Shall one day make the duke of York a king.

York. And Nevil, this I do assure myself—
Richard shall live to make the earl of Warwick
The greatest man in England, but the king. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A Hall of Justice. Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK,
and SALISBURY; the Dutchess, Mother JOURDAIN,
SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINBROKE, guarded.*

K. Henry. Stand forth, dame Eleanor Cobham, Glof-
ter's wife,
In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudged to death.—
You four, from hence to prison back again:

[*To the other Prisoners.*]
From thence, unto the place of execution:

The witch in Smithfield shall be burnt to ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.—

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life,
Shall, after three days open penance done,
Live in your country here, in banishment,
With sir John Stanley, in the Isle of Man.

Elean. Welcome is banishment, welcome were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath judged thee;
I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—

[*Exeunt ELEAN. and the others, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.

Ah, Humphrey, this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground!—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go;
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would ease.

K. Henry. Stay, Humphrey, duke of Gloster: ere thou go,
Give up thy staff; Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet:

And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a king of years
Should be to be protected like a child —
God and king Henry govern England's realm:
Give up your staff, sir, and the king his realm.

Glo. My staff? — here, noble Henry, is my staff:
As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.

Farewell, good king: when I am dead and gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne! *[Exit.]*

Q. Mar. Why, now is Henry king, and Margaret queen;
And Humphrey, duke of Gloster, scarce himself,
That bears so shrewd a main; two pulls at once —
His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off.
This staff of honour raught — There let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his sprays;
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.

York. Lords, let him go. — Please it your majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. O God's name, see the lists and all things fit;
Here let them end, and God defend the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

Enter at one Door the Armourer and his Neighbours, drinking to him so much that he is drunk; and he enters with a Drum before him, and his Staff with a Sand-bag fastened to it; and at the other Door enters his Man, with a Drum and Sand-bag, and Prentices drinking to him.

I Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 *Neigh.* And here, neighbour, here's a cup of char-neco.

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, 'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for Peter.

1 *Pren.* Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think I have taken my last draught in this world.—Here, Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;—and Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—and here, Tom, take all the money that I have.—O Lord, bless me, I pray God! for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the duke of York—I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the king, nor the queen; and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow, as Bevis of Southampton fell upon Ascapart.

York. Dispatch:—this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and PETER strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon:—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O Peter, thou hast prevailed in right!

K. Henry. Go, and take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt :
 And God, in justice, hath reveal'd to us
 The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
 Which he had thought to have murder'd wrongfully—
 Come fellow, follow us for thy reward. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The Street. Enter Duke HUMPHREY, and his Men, in Morning Cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud ;
 And, after summer, evermore succeeds
 Barren winter, which his wrathful nipping cold :
 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
 Sirs, what's o'clock ?

Ser. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,
 To watch the coming of my punish'd dutchess :
 Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
 Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
 The abject people, gazing on thy face,
 With envious looks still laughing at thy shame ;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
 When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.
 But, soft ! I think she comes ; and I'll prepare
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutcheß in a white Sheet, her Feet bare, and a Taper burning in her Hand, with Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives ; let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
 Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !
 See, how the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !
 Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks
 And, in thy closet pent-up, rue my shame,
 And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah, Gloster, teach me to forget myself:
 For, whilst I think I am thy marry'd wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land,
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back;
 And followed with a rabble, that rejoice
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-felt groans,
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
 And, when I start, the envious people laugh,
 And bid me be advised how I tread.
 Ah, Humphrey, can I bear this shameful yoke?
 Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world;
 Or count them happy, that enjoy the sun?
 No; dark shall be my light, and night my day;
 To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
 Sometime I'll say, I am duke Humphrey's wife;
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
 That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn dutches,
 Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
 To every idle rascal follower.
 But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
 Nor stir at nothing, 'till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as sure, it shortly will.
 For Suffolk—he that can do all in all
 With her, that hateth thee, and hates us all—
 And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings,
 And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee:
 But fear not thou, untill thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell, forbear; thou aimest all awry;
 I must offend, before I be attainted:
 And had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
 But I in danger for the breach of law.

Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell:
 I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;
 These few days wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament,
 holden at Bury, the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before!
 This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there. [*Exit Her.*
My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays:
 And sir John Stanley is appointed now
 To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well: the world may laugh again;
 And I may live to do you kindness, if
 You do it her. And so, sir John, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my lord; and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. [*Exit.*

Elean. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee!
 For none abides with me: my joy is—death;
 Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
 Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
 Stanley, I pr'ythee, go, and take me hence;
 I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
 Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man;
 There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
 And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a dutchess, and duke Humphrey's lady,
 According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare;
 Although thou hast been conduct of my shame,

Sher. It is my office; and madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell; thy office is discharg'd.—
 Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet:

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elan. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet;
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way; I long to see my prison. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Abbey at Bury.*

*Enter King HENRY, Queen, Cardinal, SUFFOLK, YORK,
and BUCKINGHAM, &c. to the Parliament.*

King Henry.

I MUSE, my lord of Gloster is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindermost man,
Whate'er occasion keep him from us now.

2. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?

With what a majesty he bears himself;
How insolent of late he is become,
How proud, how preremptory, and unlike himself;
We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
And, if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,
That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him no, and, be it in the morn,
When every one will give the time of day,
He knits his brow, and shews an angry eye,
And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.

Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent;
And, should you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me seemeth then, it is no policy—

Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease—
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts;

And, when he please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow rooted;
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden,
 And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear;
 Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say—I wrong'd the duke.
 My lords of Suffolk—Buckingham—and York—
 Reprove my allegation, if you can;
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into this duke;
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
 The dutchess, by his subornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices:
 Or if he were not privy to those faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high descent
 (As next the king, he was successive heir).
 And such high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick dutchess,
 By wicked means to frame our sovereign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deepest:
 And in his simple shew he harbours treason.
 The fox barks not, when he would steal the lamb.
 No, no, my sovereign; Gloster is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Devise strange deaths for small offences done?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
 Levy great sums of money through the realm,
 For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it?
 By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut! these are petty faults to faults unknown;
 Which time will bring to light in smooth duke Hum-
 phrey.

K. Henry. My lords, at once; The care you have
 of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,

Is worthy praise : But shall I speak my conscience ?
 Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
 From meaning treason to our royal person
 As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove :
 The duke is virtuous, mild : and too well given,
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

2. Mar. Ah, what's more dangerous than this fond
 affiance !

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd,
 For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
 Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
 Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?
 Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Henry. Welcome, lord Somerset. What news
 from France ?

Som. That all your interest in those territories
 Is utterly bereft you ; all is lost.

K. Henry. Cold news, lord Somerset : But God's will
 be done !

York. Cold news for me ; for I had hope of France,
 As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
 Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
 And caterpillars eat my leaves away :
 But I will remedy this gear ere long,
 Or sell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aside.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !
 Pardon, my liege, that I have staid so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that you are come too soon,
 Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art :
 I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk, yet thou shalt not see me blush,
 Nor change my countenance for this arrest ;
 A heart unspotted is not easily daunted.
 The purest spring is not so free from mud,

C 3

As I am clear from treason to my sovereign :
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took bribes of
France,

And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers pay ;
By means whereof his highness lost France,

Glo. Is it but thought so ? What are they, that think
it ?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor never had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night—
Ay, night by night—in studying good for England !
That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial day !
No ; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I disbursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God !

York. In your protectorship, you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me ;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief, that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment :
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly answer'd :
But mightier crimes are laid to your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name ;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My lord of Gloster, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion ;

My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord, these days are dangerous !

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,

And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand ;

Foul subornation is predominant,

And equity exil'd your highness' land.

I know, their complot is to have my life ;

And, if my death might make this island happy,

And prove the period of their tyranny,

I would expend it with all willingness :

But mine is made the prologue to their play ;

For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,

Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate ;

Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue

The envious load that lies upon his heart ;

And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,

Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,

By false accuse doth level at my life : —

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,

Causeless have laid disgrace on my head ;

And, with your best endeavour, have stirr'd up

My liefeſt liege to be mine enemy : —

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together,

Myſelf had notice of your conventicles,

And all to make away my guiltleſs life :

I ſhall not want falſe witneſs to condemn me,

Nor ſtore of treaſon to augment my guilt ;

The ancient proverb will be well affected —

A ſtaff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable :

If thoſe, that care to keep your royal perſon

From treaſon's ſecret knife, and traitors' rage,

Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,

And the offender granted ſcope of ſpeech,

'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our ſovereign lady here,

With ignominious words, though clerkly couch'd

As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſwear

Falſe allegations to o'erthrow his ſtate ?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose, indeed;—
Beswore the winners, for they play me false!—
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us here all day:
Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard him secure.

Glo. Ah, thus king Henry throws away his crutch,
Before his legs be firm to bear his body:

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnarling who shall gnaw thee first.
Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

For, good king Henry, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*]

K. Henry. My lords, what to your wisdom seemeth best,
Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What will your highness leave the parliament.

K. Henry. Ay, Margaret; my heart is drown'd with
grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
By body round engirt with misery;
For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see
The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,
That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.
What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,
Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;
And as the butcher takes away the calf,
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,
Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence.
And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,
And can do naught but wail her darling's loss;
Even so myself bewail good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears: and with dimm'd eyes
Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep ; and, 'twixt each groan,
Say—*Who's a traitor ? Gloster he is none.* [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free lords, cold snow melts with the sun's
hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity : and Gloster's shew
Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares lencing passengers ;
Or as the snake roll'd on a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,
That, for the beauty, thinks it excellent.
Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet, herein, I judge my own wit good)
This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy ;
But yet we want a colour for his death :
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy ;
The king will labour still to save his life ;
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that by this you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—
But, my lord cardinal, and you, my lord of Suffolk—
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls—
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place duke Humphrey for the king's protector ?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true : and wer't not madness then,
To make the fox surveyor of the fold ?
Who being accus'd a crafty murderer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No ; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood ;
As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him :

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty,
 Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit:

Q. Mar. Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
 For things are often spoke, and seldom meant:
 But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue—
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,
 And to preserve my sovereign from his foe—
 Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of Suffolk,
 Ere you can make due order for a priest:
 Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,
 And I'll provide his executioner,
 I tender to the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: and now we three have spoke it,
 It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from Ireland am I come again,
 To signify—that rebels there are up,
 And put the Englishmen unto the sword:
 Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
 Before the wound do grow incurable;
 For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient stop!
 What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent a regent thither:
 'Tis meet that lucky ruler be employ'd;
 Witness the fortune he hath had in France.—

Sim. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
 Had been the regent there instead of me,
 He never would have staid in France so long.

York. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done:
 I rather would have lost my life betimes,
 Than bring a burthen of dishonour home,
 By staying there so long, 'till all were lost.
 Shew me one scar character'd on thy skin:

Men's flesh preserv'd so whole, do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with :—
No more, good York ;—sweet Somerset, be still ;—
Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than naught ? nay, then a shame
take all !

Som. And, in the number, thee, that wishest shame !

Car. My lord of York, try what your fortune is.
The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of Englishmen :
To Ireland will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely, from each county some,
And try your hap against the Irishmen ?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent ;
And, what we do establish, he confirms :
Then, noble York, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content : provide me soldiers, lords,
Whiles I take orders for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord York, that I will see perform'd.
But now return we to the false duke Humphrey.

Car. No more of him ; for I will deal with him,
That, henceforth, he shall trouble us no more.
And so break of ; the day is almost spent :—
Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of Suffolk, within fourteen days,
At Bristol I expect my soldiers ;
For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of York.

[*Exeunt all but YORK.*]

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution :
Be that thou hop'st to be ; or what thou art
Resign to death ; it is not worth the enjoying :
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man.
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time showers, comes thought on
thought ;
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, nobles, well; 'tis politicly done,
To send me packing with an host of men:
I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who cherish'd by your breasts, will sting your hearts.
'Twas men I lack'd, and you give them me:
I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd
You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,
I will stir up in England some black storm,
Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven or hell:
And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage
Until the golden circuit on my head,
Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,
Do calm the fury of this mad-bed flaw.
And, for a minister of my intent,
I have seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,
John Cade, of Ashford.
'To make commotion, as full well he can,
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;
And fought so long, 'till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine:
And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen him
Caper upright like to a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,
Hath he conversed with the enemy;
And undiscover'd come to me again,
And give me notice of their villainies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which is now dead,
In face, in gait; in speech he doth resemble:
By this I shall perceive the commons' minds,
How they affect the house and claim of York.
Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured;
I know, no pain they can inflict upon him,
Will make him say—I mov'd him to those arms.
Say, that he thrive (as 'tis great like he will),

Why, then from Ireland come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd :
 For Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

An Apartment in the Palace. Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the Murder of Duke HUMPHREY.

1 *Mur.* Run to my lord of Suffolk ; let him know,
 We have dispatch'd the duke, as he commanded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have we done ?
 Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

Enter SUFFOLK.

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you dispatch'd this thing ?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get to my house ;
 I will reward you for this virtuous deed.

The king and all the peer are here at hand :—

Have you laid fair the bed ? are all things well,
 According as I gave directions ?

1 *Mur.* Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone ! [Exeunt Murderers.

*Enter King HENRY, the Queen, Cardinal, SOMERSET,
 and Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go, call our uncle to our presence straight :
 Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble lord. [Exit.

K. Henry. Lords, take your places ;—and I pray you all,
 Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 Then from true evidence of good esteem,
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.

2 *Mar.* God forbid any malice should prevail,
 That faultless may condemn a nobleman !
 Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion !

K. Henry. I thank thee : well, these words content me
 much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now? why look'st thou pale? why tremblest thou?
Where is our uncle? what is the matter, Suffolk?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord; Gloster is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend!

Car. God's secret judgment:—I did dream to-night,
The duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[The King swoons.]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord?—Help, lords! the king
is dead.

Sam. Rear up his body; wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help!—Oh, Henry, ope thine
eyes!

Suf. He doth revive again;—madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heavenly God!

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord!

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign! gracious Henry, com-
fort!

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of Suffolk comfort me?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers;
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first conceived sound?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words,
Lay not thy hands on me; forbear, I say;
Their touch affrights me, as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight!
Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny
Sits, in grim majesty, to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding:
Yet do no go away;—come, basilisk,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight:
For in the shade of death I shall find joy;
In life, but double death, now Gloster's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of Suffolk thus?
Although the duke was enemy to him,
Yet he most christian-like, laments his death:
And for myself—foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,

Or blood consuming sighs recall his life,
 I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
 Look pale as primrose, with blood-drinking sighs,
 And all to have the noble duke alive.
 What know I how the world may deem of me?
 For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
 It may be judg'd, I made the duke away:
 So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
 And princes' courts be fill'd with my reproach.
 This get I by his death: Ah me, unhappy!
 To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy!

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for Gloster, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
 What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy face?
 I am no loathsome leper, look on me.
 What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf?
 Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.
 Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb?
 Why, then dame Margaret was ne'er thy joy:
 Erect his statue then, and worship it,
 And make my image but an ale-house sign.
 Was I, for this, nigh wreck'd upon the sea;
 And twice by awkward wind from England's bank
 Drove back again unto my native clime?
 What boded this, but well-fore-warning wind
 Did seem to say—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
 Nor set no footing on this unkind shore?
 What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gulls,
 And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
 And bid them blow towards England's blessed shore,
 Or turn our stern upon the dreadful rock?
 Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,
 But left that hateful office unto thee:
 The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
 Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shore
 With tears as salt as sea through thy unkindness:
 The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace perish Margaret.
 As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,

When from thy shore the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm :
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck—
 A heart it was, bound in with diamonds—
 And threw it towards the land ; the sea receiv'd it ;
 And so, I wish'd thy body might my heart ;
 And even with this, I lost fair England's view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart ;
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.
 How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
 When he to madding Dido, would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning Troy ?
 Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false like him ?
 Ay me, I can no more ! Die, Margaret !
 For Henry weeps, that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK, SALISBURY, and
 many Commons.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
 That good duke Humphrey traiterously is murder'd
 By Suffolk's and the cardinal Beaufort's means.
 The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
 That want their leader, scatter up and down,
 And care not who they sting in his revenge,
 Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good Warwick, 'tis too true :
 But how he died, God knows, not Henry :
 Enter his chamber, view his breathless corpse,
 And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege :—Stay, Salisbury,
 With the rude multitude, 'till I return. [*Goes in.*]

K. Henry. O thou that judgest all things, say my
 thoughts ;
 My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
 Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's life !

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God;
 For judgment only doth belong to thee!
 Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
 With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
 Upon his face an ocean of salt tears;
 To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,
 And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
 But all in vain are these mean obsequies;
 And, to survey his dead and earthly image,
 What were it but to make my sorrow greater?

[*A Bed, with GLOSTER's body put forth.*

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this
 body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
 For, with his soul, fled all my worldly solace;
 I'or seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
 With that dread king, that took our state upon him
 To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
 I do believe that violent hands were laid
 Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
 What instance gives lord Warwick for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face!
 Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
 Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
 Being all descended to the labouring heart;
 Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
 Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
 Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
 To blush and beautify the cheek again.
 But, see, his face is black, and full of blood;
 His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
 Staring full ghastly like a strangled man:
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling;
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
 And tugg'd for life, and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets, his hair, you see, is sticking;
 His well proportion'd beard mad rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.

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It cannot be, but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the duke to death?
Myself and Beaufort, had him in protection;
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd duke Humphrey's
foes ;

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these noblemen
As guilty of duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and bleeding fresh,
And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
Who finds the patridge in the the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloody'd beak ?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk ? where's your
knife ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his talons ?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping men ;
But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
That shall be scoured in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson badge :—
Say, if thou dar'd, proud lord of Warwickshire,
That I am faulty in duke Humphrey's death.

[Exit Cardinal.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false Suffolk dare
him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand times.

War. Madam, be still ; with reverence may I say it ;
For every word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour !
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock.

Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit thou art,
And never of the Nevil's noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say—it was thy mother that thou mean'st,
That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :
And after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men !

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence ;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,
And do some service to duke Humphrey's ghost. [*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. What stronger breast-place than a heart
untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A Noise within.*

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their Weapons drawn,

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful
weapons drawn
Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

Suf. The traiterous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a Crowd within. Enter SALISBURY:

Sal. Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—
Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,
Unless lord Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace, D 2

And torture him with grievous ling'ring death.
 They say, by him the good duke Humphrey died ;
 They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;
 And mere instinct of love, and loyalty—
 Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
 As being thought to contradict your liking—
 Makes them thus forward in his banishment.
 They say, in care of your most royal person,
 That, if your highness should intend to sleep,
 And charge—that no man should disturb your rest,
 In pain of your dislike, or pain of death ;
 Yet, notwithstanding such a straight edict,
 Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,
 That sily glided towards your majesty,
 It were but necessary your were wak'd ;
 Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
 The mortal worm might make thee sleep eternal :
 And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
 That they will guard you, whe'r you will, or no,
 From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;
 With whose envenomed and fatal sting,
 Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,
 They say is, shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my
 lord of Salisbury.

Suf. 'Tis like the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
 Could send such message to their sovereign :
 But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
 To shew how quaint an orator you are :
 But all the honour Salisbury hath won,
 Is—that he was the lord ambassador,
 Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Within. An answer from the king, or we will all break
 in.

K. Henry. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,
 I thank them for their tender loving care :
 And had I not been cited so by them,
 Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;
 For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy
 Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means.
 And therefore—by his majesty I swear,

Whose far unworthy deputy I am—

He shall not breathe infection in this air

But three days longer, on pain of death. [Exit SAL.

Q. Mar. Oh Henry, let me plead for gentle Suffolk!

K. Henry. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!

No more, I say; if thou dost plead for him,

Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

Had I but said, I would have kept my word;

But, when I swear, it is irrevocable:—

If, after three days space, thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,

The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[Exeunt all but SUFFOLK and the Queen.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow, go along with you!

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,

Be play-fellows to keep you company!

There's two of you; the devil make the third!

And three-fold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,

And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft hearted wretch!

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemies?

Suf. A plague upon them! wherefore should I curse them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter searching terms,

As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,

Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,

With full as many signs of deadly hate,

As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave:

My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint;

My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract;

Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban:

And even now my burden'd heart would break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!

Gall, worse than gall, the dantiest that they taste!

Their sweetest shade, a grove of cypress trees!

Their chiefest prospect, murdering basilisks!

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Their softest touch, as smart as lizard's stings !
 Their music, frightful as the serpent's his ;
 And boding screech-owls make the concert full !
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk, thou torment'st thyself;
 And these dread curses—like the sun against glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun—recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid me leave ?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease ! Give me
 thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woful monuments.
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand ;

[*Kisses his hand.*]

That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee !
 So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
 'Tis but surmisd whilst thou art standing by,
 As one that surfeits thinking on a want.
 I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
 Adventure to be banish'd myself :
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone.—
 Oh, go not yet ?—Even thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loth'er a hundred times to part than die.
 Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with thee !

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times banished,
 Once by the king, and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou hence ;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :
 For where thou art, there is the world itself,
 With every several pleasure in the world ;

And where thou art not, desolation,
I can no more :—live thou to joy thy life ;
Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast? What news, I
pry'thee?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death :
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime, he talks as if duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side ; sometime, he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his over-charged soul ;
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the king.

[Exit VAUX.]

Ay me ! what is this world ? what news are these ?
But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in tears ;
Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my sorrows ?
Now, get thee hence.—The king, thou know'st is com-
ing ;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live :
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips :
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth :
So should'st thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.

To die by thee, were but to die in jest;
 From thee to die, were torture more than death:
 Oh, let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away! though parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.

To France, sweet Suffolk: let me hear from thee;
 For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.

Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we;

This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E III.

The Cardinal's Bed-Chamber. Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others, to the Cardinal in Bed.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
 So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
 When death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.

Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—

Oh! torture me no more, I will confess,—

Alive again? then shew me where he is;

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—

Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!

Give me some drink; and bid the Apothecary

Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!

Oh, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretched soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!

War. See how the pangs of death doth make him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be!—

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—

He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [Exeunt.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Coast of Kent.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, WHITMORE, and other Pirates, with SUFFOLK and other Prisoners.

Captain.

THE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the jades
That drag the tragic melancholy night;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging wings
Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty jaws
Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.
Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize;
For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand,
Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—
Master, this prisoner freely give I thee;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this;—
The other, Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

[Pointing to Suf.]

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master? let me know.

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes your's.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen?

Cut both the villains throats;—for die you shall;

Nor can those lives which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois'd with such a petty sum.

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize abroad,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die; [*To Suf.*
And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash; take ransom, let him live.

Suf. Look on my George, I am a gentleman;
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.—

Whit. And so am I; my name is Walter Whitmore.
How now? why star'st thou? what, doth death affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me—that by *Water* I should die:

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
Thy name is—*Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not:
Ne'er yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot;
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, Whitmore; for thy prisoner is a prince,
The duke of Suffolk, William De-la-Poole.

Whit. The duke of Suffolk, muffled up in rags!

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke;
Jove sometime went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But Jove was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, king Henry's blood,
The honourable blood of Lancaster,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.
Hast thou not kiss'd my hand, and held my stirrup?
And bare-head plodded by my foot-cloth mule,

And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
 How often hast thou waited at my cup,
 Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
 When I have feasted with queen Margaret?
 Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n;
 Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride:
 How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
 And duly waited for my coming forth?
 This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
 And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave! thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side
 Strike of his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thine own.

Cap. Poole? fir Poole? lord?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink; whose filth and dirt
 Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.
 Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
 For swallowing the treasure of the realm:
 Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground;
 And thou, that smild'st at good duke Humphrey's death,
 Against the senseless winds shall grin in vain,
 Who, in contempt, shall hiss at thee again:
 And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
 For daring to affy a mighty lord
 Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
 Having neither subject, wealth, nor diadem.
 By devilish policy art thou grown great,
 And, like ambitious Sylla, over-gorg'd
 With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
 By thee, Anjou and Maine were sold to France:
 The false revolting Normans, through thee,
 Disdain to call us lord; and Piccardy
 Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our forts,
 And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
 The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all—
 Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain—
 As hating thee, are rising up in arms:
 And now the house of York—thrust from the crown,

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
 And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
 Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful colours
 Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
 Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
 The commons here in Kent are up in arms:
 And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
 Is crept into the palace of our kin,
 And all by thee:—away! convey him hence.

Suf. O that I were a god, to shoot forth thunder
 Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud: this villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 Than Bargulus, the strong Illyrian pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible, that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
 I go of message from the queen to France;
 I charge thee, waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. Walter—

Whit. Come, Suffolk, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus*:—'tis thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.
 What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

I Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him, speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.
 Far be it, we should honour such as these
 With humble suit: no, rather let my head
 Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heaven, and to my king;
 And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 True nobility is exempt from fear:—
 More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hail him away, and let him talk no more:
 Come, soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can.—

Suf. That this my death may never be forgot!—
 Great men oft die by vile bezonians:
 A Roman sworder and banditti slave.

Murder'd sweet Tully; Brutus's bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar; savage islanders,
Pompey the great; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit WHITMORE with SUFFOLK.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we have set,
It is our pleasure, one of them depart:—
Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exit Captain with all but the first Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE with SUFFOLK's Body.

Whit. There let his head, and lifeless body lie,
Untill the queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit.*]

I Gen. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
His body will I bear unto the king:
If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
So will the queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of Kent. Enter GEORE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Bevis. Come, and get thee a sword, though made of a lath; they have been up these two days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier means to dress the common wealth, and turn it, and set a new nap upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread bare. Well, I say, it was never merry world in England, since gentlemen came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! Virtue is not regarded in handicrafts-men.

Hol. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Bevis. Nay, more, the king's council are no good workmen.

Hol. True; and yet it is said—Labour is thy vocation: which is as much to say as—Let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it: for there's no better sign of a brave mind, than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies, to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And Dick the butcher—

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And Smith the weaver:—

Bevis. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, a Sawyer, with infinite Numbers.

Cade. We John Cade, so term'd of our supposed father—

Dick. Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings. [*Aside.*

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes.—
Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer—

Dick. He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer. [*Aside.*

Cade. My mother was a Plantagenet—

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife. [*Aside.*

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies—

Dick. She was, indeed, a pedlard's daughter, and sold many laces. [*Aside.*

Smith. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home. [*Aside.*

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith: the field is honourable; and there was he born under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage. [*Aside.*

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. 'A must needs; for beggary is valiant. [*Aside.*

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipp'd three market days together. [*Aside.*

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Smith. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof. [*Aside.*

Dick. But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being so often burnt i'the hand for stealing sheep. [*Aside.*

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny: the three-hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be)——

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money: all shall eat and dring on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings: but I say, 'tis the bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write, and read, and cast accompts.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. Here's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, on mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee: what is thy name?

Clerk. Emanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters;—'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone:—Dost thou use to write thy

name? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confess'd: away with him; he's a villain, and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say: hang him with his pen and inkhorn about his neck. [*Exit one with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where's our general?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly! sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother are hard by, with the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell the down: he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself: he is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a knight presently;—Rise up sir John Mortimer. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, Dick Butcher;—
Rise up sir Dick Butcher. Now sound up the drum.

Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staff. Rebellious hinds, the filth and scum of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows—lay your weapons down,
Home to your cottages, forsake this groom;
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. Staff. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves, I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom, in time to come, I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staff. Villian, thy father was a plasterer;
And thou thyself, a sheerman, art thou not?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

Y. Staff. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this:—Edmund Mortimer, earl of March, Married the duke of Clarence's daughter; did he not?

Staff. Ay, sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staff. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but, I say, 'tis true: The elder of them being put to nurse, Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away; And, ignorant of his birth and parentage, Became a bricklayer, when he came to age: His son am I; deny it, if you can?

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true; therefore he shall be king.

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; therefore, deny it not.

Staff. And will you credit this base drudge's words, That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staff. Jack Cade, the duke of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it myself. [*Aside.*—Go to, sirrah, tell the king from me, that—for his father's sake, Henry the fifth, in whose time boys went to span-counter for French crowns—I am content she shall reign; but I'll be protector over him.

Dick. And, furthermore, we'll have the lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of Maine.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is England maim'd and fain to go with a staff, but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow kings, I tell you, that lord Say hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch: and more than that, he can speak French, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staff. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: the Frenchmen are our enemies: go to then, I ask but this: Can he that speaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good counsellor or no?

All. No no; and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staff. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Assault them with the army of the king.

Staff. Herald, away: and throughout every town, Proclaim them traitors that are up with Cade; E

That those, which fly before the battle ends,
 May, even in their wives and childrens fight,
 Be hang'd up for the example at their doors:—
 And you, that be the king's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS, with their train.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons, follow me.—
 Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty.
 We will not leave one lord, one gentleman:
 Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoon;
 For they are thrifty honest men, and such
 As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most
 out of order. Come march forward. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Another Part of the Field. The Parties fight, and both
 the STAFFORDS are slain. Re-enter CADE and the rest.*

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and
 thou behav'dst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own
 slaughter-house: therefore thus I will reward thee—the
 lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt have
 a licence to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deserv'd no less. This
 monument of the victory will I bear; and the bodies shall
 be dragg'd at my horse's heels, 'till I come to London,
 where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open
 the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's
 march towards London. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*Black-Heath. Enter King HENRY with a Supplication,
 ana Queen MARGARET with SUFFOLK's Head, the
 Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY.*

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard—that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful to degenerate;
 Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
 But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
 Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
 But where's the body that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer make your grace to the rebels
 supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat:
 For God forbid, so many simple souls
 Should perish by the sword! And I myself,
 Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
 Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—
 But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face
 Rul'd, like a wandering planet, over me;
 And could it not enforce them to relent,
 That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have
 thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope your highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, madam?
 Lamenting still, and mourning Suffolk's death?
 I fear, my love, if that I had been dead,
 Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love, I should not mourn, but die
 for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou
 in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in Southwark; fly, my lord!
 Jack Cade proclaims himself lord Mortimer,
 Descended from the duke of Clarence's house;
 And calls your grace usurper, openly,
 And vows to crown himself in Westminster.
 His army is a ragged multitude
 Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless:
 Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death
 Hath given them heart and courage to proceed:
 All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
 They call—false caterpillars, and intend their death. E 2

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Kenelworth, Untill a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the duke of Suffolk now alive, These Kentish rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord Say, the traitor hateth thee, Therefore away with us to Kenelworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger; The fight of me is odious in their eyes: And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. Jack Cade hath gotten London-bridge; The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses: The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear, To spil the city, and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, Margaret; God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Henry. Farewell, my lord; trust not to Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

London. *Enter Lord SCALES and others, on the Walls of the Tower. Then enter two or three Citizens below.*

Scales. How now? is Jack Cade slain?

1 Cit. No, my lord, nor likely to be slain; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them myself. The rebels have assay'd to win the Tower.

But get you into Smithfield, gather head,
 And thither will I send you Matthew Gough :
 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;
 And so farewell, for I must hence again. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VI.

Cannon-Street. Enter JACK CADE and the rest. He strikes his Staff on London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London-stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now, henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than—lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier running.

Sol. Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

Cade. Knock him down there. *[They kill him.]*

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more ; I think he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gather'd together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them : but, first, go and set London-bridge on fire ; and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E VII.

Smithfield. Alarum. Enter JACK CADE with his Company. They fight with the King's Forces, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs :—Now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court ; down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. Mass, 'twill be sore law then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet. *[Aside.]*

Smith. Nay, John, it will be stinking law; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese. [*Aside.*]

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. Then we are like to have biting statues, unless his teeth are pull'd out. [*Aside.*]

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My lord, a prize, a prize! here's the lord Say, which sold the town in France; he that made us pay one and twenty fiftens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS with Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou Say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord! now art thou within point blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto monsieur Basimecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee, by these presence, even the presence of lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the realm, in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace to call the poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and, because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worth to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent——

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this:—'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.
I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done:
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.
When I have aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the king, the realm, and you,
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book preferr'd me to the king:
And—seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven—
Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.
This tongue hath parly'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof——

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I struck
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
folks!

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your
good.

Cade. Give him a box o'the ear, and that will make
'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's causes
Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be

even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or not: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
Have I affected wealth or honour? speak;
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?
Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?
Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?
These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,
This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.
O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words: but I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue; he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if, when you make your prayers, God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye.

[Exeunt some with Lord SAY.]

The proudest peer of the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maiden-head ere they have it: men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave!

Re-enter one with the Heads.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another; for they lov'd well, when they are alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city untill night: for with these borne before us, in-

stead of maces, we will ride through the streets; and, at every corner, have them kifs.—Away! [Exeunt.

S C E N E VIII.

Southwark. Alarum and Retreat. Enter again CADE and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish-street! down St. Magnus' corner! kill and knock down! throw them into the Thames!

[A Parley sounded.

What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM and Old CLIFFORD, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare, and will disturb thee: Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king Unto the commons, whom thou hast misled; And here pronounce free pardon to them all, That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent, And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you; Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon, Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty! Who hateth him, and honours not his father, Henry the fifth, that made all France to quake, Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Cade. What, Buckingham and Clifford, are ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White-hart, in Southwark? I thought ye would never have given out these arms, 'till you had recover'd your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants and dastards; and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me—I will make shift for one; and so—God's curse light on you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the fifth,
 That thus you do exclaim—you'll go with him?
 Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
 And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?
 Alas! he hath no home, no place to fly to;
 Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
 Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
 Wer't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
 The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,
 Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
 Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
 I see them lording it in London streets,
 Crying—*Villageois!* unto all they meet.
 Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,
 Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.
 To France, to France, and get what you have lost;
 Spare England, for it is your native court:
 Henry hath money, you are strong and manly;
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever father so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? the name of Henry the fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you! and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base and ignominious treasons makes me betake to my heels. [*Exit.*

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him;
 And he that bring his head unto the king,
 Shall have a thousand crown for his reward.—

[*Exeunt some of them.*

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you unto the king.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX.

Kenelworth-Castle. Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terras.

K. Henry. Was ever king, that joy'd an earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health and glad tidings to your majesty!

K. Henry. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor Cade surpriz'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter below, Multitudes with Halters about their Necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect you highness's doom, of life or death.

K. Henry. Then heaven, set ope thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your prince and country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The duke of York is newly come from Ireland:
And with a puissant and mighty power,
Of Gallow-glasses, and stout kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The duke of Somerset, whom he terms traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade and
 York distress'd;
 Like to a ship, that having 'scap'd a tempest,
 Is straitway calm'd and boarded with a pirate:
 But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd;
 And now is York in arms, to second him.—
 I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him;
 And ask him, what's the reason of these arms.
 Tell him, I'll send duke Edmund to the Tower;—
 And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
 Untill his army be dismiss'd from him.

Som. My lord,
 I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any case be not too rough in terms;
 For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord: and doubt not so to deal,
 All things shall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
 better;
 For yet may England curse my wretched reign. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X.

A Garden in Kent. Enter JACK CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself; that have a
 sword, and yet am ready to famish! These five days
 have I hid me in these woods, and durst not peep out, for
 all the country is lay'd for me; but now am I so hungry,
 that if I might have a lease of my life for a thousand years,
 I could stay no longer. Wherefore, on a brick wall have
 I climb'd into this garden, to see if I can eat grass, or
 pick a sallet another while, which is not amiss to cool a
 man's stomach this hot weather. And, I think, this word
 sallet was born to do me good; for, many a time, but for
 a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill;
 and, many a time, when I have been dry, and bravely
 marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart pot to drink
 in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN with Servants.

Iden. Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by other's waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to sieze me for a
stray, for entering his fee-simple without leave. Ah, vil-
lain, thou wilt betray me, and get a thousand crowns of
the king for carrying my head to him; but I'll make
thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow my sword like
a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? ay, by the best blood that ever was
broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well: I have
eat no meat these five days; yet, come thou and thy five
men, and if I do not leave you all as dead as a door nail,
I pray God I may never eat grafs more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while England stands,
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks.
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon;
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for more words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this, my sword, report what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete champion that

ever I heard.—Steel, if thou turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-bon'd clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in thy sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou may'st be turn'd to hobnails. *[Here they fight.]*

O, I am slain! famine, and no other, hath slain me: let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all; wither garden, and be henceforth a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house, because the unconquer'd soul of Cade is fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that monstrous traitor? Sword, I will hallow thee, for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead:
Ne'er shall this blood be whiped from thy point;
But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. *Iden,* farewell, and be proud of thy victory; tell Kent from me, she hath lost her best man, and exhort all the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am vanquish'd by famine, not by valour. *[Dies.]*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that bare thee!
And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by thy heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon. *[Exit.]*

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Fields near St. Alban's.*

Enter YORK attended, with Drum and Colours.

YORK at a distance from his Followers.

FROM Ireland thus comes York, to claim his right,
And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's head:
Ring bells aloud; burn bonfires, clear and bright,
To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sancta majestas* ! who would not buy thee dear ?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold :
 I cannot give due affection to my words,
 Except a sword or sceptre balance it.
 A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul ;
 On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we hear ? Buckingham, to disturb me ;
 The king hath sent him, sure : I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure ?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,
 To know the reason of these arms in peace ;
 Or, why thou—being a subject as I am—
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Sould'st raise so great a power without his leave,
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the court ?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.
 Oh, I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
 I am so angry at these abject terms ;
 And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
 On sheep and oxen could I spend my fury !
 I am far better born than is the king ;
 More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts :
 But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
 'Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—
 O Buckingham ! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
 That I have given no answer all this while ;
 My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
 The cause why I have brought this army hither,
 Is—to remove proud Somerset from the king,
 Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part :
 But if thy arms be to no other end,
 The king hath yielded unto thy demand,
 The duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner ?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—
 Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves;
 Meet me to-morrow in St. George's field,
 You shall have pay, and every thing you wish.—
 And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
 Command my eldest son—nay, all my sons—
 As pledges of my fealty and love,
 I'll send them all as willing as I live;
 Lands, goods, horse, armour, any thing I have
 Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:
 We twain will go into his highness's tent. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter King HENRY and Attendants.

K. Henry. Buckingham, doth York intend no harm
 to us,
 That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
 York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Henry. Then what intent these forces thou dost
 bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
 And fight against that monstrous rebel, Cade,
 Whom since I hear to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN with CADE'S Head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
 May pass into the presence of a king,
 Lo, I present your grace a traitor's head,
 The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of Cade?—Great God, how just
 art thou!—

O, let me view his visage being dead,
 That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.
 Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
 A poor esquire of Kent, that loves the king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss

He were created knight for his good service.

K. Henry. Iden, kneel down; [*he kneels*] Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his liege!

K. Henry. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with
the queen;
Go, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not hide his head,
But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset?—
False king! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?
King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,
Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.
That head of thine doth not become a crown;
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of mine;
Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles's spear,
Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,
And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
O'er him, whom heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee, York,
Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown:
Obey, audacious traitor; kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail.—

[*Exit Attendants.*]

Wouldst have me kneel? first let me ask of these,
If they can brook I bow a knee to man.—
I know, ere they will let me go toward,

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They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come again.
To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood bespotted Neapolitain,
Out-cast of Naples, England's bloody scourge!
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to those
That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter EDWARD and RICHARD.

See, where they come; I'll warrant they'll make it good.

Enter CLIFFORD.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord the king!

[*Kneels.*]

York. We thank thee, Clifford: say, what news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;

For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king. York, I do not mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do:—

To bedlam with him! is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor; let him to the Tower,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey;
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so;
I am thy king, and thou a false-heart traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,

That, with the very shaking of their chains,

They may astonish these fell lurking curs:

Bid Salisbury and Warwick come to me.

Drums. Enter the Earls of WARWICK and SALISBURY.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weaning cur
Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord Warwick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn yourselves.

K. Henry. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee forgot to
bow?—

Old Salisbury—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!
What, wilt thou on thy death bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?—
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience to repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heaven for such
an oath?

Sal. It is great sin, to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin, to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,

To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
 To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
 To wring the widow from her custom'd right;
 And have no other reason for this wrong,
 But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call Buckingham, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou hast,
 I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,
 To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
 Than any thou canst conjure up to-day:
 And that I'll write upon thy burgonet,
 Might I but know thee by thy house's badge.

War. Now by my father's badge, old Nevil's crest,
 The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
 This day I'll wear aloft my burgonet
 (As on a mountain top the cedar shews,
 That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm),
 Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from my burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
 And tread it under foot with all contempt,
 Despight the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious noble father,
 To quell these traitors, and their 'complices.

R. Plan. Fie! Charity, for shame! speak not in spite,
 For you shall sup with *Jesu Christ* to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than thou canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup in hell.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Field of Battle at St. Alban's. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick calls!
 And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
 Now—when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
 And dead men's cries do fill the air—
 Clifford, I say, come forth, and fight with me!
 Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,

Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all a-foot?

York. The deadly handed Clifford slew my steed;
But match to match I have encounter'd him,
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, Warwick, seek thee out some other chance,
For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 'tis for a crown thou
fight'st.—

As I intended, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd. *[Exit.*

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise and esteem,
But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in justice and true right express it!

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay!—address thee instantly.

[Fights, and CLIF. falls.

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art
still.

Peace with his soul, heaven, if it be thy will! *[Exit.*

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds

Where it should guard. O war, thou son of hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,

Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot coals of vengeance!—Let no soldier fly:

He, that is truly dedicate to war,

Hath no self-love; nor he, that loves himself,
 Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
 The name of valour.—O, let the vile world end,
 [Seeing his dead Father.

And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heaven together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease!—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle?—Even at this sight,
 My heart is turn'd to stone: and, while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. York not our old men spares;
 No more will I their babes: tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity:
 Meet I an infant of the house of York,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild Medea young Absyrtus did:
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house;

[Taking up the Body.
 As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
 So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders:
 But then Æneas bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine. [Exit.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and SOMERSET, to
 fight.

R. Plan. So, lie thou there;—

[SOMERSET is killed.
 For, underneath an ale-house paltry sign,
 The Castle in saint Alban's, Somerset
 Hath made the wizard famous in his death.—
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill. [Exit.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away!

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heavens? good Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence.

To give the enemy way; and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom

Of all our fortunes; but if we haply 'scape

(As well we may, if not through your neglect)

We shall to London get; where you are lov'd;

And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,

May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly;

But fly you must; uncurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.

Away, for your relief! and we will live

To see their day, and them our fortune give:

Away, my lord, away!

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter YORK, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of him;
That winter lion, who, in rage, forgets
Aged contusions and all brush of time;
And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion? this happy day
Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If Salisbury be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
 Three times to-day I holp him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
 Persuaded him from any further act:
 But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
 And, like rich hangings in a homely house,
 So was his will in his old feeble body.
 But, noble as he is, look where he come.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to-day;
 By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you, Richard:
 God knows, how long it is I have to live;
 And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to-day
 You have defended me from imminent death.—
 Well, lords, we have not got that which we have;
 'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament.
 Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth:—
 What says lord Warwick, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
 Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day:
 Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York,
 Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.—
 Sound, drums and trumpets;—and to London all;
 And more such days as these to us befall! [*Exeunt.*]

THE END.

H E N R Y VI.

P A R T III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King HENRY the Sixth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, his Son.

Duke of SOMERSET,

Earl of NORTHUMBERLAND,

Earl of OXFORD,

Earl of EXETER,

Earl of WESTMORELAND,

Lord CLIFFORD,

RICHARD, Duke of York.

EDWARD, Earl of March, afterwards King,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster,

EDMUND, Earl of Rutland,

Duke of NORFOLK,

Marquis of MONTAGUE,

Earl of WARWICK,

Earl of SALISBURY,

Earl of PEMBROKE,

Lord HASTINGS,

Lord STAFFORD,

Sir JOHN MORTIMER,

Sir HUGH MORTIMER,

Lord RIVERS, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir JOHN MONTGOMERY, Lieutenant to the Tower.

Mayor of York, Sir John SOMERVILLE.

HUMPHREY, and SINKLO, two Huntsmen.

LEWIS XI. King of France.

*Lords on King Henry's
Side.*

his Sons.

of the Duke of York's Party.

Uncles to the Duke of York.

W O M E N.

Queen MARGARET.

BONA, Sister to the French King.

Lady GRAY, afterwards Queen to Edward IV.

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry, and King
Edward, &c.*

*In part of the third Act, the SCENE, is laid in France; during
the rest of the Play, in England.*

THIRD PART OF
H E N R Y VI.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *London. The Parliament-House.*

Alarum. Enter Duke of YORK, EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and others, with white Roses in their Hats.

Warwick.

I Wonder how the king escap'd our hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the north,
He slyly stole away, and left his men :
Whereat the great lord of Northumberland,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Cheer'd up the drooping army ; and himself,
Lord Clifford, and lord Stafford, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front, and breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, duke of Buckingham,
Is either slain, or wounded dangerously :
I cleft his beaver with a downright blow ;
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Shewing his bloody Sword.]

Mont. And, brother, here's the earl of Wiltshire's
blood, *[To WARWICK, shewing his.]*
Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.

[Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's Head.]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my sons.—
Is your grace dead, my lord of Somerset ?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John of Gaunt !

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake king Henry's head.

War. And so do I—Victorious prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne
Which now the line of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by heaven, these eyes shall never close.

A 2

This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not king Henry's heirs.

York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither are we broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me my
lords;——

And, soldiers stay, and lodge by me this night.

War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,

Unless he seek to put us out by force.

York. The queen, this day, here holds her parliament;
But little thinks, we shall be of her council:

By words, or blows, here let us win our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, duke of York, be king;
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.

War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dares stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares:—
Resolve thee, Richard; claim the English crown.

[WARWICK leads YORK to the Throne, who
seats himself.]

*Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND,
WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, at the further
end of the Stage.*

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means
(Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer),
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father;—
And thine, lord Clifford; and you both vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle earl of Westmoreland.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such as he:

He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.

My gracious lord, here in the parliament

Let us unvail the family of York.

North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin; be it so.

K. Henry. Ah, know you not the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the duke is slain they'll quickly fly.

K. Henry. Far be it from the thoughts of Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.—

[*They advance to the duke.*]

Thou factious duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.

York. Thou art deceiv'd, I am thine.

Exe. For shame come down; he made thee duke of
York.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.

Clif. Whom should he follow but his natural king?

War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, duke of York.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?

York. It must and shall be so.—Content thyself.

War. Be duke of Lancaster, let him be king.

West. He is both king and duke of Lancaster.
And that the lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your father's, and with colours spread
March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. No, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you, we shew our title to the crown?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?
Thy father was, as thou art, duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, earl of March:
I am the son of Henry the fifth,
Who made the dauphin and the French to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The lord protector lost it, and not I;
When I was crown'd I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you
lose:—

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,
Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will
fly.

York. Sons, peace.

K. Henry. Peace thou! and give king Henry leave to
speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first:—hear him, lords;
And be you silent and attentive too,
For he that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou that I will leave my kingly
throne,

Wherein my grandfire, and my father, sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their colours—often borne in France:
And now in England to our heart's great sorrow—
Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?
My title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Henry. Henry the fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'Twas by rebellion against his king.

K. Henry. I know not what to say ; my title's weak.
Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir ?

York. What then ?

K. Henry. An if he may then I am lawful king :
For Richard, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the crown to Henry the fourth ;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,
And made him to resign the crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to the crown ?

Exe. No ; for he could not so resign his crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, duke of Exeter ?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not ?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful king.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd ; 'tis not thy southern power.
Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent—
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud—
Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence :

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my father !

K. Henry. O Clifford, how thy words revive my heart !

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown :
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords ?

War. Do right unto this princely duke of York ;
Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And, o'er the chair of state, where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

.. [*He stamps, and the Soldiers shew themselves.*

K. Hen. My lord of Warwick, hear me but one word ;

Let me, for this my life-time, reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: Richard Plantagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince your son!

War. What wrong is this to England, and himself?

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injured both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, cousin, let's go tell the queen this news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degenerate king,
In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of York,
And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome!
Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt NORTH. CLIF. and WEST.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Henry. Not for myself, lord Warwick, but my son,
Whom I shall unnaturally disinherit.

But, be it as it may:—I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this civil war, and whilst I live,

To honour me as thy king and sovereign; and

Neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live king Henry!—Plantagenet, embrace
him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward
sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he, that seeks to make them foes!

[*Here the Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord; I'll to my castle,

War. And I'll keep London with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk, with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt YORK, and his Sons, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, and MONTAGUE.*]

K. Henry. And I, with grief and sorrow to the court.

Enter the Queen and Prince.

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks bewray her anger :

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. Exeter, so will I. [Going.]

Queen. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extremes ?

Ah, wretched man ! 'would I had died a maid,
And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.
Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus ?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I ;
Or felt that pain which I did for him once ;
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood :
Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart blood there,
Rather than made that savage duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me :
If you be king why should not I succeed ?

K. Henry. Pardon me, Margaret ;—pardon me, sweet son ;—

The earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and wilt be forc'd ?

I shame to hear thee speak ; ah, timorous wretch !
Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me ;
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it before thy time ?
Warwick is chancellor, and the lord of Calais ;
Sterne Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;

The duke is made protector of the realm ;
 And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds
 The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
 Had I been there, which am a silly woman
 The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes,
 Before I would have granted to that act.
 But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour :
 And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
 Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
 Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
 Whereby my son is disinherited.
 The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,
 Will follow mine, if once they see them spread :
 And spread they shall be to thy foul disgrace,
 And utter ruin of the house of York.
 Thus do I leave thee :—Come, son let's away ;
 Our army's ready ; come we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already ; get thee gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me.

Queen. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,
 I'll see your grace : 'till then, I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor queen ! how love to me and to her son,
 Hath made her break out into terms of rage :
 Reveng'd may she be on that hateful duke ;
 Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
 Will coast my crown, and like an empty eagle,
 Tire on the flesh of me, and of my son.
 The loss of these three lords torments my heart ;
 I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair ;—
 Come, cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at a strife?
What is your quarrel? how began it first?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us;
The crown of England, father, which is your's.

York. Mine, boy? not'till Henry be dead.

Rich. Your right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now:
By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom, any oath my be broken:
I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No; God forbid your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou canst not, son; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears:
Henry had none, But did usurp the place;
Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,
Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms: And, father, do but think,
How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown;
Within whose circuit is Elysium,
And all that poets feign of blifs and joy.
Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,

Until the white rose, that I wear, be dy'd
Even the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, Enough ; I will be king, or die.—
Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprize.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the duke of Norfolk,
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my lord Cobham,
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly rise :
In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,
Witty, and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more,
But that I seek occasion how to rise ;
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster ?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay ; what news ? why com'st thou in such post ?

Mes. The queen with all the northern earls and lords,
Intend here to besiege you in your castle :
She is hard by with twenty thousand men ;
And therefore fortify your hold my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What, think'st thou that
we fear them ?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me ;—
My brother Montague shall post to London :
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And not trust simple Henry nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go ; I'll win them, fear it not :
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit MONTAGUE.*]

Enter Sir JOHN and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John and sir Hugh Mortimer, mine uncles !
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour ;
The army of the queen come to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the
field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.
A woman's general; what should we fear?

[*A march afar off.*

Edw. I hear their drums; let's set our men in order;
And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the odds be great
I doubt not; uncle, of our victory.
Many a battle have I won in France,
When as the enemy hath been ten to one;
Why should I not now have the last success?

[*Alarum. Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle, betwixt Sandal-Castle and Wakefield.

Enter RUTLAND and his Tutor.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands?
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke—
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, dragged off.*

Clif. How now! is he dead already? or is it fear,
That makes him close his eyes?—I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah, gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again;
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The fight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And 'till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—— *[Lifting his hand.]*

Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:—
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me.

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof—sith God is just—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.

[CLIFFORD stabs him.]

Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tua!* *[Dies.]*

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Cungeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. *[Exit.]*

S C E N E IV.

Alarum. Enter RICHARD Duke of York.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me ;
 And all my followers to the eager foe
 Turn back, and fly, like ships before the wind,
 Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.
 My sons—God knows what hath bechanced them :
 But this I know—they have demean'd themselves
 Like men born to renown, by life, or death.
 Three times did Richard make a lane to me ;
 And thrice cry'd—*Courage, father ! fight it out !*
 And full as oft came Edward to my side,
 With purple faulchion painted to the hilt
 In blood of those that had encounter'd him :
 And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
 Richard cry'd—*Charge ! and give no foot of ground !*
 And cry'd—*A crown, or else a glorious tomb !*
A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre !
 With this we charg'd again : but out, alas !
 We bodg'd again ; as I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with over-matching waves.
[A short alarum within.]

Ah, hark ! the fatal followers do pursue ;
 And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury :
 And, were I strong, I would not shun their fury :
 The sands are number'd that make up my life ;
 Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter the Queen, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, and
 Soldiers.*

Come, bloody Clifford—rough Northumberland—
 I dare your quenchless fury to more rage ;
 I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy as his ruthless arm,
 With downright payment, shew'd unto my father.
 Now Phaeton hath tumbled from his car,
 And made evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
 A bird that will revenge upon you all :
 And, in that hope, I throw mine eyes to heaven,
 Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further
So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O, Clifford, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time:
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face;
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,
Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word;
But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one. [*Draws.*]

Queen. Hold, valiant Clifford: for a thousand causes,
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:—
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart;
What valour were it when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages;
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the coney struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him
now?

Queen. Brave warriors, Clifford, and Northumberland,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What! was it you that would be England's king?
Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a peachment of your high descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now?
The wanton Edward, and the lusty George?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies?
 Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland?
 Look, York; I stain'd this napkin with the blood
 That valiant Clifford, with his rapier's point,
 Made issue from the bosom of the boy:
 And, if thine eyes can water for his death,
 I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.
 Alas, poor York! but that I hate thee deadly,
 I should lament thy miserable state.
 I pr'ythee, grieve to make me merry, York.
 What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,
 That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death?
 Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
 And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
 Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.
 Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport;
 York cannot speak, unless he wears a crown.—
 A crown for York;—and, lords, bow low to him.—
 Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.—

[Putting a Paper Crown on his Head.]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king!
 Ay, this is he that took king Henry's chair;
 And this is he was his adopted heir.—
 But how is it, that great Plantagenet
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be king,
 'Till our king Henry had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
 And rob his temples of the diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 O, 'tis a fault too, too unpardonable!—
 Off with the crown; and, with the crown, his head;
 And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's death.

Queen. Nay, stay; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of
 France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
 To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
 Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?

B

But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchanging,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush :
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
 less.

Thy father bears the type of king of Naples,
 Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem ;
 Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;
 Unless the adage must be verify'd—
 That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.
 'Tis beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
 But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small :
 'Tis virtue that doth make them most admir'd ;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at :
 'Tis government that makes them seem divine ;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable :
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As are the Antipodes to us,
 Or as the south to the septentrion.
 Oh, tygres' heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide !
 How could'st thou drain the life blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to bear a woman's face ;
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible ;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy wish :
 Wouldst have me weep ! why, now thou hast thy will :
 For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
 And, when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies ;
 And every drop cries vengeance for his death.
 'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee false French-woman.
North. Beshrew me, but his passion moves me so,
 That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.
York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
 Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with
 blood :
 But you are more inhuman, more inexorable—

O, ten times more—than tygers of Hyrcania.
 See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears:
 This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And lo! with tears I wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this:

[*He gives back the Handkerchief.*]

And, if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
 Yea, even my foe will shed fast falling tears,
 And say—Alas, it was a piteous deed!—
 There, take the crown, and, with the crown, my curse;
 And, in thy need, such comfort come to thee,
 As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
 Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the world;
 My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin
 I should not for my life but weep with him,
 To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumber-
 land?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
 And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.

[*Stabbing him.*]

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted king.

[*Stabs him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious God!
 My soul flies through these wounds to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his head, and set it on Yorks gates!
 So York may overlook the town of York. [Exeunt.]

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.*

A march. Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and their Power.

Edward.

I Wonder how our princely father 'scap'd;
 Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,

B 2

From Clifford's and Northumberland's pursuit :
 Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news :
 Had he been slain, we should have heard the news ;
 Or, had he scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
 The happy tidings of his good escape. —
 How fares our brother ? why is he so sad ?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
 Where our right valiant father is become.
 I saw him in the battle range about ;
 And watch'd him, how he singled Clifford forth.
 Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
 As doth a lion in a herd of neat :
 Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs ;
 Who having pinch'd a few, and made them cry,
 The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.
 So far'd our father with his enemies ;
 So fled his enemies my warlike father ;
 Methinks, 'tis prize enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun !
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trimm'd like a yonker, prancing to his love.

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or I do see three suns ?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun ;
 Not separated by the racking clouds,
 Nor sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see ! they join, embrace, and seem to kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wond'rous strange, the like yet never heard of.
 I think, it cites us, brother, to the field ;
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward I will bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay bear three daughters ;—by your leave I
 speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou whose heavy looks foretell
Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah, one that was a woeful looker on,
When as the noble duke of York was slain,
Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say how he dy'd, for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes,
And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd Troy.
But Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
By many hands your father was subdu'd;
But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen:
Who crown'd the gracious duke in high despite;
Laugh'd in his face; and, when with grief he wept,
The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his cheeks,
A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford slain:
And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
They took his head, and on the gates of York
They set the same; and there it doth remain,
The saddest spectacle that e'er eye view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of York, our prop to lean upon;
Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay!—
Oh Clifford, boisterous Clifford, thou hast slain
The flower of Europe for his chivalry;
And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee:
Now my soul's palace is become a prison:
Ah, would she break from hence! that this my body
Might in the ground be closed up in rest:
For never henceforth shall I joy again,
Never, O, never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep; for all my body's moisture
Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart:
Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burden; B 3

For self-same wind that I should speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast,
And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
To weep is to make less the depth of grief:
Tears, then, for babes; blows, and revenge, for me!—
Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy death,
Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath left with thee;
His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun:
For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. Enter WARWICK, Marquis of MONTAGUE,
and their Army.

War. How now, fair lord's? what fare? what news
abroad?

Rich. Great lord of Warwick, if we should recount
Our baleful news, and, at each word's deliverance,
Stab poniards in our flesh, 'till all were told,
The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
O valiant lord, the duke of York is slain!

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plantagenet
Which held thee dearly, as his soul's redemption,
Is by the stern lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd this news in tears:
And now, to add more measure to your woes,
I come to tell you things since then befall'n.
After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.
I then in London, keeper of the king,
Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards saint Alban's to intercept the queen,
Bearing the king in my behalf along:
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent

To dash our late degree in parliament,
 Touching king Henry's oath, and your succession.
 Short tale to make—we at faint Alban's met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But, whether 'twas the coldness of the king,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success;
 Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives—blood and death,
 I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons like to lightning came and went;
 Our soldiers'—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like an idle thresher with a flail—
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of the cause,
 With promise of high pay, and great rewards:
 But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day,
 So that we fled; the king, unto the queen;
 Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and myself,
 In haste, post haste, are come to join with you;
 For in the marches here, we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the duke of Norfolk, gentle Warwick?
 And when came George from Burgundy to England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with his power:
 And for your brother—he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, dutchess of Burgundy,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant Warwick fled:
 Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost thou hear:
 For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's head,
 And wring the awful sceptre from his fist;
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, lord Warwick: blame me not;
 'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak. B 4

But, in this troublous time, what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numb'ring our Ave-Maries with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say,—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to seek you out;
 And therefore comes my brother Montague.
 Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
 With Clifford, and the haught Northumberland,
 And, of their feather, many more proud birds,
 Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.
 He swore consent to your succession,
 His oath enrolled in the parliament;
 And now to London all the crew are gone,
 To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
 May make against the house of Lancaster.
 Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
 Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,
 With all the friends that thou, brave earl of March;
 Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,
 Will but amount to five and twenty thousand,
 Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain:
 And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
 And once again cry—Charge upon the foe!
 But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great Warwick speak:
 Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine day,
 That cries—Retire, when Warwick bids him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will I lean;
 And when thou fail'st (as God forbid the hour?)
 Must Edward fail, which peril heaven forefend!

War. No longer earl of March, but duke of York;
 The next degree is, England's royal king:
 For king of England shalt thou be proclaim'd
 In every borough as we pass along;
 And he, that casts not up his cap for joy,
 Shall for the offence make forfeit of his head
 King Edward—valiant Richard—Montague—

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as hard as steel
(As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds)
I come to pierce it—or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums ;—God, and faint George
for us !

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ? what news ?

Mes. The duke of Norfolk sends you word by me,
The queen is coming with a puissant host ;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts, brave warriors : let's away.
Exeunt.

SCENE II.

York. *Enter King HENRY, the Queen, the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with Forces.*

Queen. Welcome, my lord, to this brave town of York.
Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That fought to be encompass'd with your crown :
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my lord ?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that fear their
wreck ;—

To see this sight, it irks my very soul—
Withhold revenge, dear God ! 'tis not my fault.
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity, must be laid aside.
To whom do lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick ?
Not his that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back.
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
 Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows :
 He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
 And raise his issue like a loving fire ;
 Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him,
 Which argued thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young :
 And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
 Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
 For shame, my liege, make them your president !
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault ;
 And long hereafter say unto his child—
*What my great-grandfather and grandfire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away ?*
 Ah, what a shame were this ! Look on the boy ;
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath Clifford play'd the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force.
 But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear——
 That things ill got had ever bad success ?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
 And 'would my father had left me no more !
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.—
 Ah, cousin York ! 'would thy best friends did know,
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Queen. My lord, cheer up your spirits ; our foes are
 nigh,
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint.
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son ;

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.—
Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. Edward Plantagenet, arise a knight;
And learn this lesson—Draw thy sword in right.—

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the duke of York;
And, in the towns as they do march along,
Proclaim him king, and many fly to him:
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your highness would depart the field;
The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore I'll
stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *Saint George!*

March. Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE, RICHARD,
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry; wilt thou kneel for grace,
And set thy diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy:
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,
You—that are king, though he doth wear the crown—
Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too;

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Art thou there, butcher?—O, I cannot speak

Clif. Ay, crook-back; here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland, was it not?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou yield the crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long tongu'd Warwick, dare you speak!

When you and I met at saint Alban's last,

Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, Clifford, drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently;—
Break off the parley; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that Clifford there, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father; call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous coward,
As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland;
But ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my lords, and hear me speak.

Queen. Defy them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a king, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd with words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:
By him that made us all, I am resolv'd,
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or
A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head.

For York in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother stands;
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire nor dam;
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom'd toads, or lizards dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples hid with English guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a king
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea),
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless callat know herself.—
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the king, and made the dauphin stoop;
And, had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day:
But, when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor fire with his bridal day;
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a shower for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Clar. But, when we saw our sun-shine made thy spring,
And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root:
And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, 'till we have hewn thee down,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution, I defy thee;

Not willing any further conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle king to speak.—
 Sound trumpets!—let our bloody colours wave!—
 And either victory, or else a grave.

Queen. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman, I'll no longer stay:
 Thy words will cost ten thousand lives to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A Field of Battle at Ferrybridge in Yorkshire. Alarum.
 Excursions. Enter WARWICK.*

War. Forespent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe:
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their strength,
 And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter EDWARD running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heaven! or strike, ungentle death!
 For this world frowns, and Edward's son is clouded.

War. How now, my lord? what hap? what hope of
 good?

Enter CLARENCE.

Clar. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follow us:
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick, why hast thou withdrawn thy-
 self?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's lance;
 And, in the very pangs of death he cry'd—
 Like to a dismal clangor heard from far—

Warwick, revenge! brother, revenge my death!

So, underneath the belly of their steeds,
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking blood,
The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage;
And look upon, as if the tragedy
Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still,
'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick I do bend my knee with thine;
And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to Thee,
Thou setter up and plucker down of kings!
Beseeching thee—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes my body must be prey—
Yet that the brazen gates of heaven may ope,
And give sweet passage to my sinful soul!—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and, gentle Warwick,
Let me embrace thee in my weary arms:—
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Clar. Yet let us all together to our troops:
And give them leave to fly that will not stay;
And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards
As victors wear at the Olympian games:
This may plant courage in their quailing breasts;
For yet is hope of life and victory.—
Fore-slow no longer, make hence amain.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Another Part of the Field. Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee alone :
Suppose, this arm is for the duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound for revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here alone :
This is the hand that stabb'd thy father York;
And this the hand that slew thy brother Rutland;
And here's the heart that triumphs in their death,
And cheers these hands that slew thy fire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself;
And so, have at thee.

[They fight. WARWICK enters, CLIFFORD flies.]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other chace;
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E V.

Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind:
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered.
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory?

For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world, but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock:
So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeave;
So many months ere I shall shear the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, weeks, month, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds, looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that had killed his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed of some store of crowns;
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—Oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
Oh heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have, by my hands, of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear;
And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what showers arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart:
O, pity, God, this miserable age!—
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father, gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late !

K. Henry. Woe above woe ! grief more than common
grief ;

O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds !—

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity !—

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses :

The one, his purple blood right well resembles ;

The other, his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth :

Wither one rose and let the other flourish !

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd ?

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woeful
chances,

Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd ?

Son. Was ever son so ru'd a father's death ?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son ?

K. Henry. Was ever king, so griev'd for subjects' woe ?
Much is your sorrow ; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit with the Body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet ;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre ;

For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.

My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell ;

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill.

[*Exit with the Body.*]

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of
WALES, and EXETER.*

Prince. Fly, father, fly ! for all your friends are fled,

C 2

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull :
 Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post
 amain :

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds
 Having the fearful flying hare in fight,
 With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
 And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
 Are at our backs ; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along with them :
 Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed ;
 Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
 Exeter ;
 Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
 Whither the queen intends. Forward ; away !
[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out, ay, here it dies,
 Which, while it lasted, gave king Henry light.
 Ah, Lancaster ! I fear thine overthrow,
 More that my body's parting with my soul.
 My love, and fear, glew'd many friends to thee ;
 And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,
 Impairing Henry, strength'ning mis-proud York.
 The common people swarm like summer flies ;
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun ?
 And who shines now, but Henry's enemy ?
 O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
 That Phæton shouldst check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning car had never scorched the earth :
 And Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings should do,
 And as thy father, and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the house of York,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies—
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,

Had left no mourning widows for our deaths,
 And thou this day hadst kept thy throne in peace.
 For what doth cherish weeds, but gentle air?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity?
 Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my wounds;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight:
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity;
 And, at their hands, I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much effuse of blood doth make me faint:—
 Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the rest;
 I stabb'd your father's bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

*Alarum, and Retreat. Enter EDWARD, CLARENCE,
 RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now breathe we, lords; good fortune bids us
 pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks—
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen;—
 That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
 As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
 Command an argosy to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with them?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape:
 For though before his face I speak the word,
 Your brother Richard mark'd him for the grave;
 And, whereso'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*CLIFFORD groans, and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her heavy leave?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death departing:

Edw. See who it is: and, now the battle's ended,
 If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis Clifford;
 Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
 In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
 But set his murdering knife unto the root
 From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring,
 I mean our princely father, duke of York.

War. From off the gates of York fetch down the head,
 Your father's head, which Clifford placed there: C 3

Instead whereof, let this supply the room ;
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our house,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.

[*Attendants bring the Body forward.*]

War. I think his understanding is bereft :—
Say, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks to thee ?—
Dark cloudy death o'er shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps, he doth ;
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit,
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Clar. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. Clifford, repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults.

Clar. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edw. Thou pitied'st Rutland, I will pity thee.

Clar. Where's captain Margaret, to fence you now ?

War. They mock thee, Clifford ; swear as thou wast
wont.

Rich. What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes
hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath :—
I know by that, he's dead ; and, by my soul,
Would this right hand buy but an hour's life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
I'd chop it off, and with the issuing blood
Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead : Off with the traitor's head,
And rear it in the place your father's stands.—
And now to London with triumphant march,
There to be crown'd England's royal king.
From thence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,
And ask the lady Bona for thy queen :
So shalt thou finew both these lands together ;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe, that hopes to rise again;
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the coronation;
 And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,
 To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my seat;
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—
 Richard, I will create thee duke of Gloster;
 And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,
 Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be duke of Clarence; George, of Gloster;
 For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation;
 Richard, be duke of Gloster: Now to London,
 To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt.]

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *A Wood in Lancashire.*

Enter SINKLO and HUMPHREY with Cross-Bows in their hands.

Sinklo.

UNDER this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;

For through this laund anon the deer will come;
 And in this covert will we make our stand,
 Culling the principal of all the deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow
 Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.

Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:

And, for the time shall not seem tedious,

I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,

In this self place where now we mean to stand.

C 4

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, with a Prayer-Book.

K. Henry. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 'tis no land of thine;

Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off, wherewith thou wast anointed:]

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress to thee;

For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* king; let's sieze upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while; we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My queen, and son, are gone to France for aid;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward: If this news be true,

Poor queen, and son, your labour is but lost;

For Warwick is a subtle orator,

And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account then, Margaret may win him;

For she's a woman to be pitied much:

Her sighs will make a battery in his breast;

Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;

The tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;

And Nero will be tainted with remorse,

To hear, and see, her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg; Warwick to give:

She, on his left side, craving aid for Henry;

He, on his right, asking a wife for Edward.

She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd;

He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd:

That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more;

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong.

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength ;
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her,
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support king Edward's place.
O Margaret, thus 'twill be ; and thou, poor soul,
Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou, that talk'st of kings and queens ?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was born to ;

A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Henry. Why, so I am, in mind, and that's enough :

Hum. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen ; my crown is call'd, Content ;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if thou be a king crown'd with content,
Your crown content, and you, must be contented
To go along with us : for, as we think,
You are the king, king Edward hath depos'd ;
And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath ?

Hum. No, never such an oath ; nor will we now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was king of England ?

Hum. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed king at nine months old ;
My father, and my grandfather, were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :
And, tell me then, have yon not broke your oaths ?

Sik. No ; for we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe man ?
Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.
Look as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
 And yielding to another when it blows,
 Commanded always by the greatest gust ;
 Such is the lightness of you common men.
 But do not break your oaths ; for, of that sin
 My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.
 Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;
 And be you kings ; command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true subjects to the king, king Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to Henry,
 If he were seated as king Edward is.

Sink. We charge you, in God's name, and in the
 kings,
 To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name, lead ; your king's name be
 obey'd :

And what God will, that let your king perform ;
 And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II.

*London. The Palace. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER,
 CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.*

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at St. Alban's field
 This lady's husband, Sir John Grey, was slain,
 His land then seiz'd on by the conqueror ;
 Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ;
 Which we in justice cannot well deny,
 Because in quarrel of the house of York
 The noble gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit ;
 It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ? [*Aside.*

I see the lady hath a thing to grant.
 Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Cla. He knows the game ; How true he keeps the
 wind. [*Aside.*

Glo. Silence !

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time, to know our mind.

Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay, widow? then I'll warrant you all
your lands,
An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you.
Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside.*] God forbid that! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow? tell
me.

Clar. [*Aside.*] I think he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Nay, whip me then; he'll rather give
her two.

Grey. Three, my most glorious lord.

Glo. [*Aside.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by
him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity, they should lose their father's
land.

Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave; ill try this widow's
wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have
leave,

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to your crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE retire to the other Side.*]

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your chil-
dren?

Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them
good?

Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them
good.

Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness's service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Grey. Why, then I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard; and much rain wears the marble. [*Aside.*]

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt. [*Aside.*]

Grey. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easy task; 'tis but to love a king.

Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made; she seals it with a curti'y.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Grey. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I am to lie with thee.

Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Herein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit;
Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay; if thou wilt say ay, to my request:
No: if thou dost say no, to my demand.

Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

[*Aside.*

Clar. He is the bluntest woer in Christendom. *Aside.*

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with
modesty ;

Her words do shew her wit incomparable ;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty :

One way, or other, she is for a king ;

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.——

Say, that king Edward take thee for his queen ?

Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious iord : ;

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :

I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;

And yet to good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean, my queen.

Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call
you—father.

K. Edw. No more, than when my daughters call thee
mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor,

Have other some : why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

[*Aside.*

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shrift.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have
had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord ?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten day's wonder, at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers : I can tell you both.
Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,
And brought as prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd to the Tower :—
And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along ;—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King, Lady, CLARENCE, and Lords.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for !
And yet, between my soul's desire, and me
(The lustful Edward's title buried),
Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,
And all the unlook'd-for issues of their bodies,
To take their rooms, ere I can place myself :
A cold premeditation for my purpose !
Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty ;
Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,
Wishing his foot were equal with his eye ;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,
Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way :
So do I wish the crown, being so far off ;
And so I chide the means that keep me from it ;
And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard ;
What other pleasures can the world afford ?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
O miserable thought ! and more unlikely

Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns !
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb :
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub ;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body ;
To shape my legs of an unequal size ;
To disproportion me in every part,
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd ?
O, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought !
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven—to dream upon the crown ;
And, while I live, to account this world but hell,
Until my mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown.
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home :
And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns ;
Seeking a way, and straying from the way ;
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out—
Torment myself to catch the English crown :
And from that torment I will free myself,
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile ;
And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart ;
And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall ;
I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk :
I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more sily than Ulysses could,
And, like a Sinon, take another Troy :
I can add colours to theameleon ;
Change shapes ; with Proteus, for advantages,

And set the murd'rous Machiavel to school,
 Can I do this? and cannot get a crown?
 Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

France. Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, Lady BONA, BOURBON, Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD her Son, and the Earl of OXFORD. LEWIS sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lewis. Fair queen of England, worthy Margaret,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy state,
 And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while Lewis doth
 sit

Queen. No, mighty king of France; now Margaret
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where king's command. I was, I must confess,
 Great Albion's queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance has trod my title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble seat conform myself.

K. Lewis. Why, say, fair queen, whence springs this
 deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears,
 And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.

K. Lewis. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
 And sit thee by our side: yield not thy neck

[Seats her by him.

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
 Be plain, queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
 It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping
 thoughts,
 And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.
 Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis—
 That Henry, sole possessor of my love.
 Is, of a king, become a banish'd man,

And fore'd to live in Scotland a forlorn ;
 While proud ambitious Edward, duke of York,
 Usurps the regal title, and the seat
 Of England's true anointed lawful king.
 This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret—
 With this my son, prince Edward, Henry's heir—
 Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;
 And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done :
 Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;
 Our people and our peers are both mis-led,
 Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
 And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience calm the
 storm,
 While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience waiteth on true sorrow :
 And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

Enter WARWICK.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to our presence ?

Queen. Our earl of Warwick, Edward's greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick ! What brings thee to France ? *[He descends. She arises.]*

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise ;
 For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, king of Albion,
 My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
 I come—in kindness, and unfeigned love—
 First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;
 And, then, to crave a league of amity ;
 With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
 That virtuous lady Bona, thy fair sister,
 To England's king in lawful marriage.

Queen. If that go forward, Henry's hope is done.

War. And, gracious madam, in our king's behalf,
[Speaking to BONA.]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
 Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my tongue

D

To tell the passion of my sovereign heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Queen. King Lewis—and lady Bona—hear me speak,
Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Spring not from Edward's well-meant honest love,
But from deceit bred by necessity:
For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice—
That Henry liveth still : but were he dead,
Yet here prince Edward stands, king Henry's son.
Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and marriage
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
For though usurpers sway the rule a while,
Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp ;
And thou no more art prince, than she is queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John of Gaunt,
Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the fourth,
Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And, after that wise prince, Henry the fifth,
Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
You told not, how Henry the sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the fifth had gotten ?
Methinks, these peers of France should smile at that.
But for the rest—You tell a pedigree
Of threescore and two years ; a silly time
To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak against thy
liege,

Whom thou obeyed'st thirty and six years,
And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the right,
Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
For shame, leave Henry, and call Edward king,

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious doom
My elder brother, the lord Aubrey Vere,
Was done to death? and more than so, my father,
Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
When nature brought him to the door of death?
No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, prince Edward, and Oxford,

Vouchsafe, at our request, to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Queen. Heavens grant, that Warwick's words bewitch
him not! *[They retire.]*

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy
conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loth,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortunate.

K. Lew. Then further—all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister Bona.

War. Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear—
That this his love was an eternal plant;
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be mine:—
Yet I confess, that often ere this day,

Speaking to WARWICK.

When I have heard your king's desert recounted,
Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, this—Our sister shall be
Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your king must make,
Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd :
Draw near, queen Margaret ; and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English king.

Queen. Deceitful Warwick ! it was thy device
By this alliance to made void my suit ;
Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and Margaret :
But if your title to the crown be weak—
As may appear by Edward's good success—
Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his ease ;
Where having nothing, nothing he can lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen—
You have a father able to maintain you ;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than France.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless Warwick, peace ;
Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings !
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love ;

[*Post, blowing a Horn within.*

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us, or thee.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;

[*To WARWICK.*

Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.—

These from our king unto your majesty.—

[*To King LEWIS.*

And, madam, these for you ; from whom, I know not.

[*To the Queen. They all read their letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were
nettled :

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and your's,
fair queen?

Queen. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your king marry'd the lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before:
'This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest—in sight of heaven,
And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss—
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;
No more my king, for he dishonours me:
But most himself, if he could see his shame.—
Did I forget, that by the house of York
My father came untimely to his death?
Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?
Did I impale him with the regal crown?
Did I put Henry from his native right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself! for my desert is honour.
And, to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to Henry:—
My noble queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth I am thy true servitor;
I will revenge his wrong to lady Bona,
And replant Henry in his former state.

Queen. Warwick, these words have turn'd my hate to
love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,
And joy that thou becom'st king Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That, if king Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen soldiers,
'll undertake to land them on our coast,
And force the tyrant from his seat by war.
'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:
And as for Clarence—as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him ;
 For matching more for wanton lust than honour,
 Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,
 But by thy help to this distressed queen ?

Queen. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,
 Unless thou rescue him from foul despair ?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's are one.

War. And mine, fair lady Bona, join's with your's.

K. Lew. And mine with her's, and thine with Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,
 You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then England's messenger, return in post ;
 And tell false Edward, thy supposed king—
 That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
 To revel it with him and his new bride ;
 Thou seest what's past, go fear thy king withall.

Bona. Tell him, In hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
 I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, My mourning weeds are laid aside,
 And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong ;
 And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.
 There's thy reward ; be gone. [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But, Warwick ;
 Thyself, and Oxford, with five thousand men,
 Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle :
 And, as occasion serves, this noble queen
 And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
 Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt ;
 What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty ?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty ;—
 That if our queen and this young prince agree,
 I'll join my younger daughter, and my joy,
 To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion :—

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,
 Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick ;

And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it :
And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WAR.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now ? These soldiers shall be
levy'd,

And thou lord Bourbon, our high admiral,
Shall waft them over with our royal fleet.—
I long, till Edward fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a dame of France:

[*Exeunt. Manet WAR.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe :
Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a stale, but me ?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again :
Not that I pity Henry's misery,
But seek revenge on Edward's mockery. [Exit.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. *The Palace in England.*

Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.

Gloster.

NOW tell me brother Clarence, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady Grey ?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice ?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to France ;
How could he stay 'till Warwick made return ?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk ; here comes the king.

Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, Lady GREY, as Queen, PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS. Four stand on one Side, and four on the other.

Glo. And his well-chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,
That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,
They are but Lewis and Warwick; I am Edward,
Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king:
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I:

No; God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd
Whom God hath join'd together: ay, and 'twere pity,
To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your dislike, aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady Grey
Should not become my wife, and England's queen?
And you too, Somerset and Montague,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion—that king Lewis
Becomes our enemy, for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd,

By such invention as I can devise!

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our common-wealth
Against foreign storms, than any home bred marriage.

Hast. Why knows not Montague, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using France, than trusting France
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,

And with their helps alone defend ourselves;
In them, and in ourselves, our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech, lord Hastings well deserves
To have the heir of the lord of Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and
grant;

And, for this once, my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace has not done
well,

To give the heir and daughter of lord Scales
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or Clarence:
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord Bonville on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife
That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself, you shew'd your judg-
men:

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty
To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent,
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns:
What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

[*Aside.*]

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France?

Post. My sovereign liege, no letter: and few words,
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes king Lewis unto our letters?

Post. At my depart, these were his very words:
Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king —
That Lewis of France is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave? belike he thinks me
Henry.

But what said lady Bona to my marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:
Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame her not, she could say little less;
She had the wrong. But what said Henry's queen?
For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him, quoth she, my mourning weeds are done,
And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.
But what said Warwick to these injuries?

Post. He more incens'd against your majesty
Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore I'll uncrown him, ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the traitor breathe out so proud
words?

Well, I'll well arm me, being thus forwarn'd:
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.
But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret?

Post. Ay, gracious sovereign; they are so lin'd in
friendship,
That young prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the younger ; Clarence will have the elder.
 Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
 For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
 That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage
 I may not prove inferior to yourself.—
 You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[*Exit CLAR. and SOM. follows.*]

Glo. Not I :

My thought aim at a further matter ; I
 Stay not for love of Edward, but the crown. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worse can happen ;
 And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
 Pembroke and Stafford, you in our behalf
 Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
 They are already, or quickly will be landed ;
 Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt PEMB. and STAF.*]

But, ere I go, Hastings—and Montague—
 Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
 Are near to Warwick, by blood, and by alliance :
 Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?
 If it be so, then both depart to him ;
 I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends :
 But if your mind to hold your true obedience,
 Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
 That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us ?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so ; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence ; and lose no hour,
 'Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Warwickshire. Enter WARWICK and OXFORD, with
French Soldiers.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well ;

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But, see where Somerset and Clarence comes ;—
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends ?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick,——

And welcome, Somerset :—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love ;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's brother,
Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings :
But welcome, Clarence ; my daughter shall be thine.
And now what rests, but, in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our pleasure ?
Our scouts have found the adventure very easy :
That as Ulysses, and stout Diomed,
With flight and manhood stole to Rhesus' tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatal steeds ;
So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,
At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself ; I say not—slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—
You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry, with your leader.

[They all cry, Henry !]

Why, then let's on our way in silent sort :
For Warwick and his friends, God and saint George !

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

EDWARD'S Camp. *Enter the Watchmen to guard his Tent.*

I Watch. Come on my masters, each man take his stand ;

The king, by this, is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch*. What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch*. Why no; for he hath made a solemn vow,
Never to lie and take his natural rest,
'Till Warwick or himself be quite supprest.

2 *Watch*. To-morrow then, belike, shall be the day
If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch*. But say, I pray; what nobleman is that,
That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch*. 'Tis the lord Hastings, the king's chiefest
friend.

3 *Watch*. O, is it so? But why commands the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch*. 'Tis the more honour, because more dan-
gerous.

3 *Watch*. Ay; but give me worship and quietness,
I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,

'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch*. Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch*. Ay; wherefore else guard we his royal tent,
But to defend his person from night foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, SOMERSET,
and French Soldiers, silent all.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where stand his guard.
Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch*. Who goes there?

2 *Watch*. Stay, or thou diest.

[WARWICK and the rest cry all—*Warwick! Warwick!*
and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—*Arm! Arm!*
WARWICK and the rest following them.]

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

*Enter WARWICK, SOMERSET, and the rest, bringing the
King out in a Gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and
HASTINGS fly over the Stage.*

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings: let them go, here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke! why, Warwick, when we parted last,

Thou call'd'st me king!

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:

When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you duke of York.
Alas! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife;
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly;
Nor how to study for the people's welfare;
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou here too?
Nay, then I see that Edward needs must down.—
Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king.
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward England's king:
Takes off his crown.

But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed; thou but the shadow.—
My lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the lady Bona, send to him:—
Now for a while, farewell, good duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[Exit King EDWARD, led out.]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us to do.
But march to London with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;

To free king Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

London. The Palace. Enter the Queen and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune is befall'n king Edward?

Riv. What, loss of some pitch'd battle against Warwick?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner;
Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess are full of grief:
Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. Till then, fair hope must hinder life's decay:
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb:
This is it that makes me bridle my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross,
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes towards London
To set the crown once more on Henry's head:
Guess thou the rest; king Edward's friends must down.
But, to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him that once hath broken faith),
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right;
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud.

Come, therefore, let us fly while we may fly;
If Warwick takes us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

A Park near Middleham-Castle in Yorkshire. Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case. You know our king, my brother
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty:
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the hunt-
men stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to
Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my mean-
ing:

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go
along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away; let's ha' no more ado;
K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from War-
wick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The Tower in London.*

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK, SOMER-
SET, Young RICHMOND, OXFORD, MONTAGUE, and
Lieutenant of the Tower.*

K. Henry. Master lieutenant, now that God and friends
Have shaken Edward from the regal seat;
And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;
At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove-
reigns;

But, if an humble prayer may prevail,
I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Henry. For what, lieutenant? for well using me?
Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness,
For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds
Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
At last, by notes of household harmony,
They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,
And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
He was the author, thou the instrument.
Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spight,
By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
And that the people of this blessed land
May not be punished with thy thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
I here resign my government to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for virtuous:
And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice,

E

For few men rightly temper with the stars:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your grace,
For chusing me, when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of the sway,
To whom the heavens, in thy nativity,
Adjugg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown;
As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse Clarence only for protector.

K. Henry. Warwick, and Clarence, give me both your hands;

Now join your hands, and, with your hands, your hearts,
That no dissention hinder government:
I make you both protectors of this land;
While I myself will lead a private life,
And in devotion spend my latter days,
To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield consent;
For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,
Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a traitor,
And all his goods and lands confiscated.

Clar. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But, with the first of all our chief affairs,
Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son Edward,
Be sent for, to return from France with speed!
For, 'till I see them here, my doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My lord of Somerset, what youth is that,
Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, earl of Richmond.

K. Henry. Come hither, England's hope : If secret powers
[*Lays his Hand on his Head.*

[Lays his Hand on his Head.

Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty :
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely, in time, to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he,
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Post:

War. What news, my friend?

Poff. That Edward is escaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unfavorable news; But how made he escape?

Post. He was convey'd by Richard duke of Gloſter,
And the lord Haſtings, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt ſide,
And from the biſhop's huntſmen reſcued him ;
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

War. My brother was too careless of his charge.—
But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A falve for any fore that may betide. [Exeunt.]

Manent SOMERSET, RICHMOND, and OXFORD.

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of Edward's :
For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help ;
And we shall have more wars, before't be long,
As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young Richmond ;
So doth my heart misgive me, in these conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm, and ours :
Therefore, lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Britany,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay ; for, if Edward re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that Richmond with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Britany.
Come, therefore, let's about it speedily. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

York. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, lord Hastings, and
the rest ;

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says—that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of York,
But we enter, as into our dukedom ?

Glo. The gates made fast !—Brother, I like not this ;
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold—that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man ! abodements must not now affright
us.

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more, to summon
them.

Enter, on the Walls, the Mayor of York, and his Brethren.

Mayor. My lords, we were fore-warned of your coming.
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is duke of York.

Mayor. True, my good lord ; I know you for no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my duke-
dom ;

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But, when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you in a doubt ?
Open the gates, we are king Henry's friends.

Mayor. Ay; say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*He descends.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon:

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,
So 'twere not long of him: but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him, and all his brothers, unto reason.

Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen, below.

K. Edw. So, master mayor: these gates must not be
shut,

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What! fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his Keys:*]

For Edward will defend the town, and thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY, with a Drum and
Soldiers.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John! But why come you in
arms?

Montg. To help king Edward in this time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery: But we now forget
Our title to the crown; and only claim
Our dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Montg. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a king, not a duke—

Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The Drum begins a March.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, a while; and we'll de-
bate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Montg. What talk you of debating? in few words,
If you'll not here proclaim yourself our king,
I'll leave you to your fortune; and be gone,
To keep them back that come to succour you:
Why should we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit! now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb sooner unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will; for 'tis my right.
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Montg. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself;
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet; Edward shall be here proclaimed:—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] *Edward the fourth, by the grace of God, king of England and France, and lord of Ireland, &c.*

Montg. And whoso'er gainsays king Edward's right,
By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery;—and thanks
to you all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in York;

And, when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards Warwick, and his mates;

For, well I wot, that Henry is no soldier.—

Ah, forward Clarence!—how evil it befits thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother!

Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and Warwick,—

Come on, brave soldiers; doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

London. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE,
MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,
And with his troops doth march amain to London:
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out;
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,
Shall stir, in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights, and gentlemen to come with thee:—
Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—
And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd,
In Oxfordshire shall muster up thy friends.—
My sovereign, with the loving citizens—
Like to his island, girt it with the ocean,
Or modest Dian, circled with her nymphs—
Shall rest in London, 'till we come to him.—
Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—
Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true
hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness's hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

[*Kissing HENRY's hand.*]

K. Henry. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords; let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt WAR. CLAR. OXF. and MONT.*]

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while,
Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship?
Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest,

K. Henry. That's not my fear, my meed hath got me
fame :

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays ;
My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water flowing tears :
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd ;
Then why should they love Edward more than me ?
No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace :
And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within. A Lancaster ! A Lancaster !*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord ! what shouts are these ?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Henry. Sieze on the shame-fac'd Henry, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us king of England.—
You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow :
Now stops thy spring ; my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher by their ebb.—
Hence with him to the Tower ; let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,
Where peremptory Warwick now remains :
The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,
And take the great-grown traitor, unawares ;
Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

Exeunt.

A C T V.

SCENE I. *Before the Town of Coventry.*

Enter WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others, upon the Walls.

Warwick.

WHERE is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mes.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?—

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mes.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?
And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies;
The drum your honour hears, marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful Edward come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we should hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou ope the city gates,

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee?—
Call Edward—king, and at his hands beg mercy,
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?—
Call Warwick—patron, and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remain the duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least he would have said—the king;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give;
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:
And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again;
And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;
And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this—
What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas, that Warwick had no more fore-cast,
But; whiles he thought to steal a single ten,
The king was silyly finger'd from the deck!—
You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take thee time, kneel down,
kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop his head off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee,

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood—
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

Enter OXFORD, with Drum and Colours:

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes?

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs:

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city being of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, Oxford! for we want thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with Drum and Colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy this treason.
Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with Drum and Colours,

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

Glo. Two of thy name, both dukes of Somerset,
Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with Drum and Colours.

War. And lo, where George of Clarence sweeps along
Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love:—

Come, Clarence, Come; thou wilt if Warwick calls.

[*A Parley is sounded; RICHARD and CLARENCE
Whisper together; and then CLARENCE takes his
red Rose out of his Hat, and throws it at WAR-
WICK.*]

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this means?
Dook here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruin my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together;

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou, Warwick,
That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother, and his lawful king?
 Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 To keep that oath were more impiety
 Than Jephthah's when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;
 With resolution wherefoe'er I meet thee
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad),
 To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.—
 Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;
 And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more be-
 lov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence; this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjurd, and unjust!

K. Edw. What Warwick, wilt thou leave the town,
 and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards Barnet presently,
 And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and leads the
 way:—

Lords, to the field; saint George, and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

March. WARWICK and his Company follows.

S C E N E II.

*A Field of Battle near Barnet. Alarum and Excursions.
 Enter EDWARD, bringing forth WARWICK wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all.—
 Now, Montague, sit fast; I seek for thee,
 That Warwick's bones may keep thine company.

[*Exeunt!*]

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend or foe,
 And tell me, who is victor, York, or Warwick?
 Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,
 My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shows,
 That I must yield my body to the earth,
 And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.
 Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,
 Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle,
 Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;
 Whose top branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,
 And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.
 These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's black veil,
 Have been as piercing as the mid-day sun,
 To search the secret treasours of the world:
 The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
 Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres;
 For who liv'd king, but I could dig his grave?
 And who durst smile, when Warwick bent his brow?
 Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and blood!
 My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
 Even now forsakes me; and, of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me, but my body's length!
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust!
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick! wert thou as we are,
 We might recover all our loss again!
 The queen from France hath brought a puissant power;
 Even now we heard the news: Ah, couldst thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, Montague,
 If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
 And with thy lips keep in my soul a while!
 Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou did'st,
 Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
 That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.

Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Montague hath breath'd his last;
And to the latest gasp, cry'd out for Warwick,
And said—Commend me to my valiant brother.
And more he would have said; and more he spoke,
Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
That could not be distinguish'd; but, at last,
I well might hear deliver'd with a groan—
O, farewell, Warwick!

War. Sweet rest his soul.—

Fly, lords, and save yourselves; for Warwick bids
You all farewell, to meet in heaven. [Dies.]

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the queen's great power!
[They bear away the Body, and exeunt.]

S C E N E III.

Another Part of the Field. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD in Triumph; with GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and the Rest.

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:

I mean, my lords—those powers that the queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
And blow it to the source from whence it came:
The very beams will dry those vapours up;
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand strong,
And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her;
If she have time to breathe, be well assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving friends.

That they do hold their course towards Tewksbury:
We, having now the best at Barnet field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rids way;
And as we march our strength will be augmented
In every country as we go along.—
Strike up the drum; cry—Courage! and away.

S C E N E IV.

*Tewksbury. March. Enter the Queen, Prince of WALES,
SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Queen. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail their
loss,

But cheerly think how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, our holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that?
And Montague our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles; what of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these the enemies to our poor bark.
 Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but a while:
 Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
 Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a threefold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks,
 Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit,
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man of arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here:
 For, did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes;
 Lest, in our need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, as God forbid!
 Let him depart, before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage!
 And warriors faint! why, 'twere perpetual shame.—
 Oh, brave young prince! thy famous grandfather
 Doth live again in thee; long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories.

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset;—sweet Oxford,
 thanks.

Prince. And take this thanks, that yet hath nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at hand,
 Ready to fight; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy,
 To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd, we are in readiness.

Queen. This cheers my heart to see your forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

March. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE,
and Soldiers, on the other side of the Stage.

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny-
wood,

Which, by heav'ns assistance, and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,
For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out :
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, knights, and gentlemen, what I should
say,

My tears gainsay ; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this :—Henry, your sovereign,
Is prisoner to the foe ; his state usurp'd,

His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent ;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice ; then, in God's name, lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[*Both parties go out. Alarum. Retreat. Excursions.*

S C E N E V

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, &c.
The Queen, OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.

K. Edw. Lo, here a period of tumultuous broils.

Away with Oxford to Hammes' Castle straight :

For Somerset, off with his guilty head.

Go, bear them hence ; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made—that, who finds Ed-
ward,

F

Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is; and lo, where youthful Edward comes.

Enter Soldiers with the Prince.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
What! can so young a thorn begin to prick?—
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York:
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth:
Relinquish thy chair and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.

Queen. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His curriish riddles fort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-brack rather.

K. Edw. Peace wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you are all undutiful:
Lascivious Edward—and thou perjur'd George—
And thou mis-shapen Dick—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are;—
And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that thou likeness of this railer here.

[Stabs him.]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou? take that to end thy agony.

[Stabs him.]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[Stabs him.]

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall.

[Offers to kill her.]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold, for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What! doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king my brother;
I'll hence to London on a serious matter:
Ere ye come there, be sure to hear more news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The Tower, man, the Tower! [Exit:

Queen. Oh, Ned, sweet Ned! speak to thy mother,
boy;

Canst thou not speak?—O traitors! murderers!—

They that stabb'd Cæsar, shed no blood at all,

Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this, in respect, a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murderer, that I may name it?

No, no; my heart will burst, an if I speak:—

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains, bloody cannibals!

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd!

You have no children, butchers! if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse:

But, if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off,

As, deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young prince.

K. Edw. Away with her; go, bear her hence by force:

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here;

Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What! wilt thou not?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good Clarence, do; sweet Clarence, do thou
do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it?

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself;

'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.

What! wilt thou not? where is that devil's butcher,
Hard-favour'd Richard? Richard, where art thou? F 2

Thou art not here : murder is thy alms-deed ;
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you, and your's, as to this prince!
 [Exit Queen.]

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence ; discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London,

And see our gentle queen how well she fares ;

By this, I hope she hath a son for us. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VI.

*The Tower of London. Enter King HENRY with a Book,
 and GLOSTER with the Lieutenant, on the Tower Walls.*

Glo. Good day, my lord : what at your book so hard ?

K. Henry. Ay my good lord : my lord, I should say rather ;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better :

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,

And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer.

[Exit Lieutenant.]

K. Henry. So flies the reckless shepherd from the
 wolf :

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush :

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye ;

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, Dædalus; my poor son, Icarus;

Thy father, Minos, that deny'd our course;

The, sun that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.

Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.—

But wherefore dost thou come? is't for my life?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner?

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure thou art;

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst
presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,

Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,

And orphans for their parents' timeless death—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, and evil sign;

The night-crow cry'd aboding luckless time;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,

And chattering pyes in dismal discord sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,

And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;

To wit—an undigest deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify—thou cam'st to bite the world:

And, if the rest be true which I have heard,

Thou cam'st into the world with thy legs forward—

Glo. I'll hear no more—Die, prophet, in thy speech ;
[*Stabs him.*

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after this.
O God! forgive my sins, and pardon thee! [*Dies.*

Glo. What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster
Sink in the ground? I thought it would have mounted.
See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's death?
O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our house!—
If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell; and say—I sent thee thither,
[*Stabs him again.*

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed, 'tis true, that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say,
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right?
The midwife wonder'd; and the women cry'd,
O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!
And so I was; which plainly signify'd—
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
I had no father, I am like no father:
I have no brother, I am like no brother:
And this word—Love, which grey-beards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buz abroad such prophecies,
That Edward shall be fearful of his life;
And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the prince his son, are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next; and then the rest;
Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.—
I'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit*

S C E N E VII.

The Palace in London. Enter King EDWARD, the Queen, with the Young Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and Attendants.

K. Edw. Once more we sit on England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.
What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in top of all their pride?
Three dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their courfers at the trumpet's sound:
With them the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy:

[Taking the Child.]

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles and myself,
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st re-possess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were lay'd;
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way—and thou shalt execute. *[Aside.]*

K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen;
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother thanks.

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all harm.

[*Aside.*

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

Clar. What will your grace have done with Margaret?

Reignier, her father, to the king of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,
And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to France.

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befit the pleasures of the court?—
Sound, drums and trumpets!—farewell, sour annoy!
For here, I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.

R I C H A R D III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King EDWARD IV.
 EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, afterwards* } *Sons to Edward IV.*
 Edward V.
 RICHARD, *Duke of York.*
 GEORGE, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*
A young Son of Clarence.
 RICHARD, *Duke of Gloster, Brother to Edward IV. afterwards*
 King Richard III.
 Cardinal BOURCHIER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Archbishop of York.
Bishop of Ely.
 Duke of BUCKINGHAM.
 Duke of NORFOLK.
 Earl of SURRY.
 Earl RIVERS, *Brother to King Edward's Queen.*
 Marquis of DORSET, } *her Sons.*
 Lord GREY.
 Earl of RICHMOND, *afterwards King Henry VII.*
 Lord HASTINGS.
 Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN.
 Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF.
 Lord LOVEL.
 Sir WILLIAM CATESBY.
 Sir JAMES TYRREL.
 Lord STANLEY.
 Earl of OXFORD.
 Sir JAMES BLOUNT.
 Sir WALTER HERBERT.
 Sir ROBERT BRAKENBURY, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
 CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, *a Priest. Another Priest.*
 Lord-Mayor.

W O M E N.

ELIZABETH, *Queen of Edward IV.*
 Queen MARGARET, *Widow of Henry VI.*
 ANNE, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry VI.*
 afterwards married to the Duke of Gloster.
 Dutcheſs of YORK, *Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and Rich-*
 ard III.
 Sheriff, Purſuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Ghosts, Soldiers, and
 other Attendants.

R I C H A R D III.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *London. A Street.**Enter RICHARD, Duke of Gloster.**Gloster.*

NOW is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
 And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean bury'd.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooch'd his wrinkled front;
 And now—instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries—
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I—that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity:
 And therefore—since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other;

And, if king Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says—that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul!—Here Clarence comes!

Enter CLARENCE guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day: What means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause?

Clar. Because my name is—George.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of your's;
 He should, for that, commit your godfathers.—
 O! belike his majesty hath some intent
 That you should be new christen'd in the Tower!—
 But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know; for I protest
 As yet I do not: but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams;
 And from the cross-row pluck the letter G,
 And says a wizard told him that by G
 His issue disinherited should be;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought I am he:
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
 Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are rul'd by women.
 'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower;
 My lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
 Was it not she, and that good man of worship
 Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
 That made him send lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is delivered?
 We are not safe, Clarence; we are not safe.

Clar. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
 But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and mistress Shore.
 Heard you not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord-chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what—I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men, and wear her livery.
 The jealous o'er-worn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon me;
 His majesty hath straightly given in charge
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so. An please your worship, Brakenbury,
 You may partake of any thing we say;
 We speak no treason, man; we say the king
 Is wise and virtuous; and his noble queen
 Well struck in years; fair, and not jealous:
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue;
 That the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
 How say you, sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself hath nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with mistress Shore? I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best to do it secretly, alone.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave.—Would'st thou betray me?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me; and withal
 Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.

Brother, farewell: I will unto the king;
 And whatsoever you will employ me in,
 Were it to call king Edward's widow sister,
 I will perform it, to enfranchise you.
 Mean time, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
 I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
 Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell. [*Ex. CLA. and BRA.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
 Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
 That I will shortly send my soul to heaven,
 If heaven will take the present at our hands.
 But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings? A 3

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Glo. As much unto my good lord-chamberlain!

Well are you welcome to this open air!

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too;
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news abroad so bad as this at home;—
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person;
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit* HAST.]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live;
Which done, God take king Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in.
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:
What though I kill'd her husband and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends
Is, to become her husband and her father;
The which I will; not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns,
When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E II. *Another Street.*

Enter the Corse of HENRY the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady ANNE being the Mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—
 If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
 Whilst I a while obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the house o! Lancaster!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand that made these wounds!
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the hapless balm of my poor eyes.
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
 Curse the heart that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
 Come now toward Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there;
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament king Henry's corse.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend
 To stop devout charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the corse, or, by saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobey.

Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass. A 4

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command;
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?
Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal;
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power o'er his mortal body;
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint! for charity be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble
us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclams.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this patron of thy butcheries.—
Oh, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity!
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells;
Thy deed, inhuman, and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth! which this blood drinks, revenge his death!
Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or earth gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butcher'd!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man;
No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by desiring, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain.
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'st; queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous faulchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once did bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt to do aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then God grant me too
Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous!

Glo. The fitter for the king of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me that help to send him thither;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so.—But gentle lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method;
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry, and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause and most accurs'd effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect;
Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So might I live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wreck;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by:
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'erhade thy day, and death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature! thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: [*she spits at him*]. Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

These eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops;

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear—

Not when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland mad

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain; in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never su'd to friend nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet soothing word ;
 But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill king Henry ;—
 But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch ; 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward ;—
 But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and even with the world,
 This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
 Shall for thy love kill a far truer love,
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring. *[She puts on the ring.]*

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glo. Look how this ring encompasseth thy finger ;
 Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
 Wear both of them, for both of them are thine :
 And if thy poor devoted servant may
 But beg one favour at thy gracious hand.
 Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby-place ;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monast'ry this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too
To see you are become so penitent.—
Tressel and Berkley go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve :
But, since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[Exeunt two with Lady ANNE.]

Glo. Take up the corse, firs.

Gen. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.

[Exeunt the rest with the corse.]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?
Was ever woman in this humour won ?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
'The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
With God, her conscience, and these bars, against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks ;
And yet to win her—all the world to nothing !
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman.
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature ;
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford.
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the gold prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woeful bed ?
On me, whose all not equal Edward's moiety ?
On me, that halt and am mishapen thus ?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,

I do mistake my person all this while.
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
 I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain a score or two of taylor's,
 To study fashions to adorn my body.
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.
 But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in this grave,
 And then return lamenting to my love.—
 Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
 That I may see my shadow as I pass! [Exit.

SCENE III. *The Palace.*

Enter the Queen, Lord RIVERS, her Brother, and Lord GREY, her Son.

Riv. Have patience, madam; there's no doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
 Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
 And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen. If he were dead, what would betide of me?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Queen. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son
 To be your comfort when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young; and his minority
 Is put in the trust of Richard Gloster,
 A man that loves not me nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector?

Queen. It is determin'd, not concluded yet;
 But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here comes the lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace!

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The countess Richmond, good my lord of Stanley,

To your good prayer will scarcely say, amen.
 Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife,
 And loves not me, be you good lord assur'd
 I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers,
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the king to-day, my lord of Stanley?

Stan. But now the duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen. God grant him health! Did you confer with
him?

Buck. Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement
Between the duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord-chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well!—But that will never
be—

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods, and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
By filken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom, in all this presence, speaks your
grace?

Glo. To thee, that thou hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—
Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal grace,
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter:
The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provok'd by any suitor else,
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shews itself
Against my children, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send, that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell.—The world is grown so bad,
That wrens may prey where eagles dare no perch.
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother
Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glo. Meantime God grants that we have need of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; awhile great promotions
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
Of my lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord ; for——

Glo. She may, lord Rivers ?—Why, who knows not
so ?

She may do more, sir, than denying that ;
She may help you to many fair preferments ;
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not ? She may—ay, marry, may she——

Riv. What, marry may she ?

Glo. What, marry, may she ?—marry with a king,
A bachelor, a handsome strapping too :
I wish your grandam had a worse match.

Queen. My lord of Gloster, I have too long borne
Your blunt upbraiding, and your bitter scoffs.
By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts I have often endur'd.
I had rather be a country servant-maid
Than a great queen, with this condition ;
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at ;

Small joy have I in being England's queen.

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I beseech thee!

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the king?

Tell him, and spare not. Look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king;

I dare adventure to be sent to the tower.

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I remember them too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury.

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,

I was a packhorse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband

In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain?

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere now, and what you are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murd'rous villain; and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself—which Jesu pardon!

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party for the crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.

I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's,

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine;

I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this world,
Thou cacodæmon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My lord of Gloster, in those busy days,

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;

So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be! I had rather be a pedlar;

Far be it from my heart the thought thereof!

Queen. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose

You should enjoy, were you this country's king,

As little joy you may suppose in me
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof,
For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient—— [*She advances.*

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out

In sharing that which you have pill'd from me.

Which of you trembles not that looks on me?

If not, that I being queen, you bow like subjects,

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—

Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
fight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banish-
ment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me—

And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance.

This sorrow that I have by right is your's;

And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee.

When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;

And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout

Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland:—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fall'n upon thee;

And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Queen. So just is God to right the innocent!

Hast. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe.

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of!

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,

Dorf. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,

And turn you all your hatred now on me?

Did York's dread curse prevail so much which heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woeful banishment,

Could all but answer for that peevish brat?

Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?

B

Why then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder to make him a king !
 Edward thy son, that now is prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, that was prince of Wales,
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;
 And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !——
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers-by,
 And so wast thou, lord Hastings, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray him
 That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee ! Stay, dog, for thou
 shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store,
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O ! let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace ;
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
 The slave of nature and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
 Thou loath'd issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested——

Glo. Margaret !

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glo. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then ; for I did think
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did ; but look'd for no reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse !

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen ! vain flourish of my fortune !

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about ?

Fool ! fool ! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me

To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse ;

Lest, to thy harm, thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you ! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd you would be taught your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well you all should do me duty :

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

O, serve me well ! and teach yourselves that duty.

Dorf. Dispute not with her, she is a lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquis ! you are malapert ;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O, that your young nobility could judge

What 'twere to lose it and be miserable !

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them ;

And, if they fall they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry ;—learn it, learn it, marquis.

Dorf. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more. But I was born so high,

Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top,

And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ;—alas ! alas !—

Witness my sun, now in the shade of death,

Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your airy buildeth in our airy's nest :—

O God, that see'st it ! do not suffer it ;

As it was won with blood, lost be it so.

Buck. Peace, peace, for shame, if not for charity !

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me ;

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,

And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame—

And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O, princely Buckingham! I'll kiss thy hand
In sign of league and amity with thee.
Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle sleeping peace.
O, Buckingham! beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Have not to do with him! beware of him!
Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks upon him!
And all their ministers attend on him!

Glo. What doth she say, my lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel?

And sooth the devil that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to your's, and all of you to God's! [Exit.]

Buck. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine: I wonder she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Queen. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. You have all the 'vantage of her wrong.
I was too hot to do somebody good
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry! as for Clarence he is well repaid:

He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains.

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion
To pray for them that hath done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curs'd now I had curs'd myself. [Aside.]

Enter CATESBY.

Cat. Madam, his majesty doth call for you—
And for your grace—and you my noble lords.

Queen. Catesby, I come:—Lords, will you go with me?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLO.*]

Glo. I do thee wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence! whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls;
Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham;
And tell them—'tis the queen and her allies
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, and Grey:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bid us do good for evil.
And thus I clothe my naked villainy
With old odd ends stolen forth of holy writ,
And seem a saint when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft, here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mate?

Are you now going to dispatch this thing?

1 Mur. We are, my lord; and come to have the war-
rant

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done repair to Crosby-place.

But, first, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;

For Clarence is well spoken, and, perhaps

May move your hearts to pity if you mark him.

1 Mur. Tut, tut, my lord! we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers. Be assur'd

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes drop
tears:

I like you, lads;—about your business straight;

Go, go, dispatch.

2 Mur. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *An Apartment in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why look your grace so heavily to-day?

Clar. O! I have past a miserable night,

B 3

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you
tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy;
And in my company, my brother Gloster:
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches; thence we look'd towards England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches
Methought that Gloster stumbled, and, in falling,
Struck me that thought to stay him overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
O Lord! methought what a pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's sculls, and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty vast and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no! my dream was lengthen'd after life;
O! then began the tempest to my soul!
I pass'd methought the melancholy flood
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
 Who cry'd aloud—*What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?
 And so he vanish'd: then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud—
Clarence is come—false, fleeting perjur'd Clarence—
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury;
Seize on him! furies take him to your torments!
 With that methought a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such heinous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O, Brakenbury! I have done these things—
 That now give evidence against my soul—
 For Edward's sake: and see how he requites me!
 O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
 Yet execute thy wrath on me alone.
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me:
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord; God give your grace good
 rest!—

[*CLAR. sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning and the noon-tide night.
 Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil;
 And, for unfelt imaginations,
 They often sell a world of restless cares:
 So that, between their titles and low name,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Mur.* Ho! who's here?

Brak. What would'st thou, fellow? and how cam'st
 thou hither?

2 *Mur.* I would speak with Clarence, and came hither
 on my legs.

Brak. What so brief?

1 *Mur.* O, sir! 'tis better to be brief than tedious:—
 Shew him our commission, talk no more.

B 4

Brak. I am in this commanded to deliver
The noble duke of Clarence to your hands :—
I will not reason what is meant hereby,
Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.
Here are the keys ;—there sits the duke asleep :
I'll to the king, and signify to him
That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Mur. You may, sir ; 'tis a point of wisdom :
Fare you well. [Exit BRAKEN.]

2 Mur. What ! shall we stab him as he sleeps ?

1 Mur. No : he'll say 'twas done cowardly when he wakes.

2 Mur. When he wakes ! why, fool, he shall never wake untill the great judgment day.

1 Mur. Why then he'll say we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Mur. The urging of that word judgment hath bred a kind of a remorse in me.

1 Mur. What ! art thou afraid ?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it ; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Mur. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 Mur. So I am to let him live.

1 Mur. I'll back to the duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Mur. Nay, pr'ythee stay a little ; I hope this compassionate humour of mine will change : it was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 Mur. How dost thou feel thyself now ?

2 Mur. 'Faith ! some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Mur. Remember our reward when the deed's done.

2 Mur. Come, he dies ; I had forgot the reward.

1 Mur. Where's thy conscience now ?

2 Mur. In the duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Mur. When he opens his purse to give us our reward thy conscience flies out.

2 Mur. 'Tis no matter, let it go ; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 Mur. What, if it come to thee again ?

2 Mur. I'll not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing ; it makes a man a coward : a man cannot steal but it accuseth him ; a man cannot swear but it checks him ; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife but it detects him :

'tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that by chance I found; it beggars any one that keeps it; it is turn'd out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

1 *Mur.* 'Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me to kill the duke.

2 *Mur.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Mur.* I am strong fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Mur.* Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come shall we fall to work?

1 *Mur.* Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Mur.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Mur.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Mur.* Strike.

1 *Mur.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Mur.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Mur.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Mur.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Mur.* My voice is now the king's my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me; why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 *Mur.* To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Mur.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Mur.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? Or who pronounce'd
The bitter sentence of poor Clarence's death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Mur.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Mur.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of Kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder; wilt thou then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Mur.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee.
For false swearing, and for murder too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Mur.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Mur.* Whom thou hast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Mur.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dire degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
He sends you not to murder me for this;
For in that sin he is as deep as I.
If God will be avenged for the deed,
O! know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Mur.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Mur.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother hate not me;
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for need, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Mur.* You are deceiv'd, your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. Oh, no! he loves me, and he holds me dear:

Go you to him for me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York
Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship;
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Mur.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him! for he is kind.

1 *Mur.* Right, as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour for my delivery.

1 *Mur.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Mur.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul
To counsel me to make my peace with God?
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me!—
O, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Mur.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now—
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you—
Would not entreat for life as you would beg
Were you in my distress?—

1 *Mur.* Relent! 'tis cowardly, and womanish.—

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me!
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Mur.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Mur.* Take that, and that; if all this will not serve
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [Stabs him]

2 *Mur.* A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd! [Exit.]

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done?

Re-enter first Murderer.

1 *Mur.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou help'st
me not?

By heaven the duke shall know how slack you have been!

2 *Mur.* I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Mur.* So do not I; go, coward, as thou art.—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole
'Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[Exit with the body.

A C T II.

S C E N E I. *The Court.*

*Enter King EDWARD sick, the Queen, DORSET, RIVERS,
HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

K. Edward.

WHY so;—now have I done a good day's work;—
You peers, continue this united league.

I every day expect an embassage
From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;
And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.
Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your king,
Lest he, that is the supreme King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I as I swear a perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings, with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself is not exempt in this—
Nor your son Dorset—Buckingham, nor you:—
You have been factious one against the other.
Wife, love lord Hastings; let him kiss your hand;
And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There Hastings;—I will never more remember
Our former hatred; so thrive I and mine?

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord
marquis.

Dorf. This interchange of love I here protest,
Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
Upon your grace, but with all duteous love [*To the Queen.*
Doth cherish you and your's, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*Embracing RIVERS, &c.*

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham!
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart!
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign, king, and queen;
And princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy indeed! as we have spent the day:
Brother, we have done deeds of charity;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign liege;
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe; if I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have ought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service;
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,

If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;
 Of you, lord Rivers ; and lord Grey of you —
 That all without desert have frown'd on me.—
 Of you, lord Woodville ; and lord Scales, of you ;
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds
 More than the infant that is born to-night :
 I thank my god for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day this shall be kept hereafter :—
 I would to God all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take your brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence ?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead ? [*They start.*
 You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not he is dead ? who knows he is ?

Queen. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this ?

Buck. Look I so pale, lord Dorset, as the rest ?

Dorf. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead ? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
 Some tardy cripple bore the countermand
 That came too lag to see him buried :—
 God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion !

Enter Lord STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done !

K. Edw. I prythee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st ?

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;
 Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
 Lately attendant on the duke of Norfolk

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother death ?
 And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave ?

My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who su'd to me for him ? who, in my wrath,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd ?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
 Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
 Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
 And said, *Dear brother, live, and be a king?*
 Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his garments; and did give himself,
 All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
 Had so much grace to put it in my mind.
 But when your carters, or your waiting vassals,
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
 You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:
 But for my brother not a man would speak—
 Nor I (ungracious) speak unto myself
 For him, poor soul!—The proudest of you all
 Have been beholden to him in his life.—
 Yet none of you would once plead for his life.—
 O God! I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and your's, for this.—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh,
 Poor Clarence? [Exeunt King and Queen, HASTINGS,
 RIVERS, DORSET, and GREY.]

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness!—Mark'd you
 not

How that guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death!
 O! they did urge it still unto the king:
 God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go
 To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [Exeunt,

S C E N E II. *The same.*

Enter Dutcheſs of YORK, with the two children of CLARENCE.

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?
 And cry—O Clarence, my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us—orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty cousins you mistake me both;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loth to lose him, not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then grandam, you conclude that he is dead.
The king, my uncle, is to blame for this:
God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I!

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death!

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Glotter
Told me the king, provok'd to't by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen distractedly; RIVERS and DORSET after
her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.—

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead;
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him

To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband!
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images:
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;
And I for comfort have but one false glaſs
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow; yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee.
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)
To overgo thy plaints, and drown thy cries?

Son. Ah, aunt! [*To the Queen.*] you wept not for our
father's death;

How can we aid you with our kindred tears!

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolour likewise be unwept.

Queen. Give me no help in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, Edward and Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I but Edward; and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Dutch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Queen. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs;

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I

I for an Edward weep, so do not they.

Alas! you three on me, threefold distress,

Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorf. Comfort dear mother; God is much displeas'd C

That you take with unthankfulness his doing :
 In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son : send straight for him ;
 Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

*Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS,
 and RATCLIFF.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort ; all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
 But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy,
 I did not see your grace :—Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Dutch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast ;
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glo. Amen !—and make me die a good old man !—
 That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
 I marvel that her grace did leave it out. *[Aside.*

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers.
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln-hearts,
 But lately splinted, knit, and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept.
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fetch'd
 Hither to London to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train my lord of Bucking-
 ham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude
 The new heal'd wound of malice should break out ;
 Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is green, and yet ungovern'd ;
 Where every horse bears his commanded rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself :
 As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,

In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all of us,
And the compact is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so I think in all:
Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urg'd:
Therefore I say, with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so; and go we to determine
Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow,
Madam—and you my mother—will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

[*Exeunt Queen, &c.*]

Manent BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two stay at home;
For, by the way, I'll fort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street near the Court.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Cit.* Good morrow, neighbour; whither away so fast?

2 *Cit.* I promise you I hardly know myself;
Hear you the news abroad?

1 *Cit.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2 *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady; seldom comes a better;
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed!

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, sir.

C 2

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good king Edward's death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, sir, it is too true: God help the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no! by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government;
That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the state when Henry the sixth
Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the state so? No, no, good friends, God wot;
For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were they all came by his father
Or by his father there were none at all:
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the duke of Gloster!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;

When great leaves fall then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly the hearts of men are full of fear;
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change still is it so;
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as, by proof, we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justice's.

3 *Cit.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *A Room in the Palace.*

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, the Queen, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Northampton;
At Stony-Stratford they do rest to-night;
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the prince;
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Has almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young cousin? it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; *Ay*, quoth my uncle Gloster,
Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith! good faith! the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee:
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Dutch. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncles's grace a flout
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch. How, my young York? I pr'ythee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours hold;
'Twas two full years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest!

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy;—Go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: What news? C 3

Mef. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to unfold.

Queen. How doth the prince?

Mef. Well, madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mef. Lord Rivers and lord Grey
Are sent to Pomfret prisoners, and with them
Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mef. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Queen. For what offence?

Mef. The sum of all I can I have disclos'd;
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me, I see the ruin of my house!
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind;
Insulting tyranny begins to jut
Upon the innocent and awless throne:—
Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!
I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!
How many of you have mine eyes beheld!
My husband lost his life to get the crown;
And often up and down my sons were tost
For me to joy and weep their gain and loss:
And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self.—O preposterous
And frantic outrage, end thy damn'd spleen;
Or let me die to look on death no more!

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to sanctuary,
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go.

And thither bear your treasure and your goods,
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace
The seal I keep; and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III.

S C E N E I. *In London. The Trumpets sound.*

Enter the Prince of WALES, the Dukes of GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal BOUCHIER, and others.

Buckingham.

WELCOME, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber!

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, thoughts' sovereign;
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No uncle; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy:
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit.

No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward shew; which God he knows,
Seldom, or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles, which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:

God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were
none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of London comes to greet
you.

Enter the Lord-Mayor and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord;—and thank you
all.—

I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord! What, will our mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen, your mother, and your brother York, C 4

Have taken sanctuary. The tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?
If she deny—lord Hastings, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Car. My lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the duke of York,
Anon expect him here but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary? not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin!

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional:
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it;
Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it;
Then, taking him from thence, that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children, ne'er till now.

Car. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once
Come on, lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may
[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn 'till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you some day or two,
Your highness shall repose you at the tower:
Then when you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the tower, of any place:
Did Julius Cæsar built that place, my lord?

Glo. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place;
Which since succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported

Successively from age to age he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd;
Methinks the truth should live from age to,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

[*Aside.*]

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.
Thus, like the formal vice, iniquity
I moralize—two meanings in one word.

[*Aside.*]

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live:
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham.

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. And if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier as I liv'd a king.

Glo. Short summers lightly have a forward spring. [*Aside.*]

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our loving brother?

York. Well, my dread lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother; to our grief, as it is your's:
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord!
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin! I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And, being but a toy, which is no gift to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O, that's the sword to it?

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk;—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the tower, and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence's angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. And if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the tower.

[*Exeunt Prince, YORK, HASTINGS, Cardinal,
and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O, 'tis a parlous boy!
Bold, quick, ingenuous, forward, capable!
He's all the mother's from top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest—Come hither, Catesby;
thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
 As closely to conceal what we impart :
 Thou know'st our reason's urg'd upon the way ;
 What think'st thou ? Is it not an easy matter
 To make William, lord Hastings of our mind,
 For the instalment of this noble duke
 In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the prince
 That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley ? will not
 he ?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this ; go, gentle Catesby,
 And, as it were far off, sound thou lord Hastings
 How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
 And summon him to-morrow to the tower,
 To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
 Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons :
 If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
 Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,
 And give us notice of his inclination ;
 For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
 Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to lord William ; tell him, Catesby,
 His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
 To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
 And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
 Give mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cates. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby-place, there you shall find us both.

[Exit CATESBY.]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do if we perceive
 Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

Glo. Chop off his head, man — somewhat we will do ;
 And look, when I am king, claim thou of me
 The earldon of Hereford, and all the moveables
 Whereof the king, my brother, was possessed.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
 Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards
 We may digest our complots in some form. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *Before Lord HASTINGS' House.**Enter a Messenger.**Mes.* My lord, my lord——*Hast.* [*Within.*] Who knocks?*Mes.* One from lord Stanley.*Hast.* What is't o'clock?*Mes.* Upon the stroke of four.*Enter HASTINGS.**Hast.* Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights?*Mes.* So it should seem by that I have to say.
First he commends him to your noble lordship.*Hast.* And then—*Mes.* Then certifies your lordship that this night
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm;
Besides, he says, there are two councils held;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure—
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him to the north
To shun the danger that his soul divines.*Hast.* Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord;
Bid him not fear the separated councils:
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my good friend Catesby:
Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance;
And for his dreams, I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers;
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where he shall see the boar will use us kindly.*Mes.* I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.[*Exit.*]*Enter CATESBY.**Cates.* Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby! you are early stirring;
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright
'Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the
crown?

Cates. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my shoulders
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you forward
Upon his party for the gain thereof;
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this very same day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it to the death.

Cates. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby! ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account of you,
For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*]

Hast. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow;—and good morrow,
Catesby.

You may jest on; but by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,

I hold my life as dear as you do your's,
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now :
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am ?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were sure ;
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust :
But yet you see how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
Pray, God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
What shall we toward the tower ? the day is spent,

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what my lord ?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads

Than some that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord STANLEY and CATESBY.*]

Sirrah, how now ! how goes the world with thee ?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet.
Then I was going prisoner to the tower
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than ere I was.

Purs. God hold it to your honour's good content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your honour.

[*Exit Pursuivant.*]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good sir John, with all my heart.
I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?
Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no thriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith! and when I met this holy man
The men you talk of came into my mind.
What, go you toward the tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay there
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough; for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *Before Pomfret Castle.*

Enter Sir RICHARD RATCLIFF, *conducting* Lord RIVERS,
Lord RICHARD GREY, and Sir THOMAS VAUGHAN,
to Execution.

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!
A knot you are of damn'd blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls
Richard the second here was hack'd to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Hastings, curs'd she Bucking-
ham,

Then curs'd she Richard. O remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them as now for us!

As for my sister, and her princely sons—

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true bloods,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, Grey,—come Vaughan—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IV. *The Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *Bishop of Ely*,
CATESEY, LOVEL, *with others at a Table.*

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak! when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time?

Stan. They are, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protectors mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts—
He knows no more of mine than I of your's;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation
I have not founded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:
But you, my noble lord, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all good morrow;
I have been long a sleeper, but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part—
I mean your voice—for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my lord Hastings no man might be bolder;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn

I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.
[Exit *ELY.*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our business,
And find the testy gentleman so hot
That he will lose his head, ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.
[Exeunt *GLOS.* and *BUCK.*

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden,
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ? I have sent
For these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning ;
There's some conceit or other likes him well
When he doth bid good morrow with such spirit.
I think there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any likelihood he shew'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended,
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this noble presence
To doom the offenders : Whosoe'er they be
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil,
Look how I am bewitched ; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up.
And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have mark'd me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor;
Off with his head!—now, by saint Paul, I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Catesby, look that it be done;
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exit Council, with RICH. and BUCK.*]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;
For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the tower,
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
O, Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings's wretched head,

Cates. Dispatch, my lord; the duke would be at dinner;
Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. Oh, bloody Richard!—miserable England!
I prophesy the fearful'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The Tower Walls.*

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM in rusty armour,
marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy
colour?
Murder thy breath in middle of a word—

And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian ;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw.
Intending deep suspicion : ghastly looks
Are at my service like enforc'd smiles ;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone ?

Glo. He is ; and see he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor !

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent for you—

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us !

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' Head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends ; Ratcliff and Lovel.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man that I must weep.
I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted—
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor

That ever lived.—Look you, my lord mayor,
Would you imagine, or almost believe
(Wer't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it you) the subtle traitor
This day had plotted in the council house
To murder me and my good lord of Gloster ?

Mayor. What ! had he so ?

Glo. What ! think you we are Turks or infidels ?
Or that we would, against the form of law,

Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death :
 But that the extreme peril of the case,
 The peace of England, and our person's safety,
 Enforc'd us to this execution ?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you ! he deserv'd his death ;
 And your good graces both have well proceeded
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
 I never look'd for better at his hands
 After he once fell in with mistress Shore.

Buck. Yet had we not determin'd he should die
 Until your lordship came to see his end,
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends
 Somewhat against our meaning, hath prevented ;
 Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
 The traitor speak, and timourously confess
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons.
 That you might well have signify'd the same
 Unto the citizens, who haply may
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall
 serve,

As well as I had seen and heard him speak ;
 And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
 But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
 With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
 To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
 Yet witness what you hear we did intend ;
 And so, my good lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Mayor.*]

Glo. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
 The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.
 There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
 Infer the bastardy of Edward's children ;
 Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen
 Only for saying he would make his son
 Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
 Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
 Moreover urge his hateful luxury
 And bestial appetite in change of lust,
 Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
 Even where his ranging eye or savage heart,
 Without control, lifted to make his prey.
 Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person ;

Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France,
And by just computation of the time
Found that the issue was not his begot;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord; I'll play the orator,
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well bring them to Baynard's castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit BUCK.*]

Glo. Go Lovel, with all speed, to doctor Shaw;
Go thou to friar Penker:—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's castle.

[*Exeunt LOV. and CATES.*]

Now will I in to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of fight,
And to give notice that no manner of person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to day read o'er in Paul's.
And mark how well the sequel hangs together:
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while!—Who is so gross
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought
When such bad dealing must be seen in thought. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM at several Doors.

Glo. How now, how now? what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum; say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with the lady Lucy
And his contract by deputy in France.
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance being not like the duke,
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility:
Indeed left nothing, fitting for your purpose,
Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse.
And when my oratory grew toward end,
I bade them that did love their country's good
Cry—*God save Richard, England's royal king!*

Glo. And did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
But, like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
Star'd on each other, and look'd deadly pale;
Which when I saw I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful silence?
His answer was—the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again:
Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;
But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine own,
At lower end o'the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cry'd, *God save king Richard!*
And thus I took the vantage of these few—
Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends, quoth I;
This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard;
And even here brake off, and come away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they ! would they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;
Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :
And be not easily won to our requests ;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glo. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor knock
[Exit *GLOS.*

Enter the Lord Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow, or next day :
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suit would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor, and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !
He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul :
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
But sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to't.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay !

Buck. I fear he will :—Here Catesby comes again :—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Catesby, what says your lord?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him,
His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me that I mean no good to him.
By heaven! we come to him in perfect love ;
And so once more return and tell his grace. [*Exit CAT.*
When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads 'tis hard to draw them thence ;
So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER above between two Bishops. CATESBY
returns.*

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-
men !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
To stay him from the fall of vanity :
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand ;
True ornaments to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince
Lend favourable ear to our requests ;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I rather do beseech you pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleateth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect I have done some offence
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord ; would it might please your
grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault !

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land !

Buck. Know, then, it is your fault that you resign
The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts
 (Which here we waken to our country's good),
 The noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
 Which to recure we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge
 And kingly government of this your land :
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
 But as successively, from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own :
 For this, consoled with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just suit come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 For, not to answer, you might haply think,
 Tongue-ty'd ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore—to speak, and to avoid the first ;
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last—
 Definitively thus I answer you.
 Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
 Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
 First, if all obstacles were cut away,
 And that my path were even to the crown,
 As my right revenue and due by birth,
 Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty, and so many, my defects,
 That I would rather hide from my greatness—
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea—
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there's no need of me

(And much I need to help you, if need were) ;
 The royal tree has left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars—
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your grace
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.

You say, that Edward is your brother's son ;
 So say we too, not by Edward's wife :
 For first was he contract to lady Lucy,
 Your mother lives a witness to this vow ;
 And afterwards by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the king of France.
 These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy :
 By her in his unlawful bed he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call—the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Say that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity :
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord ; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :—

I do beseech you take it not amiss ;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it—as in love and zeal,
 Loth to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart,
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
 And equally, indeed, to all estates—
 Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house.
 And, in this resolution here we leave you;—
 Come, citizens we will entreat no more. [Exeunt.

Cates. Call them again, sweet prince, accept their suit;
 If you deny them all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
 Well, call then again; I am not made of stone,
 [Exit CATESBY.

But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
 Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham—and sage, grave men—
 Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
 To bear her burden, whether I will or no,
 I must have patience to endure the load:
 But if black scandal, or foul-faced reproach,
 Attend the sequel of your imposition,
 Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me
 From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
 For God doth know, and you may partly see,
 How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title—
 Long live king Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace;
 And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

Glo. [To the Clergymen.] Come, let us to our holy work
 again:—

Farewell, good cousin—farewell, gentle friends.

[Exeunt.

A C T IV.

S C E N E I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of YORK, and Marquis of DORSET, at one Door; ANNE Dutchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter, at the other.

Dutchess.

WHO meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster?
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the tower,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender prince.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and joyful time of day!

Queen. As much to you, good sister! Whither away?

Anne. No farther than the tower; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together:

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And in good time here the lieutenant comes.—
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam: by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king has strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean, the lord protector.

Queen. The lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he set bounds between their love and me?
I am their mother.—Who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother, I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt am I in law, in love their mother;
Then bring me to their sight! I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no, I may not leave it so;
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[*Exit BRAKEN.*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your grace of York as mother,
And reverend looker-on, of two fair queens.—
Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,
[To the Dutcheſs of GLOSTER.
There to be crown'd Richard's royal queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace afunder !
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with the dead-killing news !

Anne. Despightful tidings ! O unpleasing news !

Dorf. Be of good cheer—Mother, how fares your grace?

Queen. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee gone,
Death and destruction dog thee at the heels;
Thy mother's name is ominous to children:
If thou wilt out-strip death go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.
Go, hide thee, hide thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wife care is this your counsel madam:—
Take all the swift advantage of the hours;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery! —
O my accursed womb, the bed of death;
A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come ; I in all hafte was fent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—
O, would to God, that the exclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die ere men can say—God save the queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, with thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why!—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
 This was my wish—*Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death?
 Lo, ere I can repent this curse again,
 Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
 Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
 And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
 Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest;
 For never yet one hour in his bed
 Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
 But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
 Besides he hates me for my father Warwick;
 And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dorf. Farewell, thou woeful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to Richard, and good fortune guide
 thee!— [To ANNE.

Go thou to Richmond, and good angels tend thee!—

[To DORSET.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!

[To the Queen.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay yet: look back, with me, unto the tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,

Whom envy hath immured within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse: old fullen play-fellow

For tender princes, use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. The Court.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter RICHARD, as King, BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham—

Buck. My gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice
And thy assistance is king Richard seated:—

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them!

Buck. Still live, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed:—

Young Edward lives;—think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why so you are, my thrice-renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so: but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live—true! noble prince!—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes:
Say, have I thy consent, that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear lord,
Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your grace immediately.

[Exit BUCKINGHAM.]

Cates. The king is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And unrespective boys; none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes:—
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect—
Boy——

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupting gold.
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman
Whose humble means match not his haughty mind:
Gold were as good as twenty orators;
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is—Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; Go, call him hither,
boy.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels;

Hath he so long held out untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—Well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,
The marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come, hither Catesby; rumour it abroad
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick:
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look; how thou dream'st:—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die:
About it; for it stands me much upon,
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.—

[*Exit CATESBY.*

I must be marry'd to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Enter TYRREL.

Is thy name—Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they that I would have thee deal upon:
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token:—rise, and lend thine ear:

[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it.

Tyr. I will dispatch it straight.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—Well, look to it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me—Henry the sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord——

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet, could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtly shewed me the castle,
And call'd it—Rouge-mont: at which name I started;
Because a bard of Ireland told me once
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.
I am not in a giving vein to-day.

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Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will or no.
K. Rich. Thou troublest me ; I am not in the vein.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Is it even so ? repays he my deep service
 With such contempt ? made I him king for this ?
 O, let me think on Hastings ; and be gone
 To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, lay the gentle babes—
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, girdling one another
Within their alabaſter innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roſes on a ſtalk,
Which in their ſummer beauty kiſſ'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once, quoth Forrest, almoſt chang'd my mind :
But, O, the devil—there the villain ſtopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on—we ſmother'd
The moſt replenish'd ſweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation e'er ſhe fram'd,—
 Hence both are gone with conſcience and remorse,
 They could not ſpeak ; and ſo I left them both
 To bear theſe tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes :—All health, my ſovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel ? am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happineſs, be happy then,
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come, to me, Tyrrel, soon after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.

Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,

And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell, till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,

And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims

At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,

And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATSEBY.

Cates. My lord—

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou com'st in so
bluntly?

Cates. Bad news, my lord: Morton is fled to Richmond;
And Buckingham, back'd by the hardy Welshman,
Is in the field, and still his power increases.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength.

Come—I have learn'd that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary:

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king!

Go, muster men: my counsel is my shield;

We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

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Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to,
 And will to France; hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret!—Who comes here?

Enter the Queen, and the Dutchess of YORK.

Queen. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender babes!
 My unblown flowers, new appearing sweets!
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say that right for right
 Hath dimn'd your infant morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-weary'd tongue is still and mute.—
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet,
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God! fly from such gentle
 lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
 Why didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Henry dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Queen. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a grave,
 As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
 Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here!
 Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
 Give mine the benefit of signiory,
 And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

[*Sitting down with them.*

If sorrow can admit society,
 Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
 I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him;

I had an husband till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him:
 Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him;
 I had a Rutland too, and thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
 A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
 The dog that had his teeth before his eyes,
 To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
 That foul defacer of God's handy-work;
 That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,
 That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
 Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.—
 O upright, just, and true disposing God,
 How do I thank thee that this carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes:
 God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,
 And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
 Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
 Young York he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
 Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer;
 Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
 And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
 Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
 To have him suddenly convey'd from hence:—
 Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, The dog is dead!

Queen. O, thou didst prophesy the time would come
 That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad. E 3

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my fortune
 I call'd thee then poor shadow painted queen;
 The presentation of but what I was,
 The flattering index of a direful pageant,
 One heav'd a high, to be hurl'd down below
 A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
 A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?
 Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou joy?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the queen?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
 Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distress'd widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burden of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife—and queen of sad mischance—
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen. O thou well skill'd in curses! stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day;
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think that thy babes were fairer than they were,
 And he that slew them fouler than he is:
 Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse,

Queen. My words are dull, O, quicken them with thine!

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
like mine. [Exit MAR.]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attornies to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries!
Let them have scope: though what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son that thy two sweet sons smother'd.
[Drum within.]

I hear his drum—be copious in exclams.

Enter King RICHARD, and his Train, marching.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that that hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan, Grey?

Dutch. Where is kind Hastings?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets!—strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the lord's anointed: Strike, I say.—

[Flourish. Alarums.]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay; I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. O, let me speak.

K. Rich. Do, then ; but I'll not hear.

Dutch. I will be mild and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty ? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in torment and in agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burden was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious ;

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous ;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me in your company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none but Humphrey Houre, that call'd
your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend you madam,—

Strike up the drum.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Dutch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse,

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory !

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame serve thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit, to
curse

Abides in me : I say amen to her.

[*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard—
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter, call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;
Throw over her the veil of infamy :
So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth she is of royal blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say—she is not.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Queen. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd
Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :
No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was wetted an thy stone hard-heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame.
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;
And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling rest,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize
And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and your's
Than ever you or your's by me were harm'd !

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven,
To be discover'd that can do me good ?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
The imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine;
So in the lethe of thy angry soul
Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that, from my soul, I love thy
daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother think it with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy soul:
So, from my soul's love, didst thou love her brothers;
And, from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my meaning:
I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Queen. Well then, who dost thou mean shall be her
king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen; Who else
should be?

Queen. What, thou?

K. Rich. I, even I: What think you of it, madam?

Queen. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers,
A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward, and York; then, haply, will she weep:
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal,

If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake.
Mad'st quick conveyance of her good aunt Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen. There is no other way,
Unless thou could'st put on some other shape;
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her?

Queen. Nay then indeed, she cannot choose but hate
thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother;
They are as children, but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood;
Of all one pain—save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have, is but—a son being king.
And, by that loss, your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that, with a fearful soul,
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotion and great dignity.
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter—wife,
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset—brother;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times
Repair'd with double riches of content.

What : we have many goodly days to see :
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl ;
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart the inspiring flame
 Of golden sov'reignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Queen. What were I best to say ? her father's brother
 Would be her lord ? Or shall I say her uncle ?
 Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her the king, that may command, en-
 treats.

Queen. That at her hands which the king's King for-
 bids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Queen. To wail her title as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last ?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last ?

K. Rich. As long as heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Queen. As long as hell, and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sov'reign, am her subject low.

Queen. But she, your subject, loathes such sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms, tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Queen. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead ;—
Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam ; that is
past.

Queen. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my george, my garter, and my
crown—

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.—

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing : for this is no oath,
The george, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour ;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ;
The crown, usurp'd disgrac'd his kingly glory :
If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,
Swear thou by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death—

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself—

Queen. Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by heaven—

Queen. Heaven's wrong is most of all.
If thou didst fear to break an oath with heaven,
The unity, the king my husband made,
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by him,
The imperial metal circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast ;
For I myself have many years to wash
Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
The children live, whose parents thou hast slaughter'd,
Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age :
The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
Old barren plants, to wail it in their age :

Swear not by time to come ; for thou hast
Mistaken ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent !
So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile arms ! myself, myself, confound !
Heaven and fortune, bar me happy hours !
Day, yield me not thy light ; nor night, thy rest !
Be opposite all planets of good luck
To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
Without her, follows, to myself, and thee,
Herself, the land, and many a christian soul,
Death, desolation, ruin, and decay :
It cannot be avoided, but by this :
It will not be avoided, but by this :
Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),
Be the attorney of my love to her :
Plead what I will be, not what I have been :
Not my deserts, but what I will deserve ;
Urge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your-
self.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
Where in that nest of spicery, they shall breed
Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go.—write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kisses, and so farewell.

[*Kissing her.* [*Exit Queen.*

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing—woman !
How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back :
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the duke of
 Norfolk—

Ratcliff, thyself—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither : post to Salisbury ;
 When thou thou hither—Dull unmindful villain,

[To CATESBY.

Why stay'st com'st here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby !—Bid him levy straight
 The greatest strength and power he can make,
 And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go.

[Exit:

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I
 go ?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post to before.

Enter Lord STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news
 with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the
 hearing ;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad !
 What need'st thou run so many miles about,
 When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?

Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !
 White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess ?

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,
He makes for England, her to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?
Is the king dead? the empire unposses'd?
What heir of York is there alive but we?
And who is England's king but great York's heir?
Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back,
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the north
When they should serve their sov'reign in the west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king,
Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace
Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou would'st be gone to join with
Richmond:

But I'll not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well go, muster thy men. But hear you,
leave behind

Your son George Stanley: look your heart be firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you.

[Exit STANLEY.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,

Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mef.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

3 *Mef.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich: Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death?
[*He strikes him.*]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Mef.* The news I have to tell your majesty
Is—that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd:
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. Oh, I cry you mercy!
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Mef.* Such proclamation hath been made, my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

4 *Mef.* Sir Thomas Lovel, and lord marquis Dorset,
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
But this good comfort bring I to your highness—
The Bretagne navy is disper'd by tempest:
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

F

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the best news ; that the earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. Rich. Away toward Salisbury ; while we reason here ;
A royal battle might be won and lost :
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury :—the rest march on with me. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *Lord STANLEY's House.*

Enter Lord STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me :—
That in the sty of this most bloody boar,
My son, George Stanley, is frank'd up in hold ;
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that with-holds my present aid.
But tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales.

Stan. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, and sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many others of great name and worth :
And toward London do they bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord, commend me to him ;
Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *Salisbury.*

Enter the Sheriff, with BUCKINGHAM led to Execution.

Buckingham.

WILL not king Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers, Grey,
Holy king Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice;
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows is it not?

Sher. It is my lord.

Buck. Why then All-Souls' day is my body's doomf-day.

This is the day, which, in king Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
That high All-seer whom I dally'd with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head
And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
Thus doth he force the swords of wicked man
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms
Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck—
*When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember Margaret was a prophetess.—*
Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame;
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM, &c.*

F 2

SCENE II. *Tamworth, on the borders of Leicestershire. A Camp.*

Enter HENRY *Earl of* RICHMOND, *Earl of* OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Drum and Colours.

Rich. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father Stanley
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
That spoiled your summer fields and fruitful vines,
Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
In your embowell'd bosoms—this foul swine
Lies now even in the center of this isle.
Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn:
From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
In God's name, cheerly on courageous friends,
To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends to fear;
Which, in his dearest need, will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then in God's name,
march:

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter King RICHARD *in Arms, with the Duke of* NORFOLK,
Earl of SURRY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tent, even here in Bosworth-field.—

My lord of Surry, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of Norfolk—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; Ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent: here will I lie to-night; But where to-morrow? Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles that account: Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, Which they upon the adverse faction want.

Up with the tent.—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground;—

Call for some men of sound direction:

Let's want no discipline, make no delay:

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [Exeunt.

Enter on the other side of the Field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, DORSET, &c.

Richm. The weary sun hath made golden set, And, by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.

My lord of Oxford—you, sir William Brandon—

And you, sir Walter Herbert, stay with me:—

The earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:—

Good captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And, by the second hour in the morning,

Desire the earl to see me in my tent:—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me;

Where is lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much (Which well I am assur'd I have not done)

His regiment lies half a mile at least

South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,

Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it;
And so God give you quiet rest to-night:

Richm. Good night, good captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business;
Into my tent, the air is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

Enter to his Tent, King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, NORFOLK, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cates. It's supper time my lord;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—
What, is my beaver easier than it was,—
And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;
Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.—
Fill me a bowl of wine:—Give me a watch:—

[*To CATESBY.*]

Saddle white Surry for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.
Ratcliff.—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord Nothumberland?

Rat. Thomas the earl of Surry, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. I am satisfy'd. Give me a bowl of wine :
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have. —
So, set it down. Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch, and leave me:
About the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me, Ratcliff. — Leave me, I say.
[Exit RATCLIFF.]

RICHMOND'S Tent opens and discovers him and his Officers.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory fit on thy helm !

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good : —

So much for that. — the silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,

Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;

And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
Of bloody strokes and mortal staring war.

I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),

With best advantage will deceive the time

And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms ;

But on thy side I may not be too forward,

Lest, being seen, thy tender brother George

Be executed in his father's fight.

Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time

Cut off the ceremonious vows of love,

And ample interchange of sweet discourse,

Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon ;

God give us leisure for these rights of love !

Once more adieu : — Be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts to take a nap ;

Lest leaden slumber pieze me down to-morrow,

When I should mount on wings of victory :

Once more good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[Exeunt lords, &c.]

O Thou ! whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruiling irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement.
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes ;
 Sleeping and waking, O defend me still !

[Sleeps]

Enter the Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[To K. RICH.]

Think how thou stab'dst me in the prime of youth
 At Tewksbury ; despair therefore and die !—

Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the wronged souls

[To RICHM.]

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal my anointed body

[To K. RICH.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
 Think on the tower and me ; despair and die ;
 Henry the sixth bids thee despair and die ;
 Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror !

[To RICHM.]

Harry that prophesy'd thou should'st be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep, live and flourish !

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

[To K. RICH.]

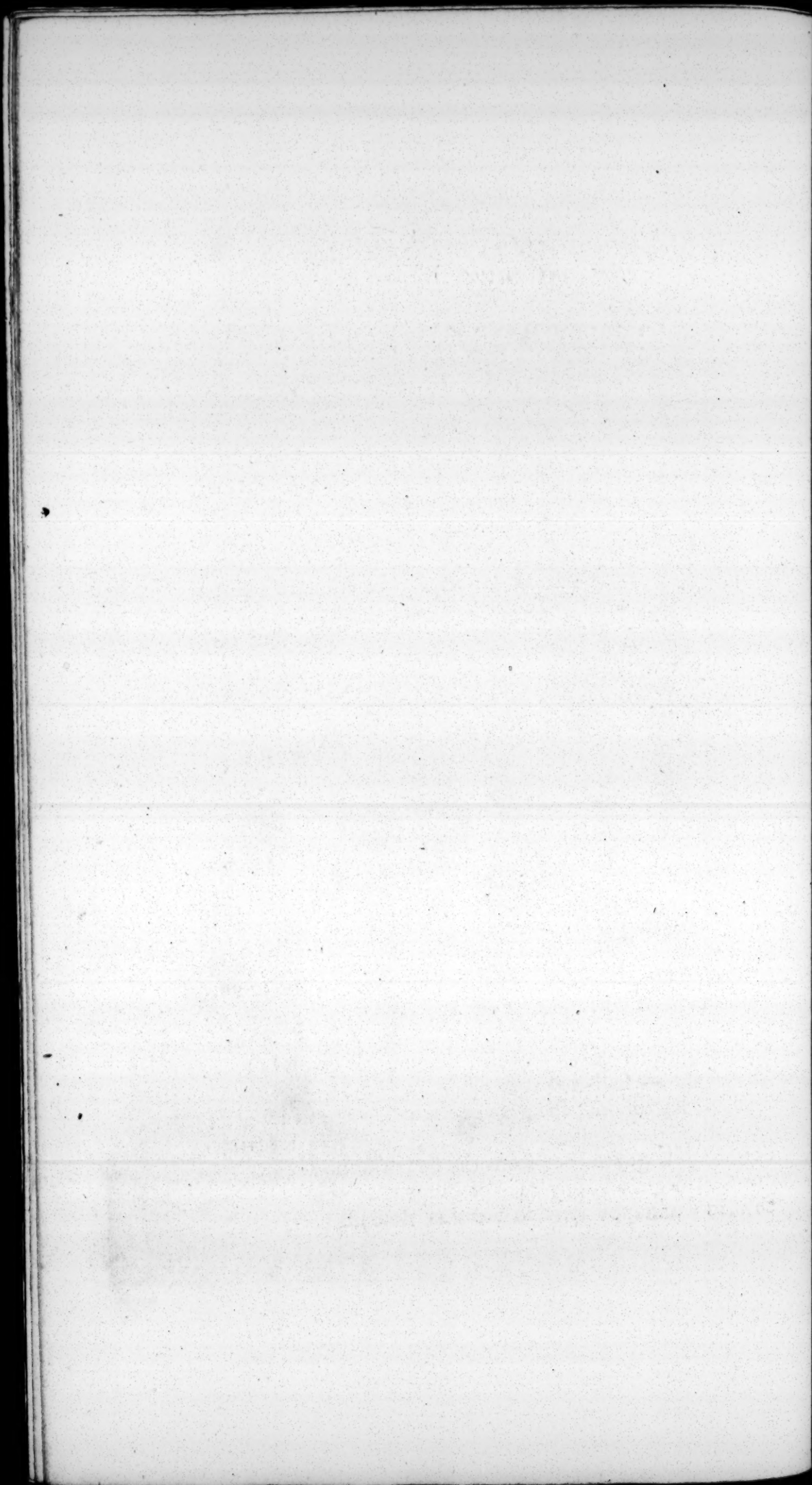
I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair and die !—



Richter del.

Windle sculp.

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Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

[To RICHM.]

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
Good angels guard thy battle ; live and flourish !

Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

[To K. RICH.]

Rivers, that dy'd at Pomfret : despair and die !

Grey. Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair !

[To K. RICH.]

Vaugh. Think upon Vaughan ; and with guilty fear,
Let fall thy lance : despair and die !

[To K. RICH.]

All. Awake ; and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom
Will conquer him ;—awake and win the day !

[To RICHM.]

Enter the Ghost of Lord HASTINGS.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake ;

[To K. RICH.]

And in a bloody battle end thy days !

Think on lord Hastings, and despair and die !—

Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake !

[To RICHM.]

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake !

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the tower ;
et us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,

[To K. RICH.]

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !

Thy nephews souls bid thee despair and die !—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy ;

[To RICHM.]

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live and beget a happy race of kings !

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Lady ANNE.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife.
[To K. RICH.]

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword ; despair and die !
Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep ;

[To RICHM.]

Dream of success and happy victory,
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. The first was I that help'd thee to the crown ;
[To K. RICH.]

The last was I that felt thy tyranny ;
O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness !
Dream on, dream on of bloody deeds and death ;
Fainting, despair ; despairing yield thy breath !—
I dy'd for hope ere I could lend thee aid :

[To RICHM.]

But cheer thy heart, and be not thou dismay'd :
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side,
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[The Ghosts vanish.]

K. RICHARD starts out of his Dream.

K. Rich. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ; I did but dream.—
O coward conscience how dost thou afflict me !—
The lights burn blue.—Is it not dead midnight ?
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh !
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murd'rer here ? No ;—Yes ; I am :
Then fly—What, from myself ? Great reason : Why ?
Left I revenge. What ! myself on myself ?
I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no : I rather hate myself ;
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain : Yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well :—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree ;
 Murder, stern murder in the dir'st degree ;
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all—Guilty ? guilty !
 I shall despair—There is no creature loves me ;
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me :
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself.
 Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord——

K. Rich. Who's there ?

Rat. My lord, 'tis I : The early village cock
 Hath twice done salutation to the morn ;
 Your friends are up and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !
 What think'st thou ? will our friends all prove true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. Ratcliff I fear, I fear—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
 Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.
 It is not yet near day. Come, go with me
 Under our tents ; I'll play the eaves-dropper
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[Exeunt K. RICHARD and RATCLIFF.]

RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and others.

Lords. Good-morrow, Richmond.

Richm. 'Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep and fairest-boding dreams
That ever enter'd in a drowsy head
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murder'd,
Came to my tent, and cry'd—On! Victory!
I promise you my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why then 'tis time to arm and give direction.—

[*He advances to the Troops.*]

More than I have said loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon: Yet remember this—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high rear'd bulwarks stand before our faces;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him;
A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set:
One that hath ever been God's enemy:
Then if you fight against God's enemy
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
If you do free your children from the sword
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Advance your standards draw your willing swords:—
For me the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
But if I thrive the gain of my attempt

The least of you shall share his part thereof.
Sound drums and trumpets bold and cheerfully,
God and saint George! Richmond and victory!

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter King RICHARD, RATCLIFF, &c.

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never train'd up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said Surry then?

Rat. He smil'd and said the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' right; and so indeed it is.

Tell the clock there.—Give me a kalendar.—

[*Clock strikes.*]

Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:

A black day it will be to somebody.—

Ratcliff—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the self-same heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord; the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come bustle, bustle;—Caparison my horse;—
Call up lord Stanley, bid him bring his power:—

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain.

And thus my battle shall be order'd:—

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst.

John duke of Norfolk, Thomas earl of Surry,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and saint George to boot!—What think'st thou
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning. [*Giving a Scroll.*]

K. Rich. *Jocky of Norfolk be not too bold,* [Reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.]

A thing devised by the enemy.—
Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :
Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls ;
For conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
Our strong arm be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell ;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
Remember whom you are to cope withal ;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Britains, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloy'd country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assur'd destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
'They would distraint the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Brittain at our brother's cost ?
A milkop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
'Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again ;
Lash hence these over-weening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves :
If we be conquer'd let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Brittaines, whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on record left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands, lie with our wives,
Ravish our daughters?—Hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
Draw archers, draw your arrows to the head !
Spur your proud horses hard and ride in blood ;
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !—

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord Stanley ; will he bring his power ?

Mes. My lord he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head.

Nor. My lord the enemy hath past the marsh ;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom :
Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons ?
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helm. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

Another Part of the Field. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of Norfolk ! rescue ! rescue !
The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger ;
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death :
Rescue, fair lord ! or else the day is lost !

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !

Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die :
I think there be six Richmond's in the field ;
Five have I slain to day instead of him :—
A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse ! [Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they
fight, RICHARD is slain.*

*Retreat and Flourish. Enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing
the Crown, with divers other Lords.*

Richm. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends ;
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee!

Lo, here the long-usurp'd royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven say amen to all!
But tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John duke of Norfolk, Walter lord Ferrers, sir
Robert Brakenbury, and sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as become their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,

That in submission will return to us!

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me and says not—amen!

England hath long been mad and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The son, compell'd, been butcher to the fire:

All this divided York and Lancaster

Divided in their dire division.—

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeders of each royal house,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!

And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so),

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days!

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor England weep in streams of blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again;

That she may long live here, God say—Amen!

THE END.

H E N R Y VIII,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

King HENRY the Eighth.
Cardinal WOLSEY. *Cardinal* CAMPEIUS.
CAPAUCIUS, *Ambassador from the Emperor Charles V.*
CRANMER, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*
Duke of NORFOLK. *Duke of* BUCKINGHAM.
Duke of SUFFOLK. *Earl of* SURREY.
Lord Chamberlain. Sir THOMAS AUDLEY, *Lord-Keeper.*
GARDINER, *Bishop of Winchester.*
Bishop of LINCOLN. Lord ABERGAVENNY. Lord SANDS.
Sir HENRY GUILFORD. Sir THOMAS LOVEL.
Sir ANTHONY DENNY. Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
Sir WILLIAM SANDS.
CROMWELL, *Servant to Wolsey.*
GRIFFITH, *Gentleman-Usher to Queen Katharine.*
Three other Gentlemen.
Doctor BUTTS, *Physician to the King.*
GARTER, *King at Arms.*
Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.
BRANDON, *and a Serjeant at Arms.*
Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber. Porter, and his Man,

W O M E N.

Queen KATHARINE.
ANNE BULLEN.
An Old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.
PATIENCE, *Woman to Queen Katharine.*
Several Lords and Ladies in the dumb Shows. Women attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her. Scribes, Officers, Guard, and other Attendants.
The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.

H E N R Y VIII.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *London.*

An Antichamber in the Palace. Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, at one door; at the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.

Buckingham.

GOOD morrow, and well meet. How have you done
Since last we saw in France!

Nor. I thank your grace:
Healthful; and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those sons of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of Arde.

Nor. 'Twixt Guines and Arde!
I was then present, saw them salute on horse-back;
Beheld them, when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four-thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
A view of earthly glory: Men might say,
'Till this time pomp was single, but now marry'd
To one above itself. Each following day
Became the next day's master, 'till the last
Made former wonders its: To-day, the French,
All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English; and, to-morrow, they
Made Britain, India: every man, that stood,
Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
As cherubims, all gilt: the madams too,

Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them, that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting: now this mask
 Was cry'd incomparable; and the ensuing night
 Made it a fool, and beggar. The two kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise: and, being present both,
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discernor
 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these fairs
 (for so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that former fabulous story,
 Being now seen possible enough, got credit,
 That Bevis was believ'd.

Buck. Oh! you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour honesty, the tract of every thing
 Would by a good discourser lose some life,
 Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;
 To the disposing of it nought rebell'd,
 Order gave each thing view; the office did
 Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
 I mean, who set the body and the limbs
 Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One certes, that promises no element
 In such a business.

Buck. I pray you, who, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion,
 Of the right reverend cardinal of York.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is free'd
 From his ambitious finger. What had he
 To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder
 That such a keech can, with his very bulk,
 Take up the rays o'the beneficial sun,
 And keep it from the earth.

Mor. Surely, Sir,
 There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends:
 For, being not propt by ancestry (whose grace
 Chalks successors their way,) nor call'd upon
 For high feats done to the crown; neither ally'd

To eminent assistants, but, spider-like,
Out of his self-drawing web, he gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys
A place next to the king.

Aber. I cannot tell

What heaven hath given him, let some graver eye
Pierce into that; but I can see his pride
Peep through each part of him: Whence has he that?
If not from hell, the devil is a niggard;
Or has given all before, and he begins
A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,
Without the privity o' the king, to appoint
Who should attend on him? He makes up the file
Of all the gentry; for the most part such
Too, whom as great a charge as little honour
He meant to lay upon: and his own letter,
The honourable board of council out,
Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on them
For this great journey. What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A poor issue?

Nor. Grievingly, I think;

The peace between the French and us not values
That cost that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
A thing inspir'd; and, not consulting, broke
Into a general prophecy—That this tempest
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out;

For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

Aber. Is it therefore
The ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry is't.

Aber. A proper title of a place; and purchas'd,
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our reverend cardinal carry'd.

Nor. Like it your grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the cardinal. I advise you
(And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
The cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his power: You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, it may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel;
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the Purse borne before him, certain of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers. The Cardinal in his Passage fixeth his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of Disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha!
Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, please your grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more; and Buckingham

shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt Cardinal and his Train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the power to muzzle him; therefore, best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Our-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in his looks
Matter against me; and his eye revild
Me, as his abject object: at this instant
He bores me with some trick: He's gone to the king;
I'll follow, and outstare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord,
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about: To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first: Anger is like
A full-hot horse; who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
Can advise me like you: be to yourself
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the king;
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This Ipswich's fellow's insolence; or proclaim
There's difference in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself: We may out-run,
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over-running. Know you not,
The fire, that mounts the liquor 'till it run o'er,
In seeming to augment it, wastes it? Be advis'd;
I say again, there is no English soul
More stronger to direct you than yourself;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I am thankful to you; and I'll go along
By your prescription:—but this top-proud fellow,
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions) by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in July, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To the king I'll say't; and make my vouch
strong
As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both (for he is equal ravenous,
As he is subtle; and as prone to mischief,

As able to perform't; his mind and place
 Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
 Only to shew his pomp as well in France
 As here at home, suggests the king our master
 To this last costly treaty, the interview
 That swallow'd so much treasure, and, like a glass,
 Did break i' the rinsing.

Nor. 'Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. This cunning cardinal

The articles o' the combination drew,
 As himself pleas'd; and they were ratify'd,
 As he cry'd, Thus let be: to as much end,
 As give a crutch to the dead: But our court cardinal
 Has done this, and 'tis well; for Worthy Wolsey,
 Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows
 (Which, as I take it, is a kind of a puppy
 To the old dam, treason)—Charles the emperor,
 Under pretence to see the queen his aunt
 (For 'twas, indeed, his colour; but he came
 To whisper Wolsey) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt
 England and France might, through their amity,
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms that menac'd him: He privily
 Deals with our cardinal; and, as I trow—
 Which I do well; for, I am sure, the emperor
 Pay'd ere he promis'd; whereby his suit was granted
 Ere it was ask'd—but when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold, the emperor thus desir'd;—
 That he would please to alter the king's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the king know
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases.
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, he were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable;
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

Enter BRANDON; a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Bran. Your office, serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,

My lord the duke of Buckingham, and earl —
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
Of our most sovereign king.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
The net hath fall'n upon me; I shall perish
Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
The business present: 'Tis his highness' pleasure
You shall to the Tower.

Buck. It will help me nothing
To plead mine innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of heaven
Be done in this and all things!—I obey.—
O my lord Aberga'ny, fare you well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company:—The king
[*To ABERG.*
Is pleas'd you shall to the Tower, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the duke said,
The will of heaven be done, and the kings pleasure
By me obey'd

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The king, to attach lord Montacute; and the bodies
Of the duke's confessor, John de la Court,
One Gilbert Peck, his chancellor—

Buck. So, so;
These are the limbs of the plot: No more, I hope.

Bran. A monk o' the Chartreux.

Buck. O, Nicholas Hopkins?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false; the o'er great cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold: my life is spann'd already:
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.—My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *The council-Chamber. Cornet.*

Enter King HENRY, leaning on the Cardinal's Shoulder, the Nobles, and Sir THOMAS LOVEL. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.

King. My life itself, and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care: I stood i' the level
Of a full charg'd confederacy; and give thanks
To you that choak'd it.—Let be call'd before us
That gentleman of Buckingham's: in person
I'll hear him his confessions justify;
And point by point the treasons of his master
He shall again relate.

A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter the Queen, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK: she kneels. The King riseth from his State, takes her up, kisses, and placeth her by him.

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us:—Half your
suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
Repeat your will and take it.

Queen. Thank your majesty.

That you would love yourself; and, in that love,
Not unconfider'd leave your honour, nor
The dignity of your office, is the point
Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: There have been commissions
Sent down among them, which have flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties:—wherein, although,

[*To WOLSEY.*

My good lord cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master
(Whose honour heaven shield from soil!) even he escapes
not

Language unmannerly. yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,

It doth appear : for, upon these taxations,
The clothiers all, not able to maintain
The many of them 'longing, have put off
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
And lack of other means, in desperate manner
Daring the event to the teeth, are all in uproar,
And danger serves among them.

King. Taxation!

Wherein? and what taxation?—My lord cardinal,
You that are blam'd for it alike with us,
Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,

I know but of a single part, in aught
Pertains to the state; and front but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame
Things, that are known alike; which are not wholesome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are
Most pestilent to the hearing; and, to bear them,
The back is sacrifice to the load. They say,
They are devis'd by you; or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still exaction!

The nature of it! In what kind, let's know,
Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too venturous

In tempting of your patience; but am bolden'd
Under your promis'd pardon. 'Tis the subjects grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in France: This makes bold mouths:
Tongue spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; their curses now,

Live where their prayers did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incensed will. I would, your highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges. If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant tongues—which neither know
My faculties, nor person, yet will be
The chronicles of my doing—let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through. We must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
By sick interpreters, once weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft,
Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
For our best act. If we shall stand still,
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,
We should take root here where we sit, or sit
State statues only.

King. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear;
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
Of this commission? I believe, not any.
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?
A trembling contribution! Why, we take.
From every tree, lop, bark, and part o' the timber;
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,
The air will drink the sap. To every county,
Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
The force of this commission: Pray look to't;

I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you.

[*To the Secretary.*

Let there be letters writ to every shire,
Of the king's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons
Hardly conceive of me; let it be nois'd,
That, through our intercession, this revokement
And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
Further in the proceeding.

[*Exit Secretary.*

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I am sorry that the duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many:

The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
To nature none more bound: his training such,
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,
When these so noble benefits shall prove
Not well dispos'd, the mind growing once corrupt,
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
Than ever they were fair. This man, so complete,
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
Almost with ravish'd list'ning, could not find
His hour of speech a minute; he, my lady,
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
That once were his, and is become as black
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by us; you shall hear
(This was his gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike honour sad.—Bid him recount
The fore-recited practices; whereof
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth; and with bold spirit relate what you,
Most like a careful subject, have collected
Out of the duke of Buckingham,

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, every day
It would infect his speech, That, if the king
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
To make the sceptre his: Those very words
I have heard him utter to his son-in-law,
Lord Abergany; to whom by oath he menac'd
Revenge upon the cardinal.

Wol. Please your highness, note
This dangerous conception in this point.
Not friended by his wish, to your high person
His will is most malignant; and it stretches
Beyond you, to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd lord cardinal,
Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on:
How grounded he his title to the crown,
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him
At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this
by a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

King. What was that Hopkins?

Surv. Sir, a Chartreux friar,
His confessor; who fed him every minute
with words of sovereignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your highness sped to France,
The duke being at the Rose, within the parish
Saint Lawrence Poutney, did of me demand
What was the speech among the Londoners
Concerning the French journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious
To the king's danger. Presently the duke
Said, 'Twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'T would prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy monk; *that oft, says he,*
Haib sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, should utter, with demure confidence
This pausingly ensu'd—Neither the king nor his heirs
(Tell you the duke) shall prosper: bid him strive
For the love of the commonalty; the duke
Shall govern England.—

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o' the tenants: Take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,

And spoil your nobler soul ; I say, take heed ;
Yes, heartily beseech you.

King. Let him on ;
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth,
I told my lord the duke, By the devil's illusions
The monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous
for him

To ruminate on this so far, until
It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
It much was like to do : He answer'd *Tush !*

It can do me no damage : adding further,
That, had the king in his last sickness fail'd,
The cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovel's heads
Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what so rank ? Ah, ah !
There's mischief in this man :—Canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at Greenwich,
After your highness had reprov'd the duke
About Sir William Blomer—

King. I remember
Of such a time :—Being my sworn servant,
The duke retain'd him his.—But on—What hence ?

Surv. If, quoth he, *I for this had been committed,*
As to to the Tower, I thought, I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurpor Richard . who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in his presence ; which if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, madam, may his highness live in freedom,
And this man out of prison ?

Queen. God mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ;
What say'st ?

Surv. After—the duke his father.—with—the knife—
He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another spread on his breast, mounting his eyes,
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenor

Was—Were he evil us'd, he would out-go
His father, by as much as a performance
Does an irrefolute purpose.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us. He is attach'd;
Call him to present trial: if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not seek't of us; By day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*An Apartment in the Palace. Enter the Lord Chamberlain,
and Lord SANDS.*

Cham. Is it possible, the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our English
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are shrewd ones;
For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly,
Their very noses had been counsellors
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one
would take it,
That never saw them pace before, the spavin
And springhalt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my lord,
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,
That sure they have worn out Christendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir THOMAS LOVEL.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and taylor's.

Cham. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our
monfieurs

To think an English courtier may be wife,
And never see the Louvre.

Lov. They must either
(For so runs the conditions) leave these remnants
Of Fool and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto (as fights and fire-works;
Abusing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wisdom,) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blister'd breeches, and those types of travel,
And understand again like honest men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their diseases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities!

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down ladies;
A french song, and a fiddle, has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they'ry going
(For, sure, there's no converting of 'em;) now
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,
And have an hour of hearing; and by'r lady,
Held current music too.

Cham. Well said, lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.

Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir Thomas,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the cardinal's;
Your lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true:
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,

To many lords and ladies ; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind indeed,
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;
His dews fall every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble ;
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my lord, he has wherewithal : in him
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine :
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They are set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so ;
But few now give to great ones. My barge stays ;
Your lordship shall along :—Come, good Sir Thomas,
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guilford,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sand. I am your lordship's

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Changes to York-Place. Hautboys. A small Table under a
State for the Cardinal, a longer Table for the Guests.
Then enter ANNE BULLEN, and divers other Ladies and
Gentlemen, as Guests, at one Door ; at another Door enter
Sir HENRY GUILFORD.*

Guil. Ladies, a general welcome from his grace
Salutes you all : This night he dedicates
To fair content and you : none here, he hopes,
In all this noble bevy, has brought with her
One care abroad ; he would have all as merry
As first-good company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.—Go, my lord, you are tardy ;

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS
LOVEL.*

The very thought of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. You are young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovel, had the cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested,



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I think, would better please 'em: By my life
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Low. O, that your lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these!

Sands. I would I were;
They should find easy penance.

Low. 'Faith, how easy?

Sands. As easy as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you, sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His grace is ent'ring.—Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women plac'd together make cold weather:—
My lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship.—By your leave, sweet ladies;
[Sits,

If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [Kisses her,

Cham. Well said, my lord.—
So, now you are fairly seated:—Gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, and takes his Seat.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests; that noble
lady,

Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend: 'This, to confirm my welcome:

And to you all good healths, [Drinks.

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.— B 2

Ladies, you are not merry ;—Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this ?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester,
My lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace they would talk anon.

[*Drums and Trumpets, Chambers discharg'd.*]

Wol. What's that ?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [Exit Serv.

Wol. What warlike voice,
And to what end is this ?—Nay, ladies, fear not ;
By all the laws of war you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now ? what is't ?

Ser. A noble troop of strangers ;
For so they seem, they have left their barge, and landed ;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome, you can speak the French tongue ;
And pray receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them :—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and Tables removed.*]

You have now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all : and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you ;—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the King, and others, as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They
pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company ! What are their pleasures ?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace ;—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly

This night to meet here, they could do no less,
 Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
 But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct
 Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
 An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
 They have done my poor house grace, for which I pay
 them

A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures,
 [*Chuse Ladies for the Dance. King and ANNE BULLEN.*]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty!
 'Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*]

Wol. My lord—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
 There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,
 More worth this place than myself; to whom,
 If I but knew him, with my love and duty
 I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Chamberlain goes to the Company, and returns.*]

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one they all confess,
 There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
 Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—

By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
 My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:
 You hold a fair assembly; you do well, lord:
 You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
 I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I am glad

Your grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My lord chamberlain,
 Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your grace, Sir Thomas Bullen's
 daughter,

The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.

King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
 I were unmannerly to take you out, [*To ANNE BULLEN.*]
 And not kiss you.—A health, gentlemen,

Let it go round.

Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel is the banquet ready
I'the privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my lord.

Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies, every one.—Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.

[*Exeunt, with Trumpets.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter two Gentlemen, at several Doors.

1 Gentleman.

WHITHER away so fast?

2 Gen. O—God save you!
Even to the hall, to hear what shall become
Of the great duke of Buckingham.

1 Gen. I'll save you
That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the ceremony
Of bringing back the prisoner,

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd

1 Gen. You may guess quickly what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly, is he, and condemn'd upon it.

2 Gen. I am sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great duke
Came to the bar; where, to his accusations,

He pleaded still, not guilty, and alledg'd
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
 The king's attorney, on the contrary,
 Urg'd on the examinations, proofs, confessions
 of divers witnesses; which the duke desir'd
 To have brought, *viva voce*, to his face:
 At which appear'd against him his surveyor;
 Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor; and John Court,
 Confessor to him; with that devil-monk
 Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he
 That fed him with his prophecies?

1 Gen. The same.
 All these accus'd him strongly; which he fain
 Would have slung from him; but indeed he could not:
 And so his peers, upon this evidence,
 Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
 He spoke, and learnedly, for life; but all
 Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 Gen. After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 Gen. When he was brought again to the bar, to hear
 His knell rung out, his judgment—he was stirr'd
 With such an agony, he sweat extremely,
 And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty:
 But he fell to himself again, and, sweetly,
 In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 Gen. I do not think he fears death.

1 Gen. Sure he does not,
 He never was so womanish; the cause
 He may a little grieve at.

2 Gen. Certainly,
 The cardinal is the end of this.

1 Gen. 'Tis likely,
 By all conjectures: First, Kildare's attainder,
 Then deputy of Ireland; who remov'd,
 Earl Surrey was sent hither, and in haste too,
 Lest he should help his father.

2 Gen. That trick of state
 Was a deep envious one.

1 Gen. At his return,
 No doubt, he will requite it. This is noted,
 And generally; whoever the king favours,

The cardinal instantly will find employment,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this duke as much
They love and deat on; call him, bounteous Buckingham,
The mirror of all courtesy.—

1 *Gen.* Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

Enter BUCKINGHAM from his Arraignment (Tifflaves before him, the Axe with the Edge towards him; Halberds on each side.) accompanied with Sir THOMAS LOVEL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common people, &c.

2 *Gen.* Let's stand close, and behold him.

Buck. All good people,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die; yet heaven bear witness,
And, if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful!
The law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice;
But those, that fought it, I could wish more christians;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em:
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men;
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the king have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,
His noble friends, and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying,
Go with me, like Good angels, to my end;
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heaven.—Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your grace for charity,

If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now to forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir Thomas Lovel, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven: I forgive all;
There cannot be those numberless offences
'Gainst me, that I can't take peace with: no black envy
Shall make my grave. — Commend me to his grace;
And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him,
You met him half in heaven: my vows and prayers
Yet are the king's; and, 'till my foul forsake me,
Shall cry for blessings on him: May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years!
Ever belov'd, and loving, may his rule be!
And, when old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument!

Lov. To the water-side I must conduct your grace;
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,
Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
The duke is coming: see the barge be ready;
And fit it with such furniture, as suits
The greatness of his person.

Buck. Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone; my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither, I was lord high constable,
And duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun:
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
That never knew what truth meant: I now seal it;
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard,
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
And without trial fell; God's peace be with him!
Henry the seventh succeeding, truly pitying
My father's loss, like a most royal prince
Restor'd me to my honours, and, out of ruins,
Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the eighth, life, honour, name, and all
That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
For ever from the world. I had my trial,
And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me

A little happier than my wretched father :
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes—Both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd most ;
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heaven has an end in all : Yet, you that hear me,
 'This from a dying man receive as certain :——
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you be not loose ; for those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake you ; the last hour
 Of my long, weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,
 'Speak how I fell.—I have done ; and God forgive me !

[*Exeunt BUCK. and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads
 That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us !
 What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith, Sir ?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require
 A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gen.* Let me have it :
 I do not talk much.

2 *Gen.* I am confident ;
 You shall, Sir : Did you not of late days here
 A buzzing of a separation
 Between the king and Katharine ?

1 *Gen.* Yes : but it held not ;
 For when the king once heard it, out of anger
 He sent command to the lord-mayoe, straight
 To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues
 That durst disperse it.

2 *Gen.* But that slander, Sir,
 Is found a truth now : for it grows again

Fresher than e'er it was; and held for certain,
 The king will venture at it. Either the cardinal,
 Or some about him near, have, out of malice
 To the good queen, possess'd him with a scruple
 That will undo her: To confirm this too,
 Cardinal Campeius is arriv'd, and lately,
 As all think, for this business.

I Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;
 And merely to revenge him on the emperor,
 For not bestowing on him, at his asking,
 The archbishopric of Toledo, this is purpos'd.
 2 Gen. I think, you have hit the mark: But is't not cruel,
 That she should feel the smart of this? The cardinal
 Will have his will, and she must fall.

I Gen. 'Tis woful.
 We are too open here to argue this;
 Let's think in private more. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E II. *An Antichamber in the Palace.*

Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a Letter.

My lord—The horses your Lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnished. They were young and handsome; and of the best breed in the north. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my lord cardinal's, by commission, and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason—His master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the king: which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed: Well, let him have them;
 He will have all, I think.

Enter the Duke of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.

Nor. Well met, my lord chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your graces.

Suf. How is the king employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
 Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
 Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;

This is the cardinal's doing, the king cardinal :
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. This king will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business!

And with what zeal! For, now he has crack'd the league
Between us and the emperor, the queen's great nephew,
He dives into the king's soul; and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despairs, and all these for his marriage :
And, out of all these to restore the king,
He counsels a divorce: a loss of her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre:
Of her, that loves him with that excellence
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the king: and is not this course pious

Cham. Heaven keep me from such counsels? 'Tis most
true,

These news are every where; every tongue speaks 'em,
And every true heart weeps for't: All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The French king's sister. Heaven will one day open
The king's eyes, that have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray,
And heartily for our deliverance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
Into what pitch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him; there's my creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the king please; his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike, they are breath I not believe in.
I knew him, I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the pope,

Nor. Let's in;

And, with some other business, put the king
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him:
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me;

The king hath sent me other where: besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships.

Nor. Thanks, my good lord chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

*A door opens, and discovers the King sitting and reading
pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha!

Nor. Pray God he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? How dare you thrust your-
selves

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha!

Nor. A gracious king, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which, we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. You are too bold:

Go to; I'll make you know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha!—

Enter WOLSEY, and CAMPEIUS with a Commission.

Who's there? my good lord cardinal!—O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded conscience,
Thou art a cure fit for a king.—You're welcome,

[*To CAMPEIUS.*]

Most learned, reverend Sir, into our kingdom;

Use us, and it:—My good lord, have great care

I be not found a talker.

[*To WOLSEY.*]

Wol. Sir, you cannot.

I would your grace would give us but an hour
Of private conference.

King. We are busy; go.

[*To NOR. and Suf.*]

Nor. This priest has no pride in him.

Suf. Not to speak of;

I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,

I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another.

[*Exeunt NOR. and Suf.*]

Wol. Your grace has given a precedent of wisdom
Above all princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The Spaniard, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if he have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their freer voices: Rome, the nurse of judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One general tongue unto us, this good man,
This just and learned priest, cardinal Campeius;
Whom, once more, I present unto your highness.

King. And, once more, in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy conclave for their loves;

They have sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,
You are so noble: To your highness' hand
I tender my commission; by whose virtue
(The court of Rome commanding)—you, my lord
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men. The queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith, for what you come:—Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know, your majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her that
A woman of less place might ask by law,
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best she shall have; and my favour
To him that does best; God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee call Gardiner to me, my new secretary;
I find him a fit fellow.

CARDINAL goes out, and re-enters with GARDINER.

Wol. Give me your hand: much joy and favour to you;
You are the king's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your grace, whose hand hath rais'd me. [*Aside.*

King. Come hither, Gardiner. [*Walks and whispers.*

Cam. My lord of York, was not one doctor Pace
In this man's place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not a learned man?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Even of yourself, lord cardinal.

Wol. How! of me?

Cam. They will not stick to say you envy'd him;
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad, and dy'd.

Wol. Heaven's peace be with him!
That's christian's care enough; for living murmurers
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous: That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to the queen.

[*Exit GARDINER.*

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is Black-Friars;
There we shall meet about this weighty business:
My Wolsey, see it Furnish'd.—O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man, to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience—
O! 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*An Antichamber of the Queen's Apartments. Enter ANNE
BULLEN, and an old Lady.*

Anne. Not for that neither;—Here's the pang that
pinches:

His highness having liv'd so long with her; and she
 So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
 Pronounce dishonour of her—by my life,
 She never knew harm-doing;—O now! after
 So many curses of the sun enthron'd,
 Still growing in a majesty and pomp—the which
 To leave is a thousand-fold more bitter, than
 'Twas sweet at first to acquire—after this process
 To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
 Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
 Melt and lament for her.

Anne. O, God's will! much better
 She ne'er had known pomp: though it be temporal,
 Yet, if that quarrel, fortune do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
 As soul and body's severing.

Old L. As, poor lady!
 She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her. Verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content,
 Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best having.

Anne. By my troth, and maidenhead,
 I would not be a queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisy:
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
 Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings; and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth—

Old L. Yes, troth and troth—You would not be a queen!

Anne. No, not for all the riches under Heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,

Old as I am, to queen it: But, I pray you,
What think you of a dutchess? have you limbs
To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: Pluck off a little;
I would not be a young count in your way
For more than blushing comes to; if your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burden, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How you do talk!

I swear again, I would not be a queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I myself
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there 'long'd
No more to the crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth, to know

The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you, no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke; to which title
A thousand pounds a-year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know,
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my ail, is nothing, nor my prayers

Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid to his highness,
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit
The king hath of you.—I have perus'd her well:
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [*Aside.*]
That they have caught the king: And who knows yet,
But from this lady may proceed a gem
To lighten all this isle?—I'll to the king,
And say I spoke with you.

Anne. My honour'd lord. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Old L. Why, this it is; see, see!
I have been begging sixteen years in court
(Am yet a courtier beggarly), nor could
Come pat betwixt too early and too late,
For any suit of pounds: and you, O fate!
A very fresh fish here (fye, fye upon
'This compell'd fortune!) have your mouth fill'd up
Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it? is it bitter! forty pence, no.
There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
'That would not be a queen, that would she not,
For all the mud in Egypt:—Have you heard it?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme I could
O'er mount the lark. The marchioness of Pembroke!
A thousand pounds a year! for pure respect;
No other obligation: By my life,
'That promises more thousands: Honour's train
Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
I know your back will bear a dutchess:—Say,
Are you not stronger than you were?

Anne. Good lady,
Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a-jot; it faints me,
'To think what follows.

The queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence: Pray do not deliver
What here you have heard to her.

Old L. What do you think me?

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

A Hall in Black-Friars. Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with short Silver Wands; next them, two Scribes, in the Habits of Doctors; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY alone; after him, the Bishops LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and St. ASAPH: next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the Purse, with the Great Seal, and a Cardinal's Hat; then two priests, bearing each a Silver Cross; then a Gentleman-Usher, bare-headed, accompanied with a Serjeant at Arms, bearing a Silver Mace; then two Gentleman, bearing two great Silver Pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two Noblemen with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place under the Cloth of State; the two Cardinals sit under him, as Judges. The Queen takes place some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory; below them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the Stage.

Wol. Whilst our commission from Rome is read
Let silence be command.

King. What's the need?
It hath already publicly been read,
And on all sides the authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so:—Proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry, king of England, come into the court.

Crier. Henry, king of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, &c.

[The Queen makes no Answer, rises out of her Chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his Feet; then speaks.]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
 And to bestow your pity on me: for
 I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,
 Born out of your dominions; having here
 No judge indifferent, nor no more assurance
 Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir.
 In what have I offended you? what cause
 Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,
 That thus you should proceed to put me off,
 And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
 I have been to you a true and humble wife,
 At all times to your will conformable:
 Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
 Yea, subject to your countenance, glad, or sorry,
 As I saw it inclin'd. When was the hour
 I ever contradicted your desire,
 Or, made it not mine too? Or which of your friends
 Have I not strove to love, although I knew
 He were mine enemy? What friend of mine,
 That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
 Continue in my liking? nay, gave not notice
 He was from thence discharg'd? Sir, call to mind,
 That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
 Upward of twenty years, and have been blest
 With many children by you: if in the course
 And process of this time, you can report,
 And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
 My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty
 Against your sacred person, in God's name,
 Turn me away; and let the foul'st contempt
 Shut door upon me, and so give me up
 To the sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
 The king, your father, was reputed for
 A prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment: Ferdinand,
 My father, king of Spain, was reckon'd one
 The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many
 A year before: It is not to be question'd

That they had gathered a wise council to them
Of every realm, that did debate this business,
Who deem'd our marriage lawful: Wherefore, I humbly
Beseech you, Sir, to spare me 'till I may
Be by my friends in Spain advis'd; whose counsel
I will implore; If not, i'the name of God,
Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady
(And of your choice), these reverend fathers; men
Of singular integrity and learning,
Yea, the elect of the land, who are assembled
To plead your cause: It shall be therefore bootless,
That longer you defer the court; as well
For your own quiet, as to rectify
What is unsettled in the king.

Cam. His grace
Hath spoken well and justly: Therefore, madam,
It's fit this royal session do proceed;
And that, without delay, their arguments
Be now produc'd and heard.

Queen. Lord cardinal——
To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, madam?

Queen. Sir,
I am about to weep; but, thinking that
We are a queen (or long have dream'd so) certain,
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet.

Queen. I will, when you are humble; nay, before,
Or God will punish me. I do believe,
Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
You are mine enemy; and make my challenge,
You shall not be my judge: for it is you
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me—
Which God's dew quench!—Therefore, I say again,
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge; whom, yet once more,
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
You speak not like yourself; who ever yet

Have stood to charity, and display'd the effects
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
O'er topping woman's power. Madam, you do me
wrong:

I have no spleen against you; nor injustice
For you, or any: how far I have proceeded,
Or how far further shall, is warranted
By a commission from the consistory,
Yea, the whole consistory of Rome. You charge me,
That I have blown this coal: I do deny it:
The king is present; If it be known to him,
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
As you have done my truth. If he know
That I am free of your report, he knows,
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies, to cure me: and the cure is, to
Remove these thoughts from you: The which before
His highness shall speak in, I do beseech
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,
And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
I am a simple woman, much too weak
T'oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
mouth'd;
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
With meekness and humility; but your heart
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen and pride.
You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,
Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
Where powers are your retainers: and your words,
Domestics to you, serve your will, as't please
Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,
You tender more your person's honour, than
Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his holiness,
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curt'sies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt to accuse it, and

Disdainful to be try'd by it; 'tis not well.

She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Crier. Katharine, queen of England, come into the court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you keep your way:

When you are call'd return.—Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on:
I will not tarry; no, nor evermore,
Upon this business, my appearance make
In any of their courts. [*Exit Queen and her Attendants.*]

King. Go thy ways, Kate:

That man i'the world, who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,
For speaking false in that: Thou art, alone
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government—
Obeying in commanding—and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out),
The queen of earthly queens:—She is noble born:
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried herself towards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,

In humblest manner I require your highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I am robb'd and bound,
There must I be unloos'd; although not there
At once and fully satisfy'd), whether ever I
Did broach this business to your highness; or
Lay'd any scruple in your way which might
Induce you to the question on't? or ever
Have to you—but with thanks to God for such
A royal lady—spake one the least word, that might
Be to the prejudice of her present state,
Or touch of her good person?

King. My lord cardinal,

I do excuse you; yea, upon mine honour,
I free you from't. You are not to be taught
That you have many enemies, that know not
Why they are so; but, like to village-curs,

Bark when their fellows do : by some of these
 The queen is put in anger. You are excus'd :
 But will you be more justified ? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hindred, oft,
 The passages made toward it :—on my honour,
 I speak my good lord cardinal to this point,
 And thus far clear him : Now, what mov'd me to't,—
 I will be bold with time and your attention :—
 Then mark the inducement. Thus it came ;—give heed
 to't :—

My conscience first receiv'd a tenderness,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By the bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage, 'twixt the duke of Orleans and
 Our daughter Mary : P'the progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the king his lord advertise
 Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife ? This respite shook
 The bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble
 The region of my breast ; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerings did throng,
 And press'd in with this caution. First, methough
 I stood not in the smile of heaven ; who had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb,
 If it conceiv'd a male child by me, should
 Do no more offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead : for her male issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them : Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me ; that my kingdom,
 Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not
 Be gladdened in't by me : Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer

Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectify my conscience—which
 I then did feel full sick, and yet not well—
 By all the reverend fathers of the land,
 And doctor's learn'd.—First, I began, in private
 With you, my lord of Lincoln; you remember
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd yourself to say
 How far you satisfy'd me?

Lin. So please your highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me—
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread—that I committed
 The daring'st counsel which I had, to doubt;
 And did entreat your highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

King. I then mov'd you,
 My lord of Canterbury, and got your leave.
 To make this present summons:—Unsolicited
 I left no reverend person in this court;
 But, by particular consent, proceeded
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore, go on;
 For no dislike i' the world against the person
 Of our good queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledg'd reasons, drive this forward:
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life,
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 Katharine our queen, before the primest creature
 That's paragon'd o'the world.

Cam. So please your highness,
 The queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this court to further day:
 Meanwhile must be an earnest motion
 Made to the queen to call back her appeal
 She intends unto his holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

King. I may perceive,
 These cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and trick of Rome.

My learn'd and well belov'd servant, Cranmer,
 Pry'thee, return! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the court:
 I say, set on [Exeunt in manner as they entered.]

A C T III.

S C E N E *The Queen's Apartments.*

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen.

TAKE thy lute wench: my soul grows sad with troubles;
 Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst: leave working.

S O N G.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,
 Bow themselves, when he did sing:
 To his music, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,
 Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet music is such art;
 Killing care, and grief of heart,
 Fall asleep, or hearing, die.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
 Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam.

Queen. Pray their graces

To come near. [Exit Gent.] What can be their business
 With me, a poor weak woman, fallen from favour?
 I do not like their coming, now I think on't.
 They should be good men; their affairs are righteous:
 But, All hoods make not monks,

Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.

Wol. Peace to your highness!

Queen. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasure with me, reverend lords?

Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly; Truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima—*

Queen. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake;
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English,

Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry my integrity should breed
(And service to his majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded of the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him (which was too far—)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service, and his counsel.—

Queen. To betray me.

[*Aside.*

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men (pray God, you prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour
(More near my life, I fear) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids: full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time, and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these
fears;

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,

But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.

Cam. I would, your grace

Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;
He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd,

Wol. He tells you right.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :
Is this your christian counsel ? out upon ye !
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge
That no king can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye.
Mend 'em for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady ?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries ;
I have more charity : But say, I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction ;
You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing : Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors ! Would ye have me
(if you have any justice, any pity ;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! he has banish'd me his bed already ;
His love, too, long ago : I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies
Make me a curse like this ?

Cam. Your fears are worse.

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long—let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends—a wife, a true one ?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?
Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the king ? lov'd him next heaven ? obey'd him ?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;
And to that woman, when she has done most,

Yet will I add an honour—a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to : nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me.

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatt'ries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts,
What will become of me now, wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living,—
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes ?

[*To her Women.*

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me :—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.

Wol. If your grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort : why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas ! our places,
The way of our profession is against it ;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it ; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm ; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your
virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As your's was put into you, ever casts
such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you ;
Beware, you lose it not : For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords : and, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd myself unmannerly ;
 You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
 To make a seemly answer to such persons.
 Pray, do my service to his majesty :
 He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers,
 While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
 Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,
 That little thought, when she set footing here,
 She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Anti-Chamber to the King's Apartment. Enter Duke of NORFOLK, Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. If you will now unite in your complaints,
 And force them with a constancy, the cardinal
 Cannot stand under them : If you omit
 The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
 But that you shall sustain more new disgraces
 With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful.
 To meet the least occasion, that may give me
 Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,
 To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers
 Have unctemn'd gone by him, or at least
 Strangely neglected ? when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person,
 out of himself ?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures :
 What he deserves of you and me, I know ;
 What we can do to him (though now the time
 Gives way to us,) I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to the king, never attempt
 Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the king in his tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not ;
 His spell in that is out ; the king hath found

Matter against him, that for ever mars
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

Sur. Sir,

I should be glad to hear such news as this
Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.

In the divorce, his contrary proceedings
Are all unfolded : wherein he appears,
As I would with mine enemy.

Sur. How came
His practices to light ?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. O, how, how ?

Suf. The cardinal's letter to the pope miscarried,
And came to the eye o' the king : wherein was read,
How that the cardinal did entreat his holiness
To stay the judgment o' the divorce : For if
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*,
My king is tangled in affection to
A creature of the queen's lady Anne Bullen.

Sur. Has the king this ?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work ?

Cham. The king in this perceives him, how he coasts,
And hedges, his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder, and he brings his phyfic
After his patient's death ; the king already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had !

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord ;
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all my joy——

Trace the conjunction !

Suf. My amen to't !

Nor. All men's.

Suf. There's order for her coronation :
Marry this is yet but young, and may be left
To some ears unrecounted.—But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and complete
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her.
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Suf. But will the king
Digest the letter of the cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no;
There be more wasps than buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius
Is stolen away to Rome; hath ta'en no leave;
Has left the cause o' the king unhandled; and
Is posted, as the agent of our cardinal,
To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The king cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him,
And let him cry, ha, louder!

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns Cranmer?

Suf. He is return'd, in his opinions; which
Have satisfy'd the king for his divorce,
Together with all famous colleges
Almost in Christendom: shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her coronation. Katharine no more
Shall be call'd—queen; but princess-dowager,
And widow to prince Arthur.

Nor. This same Cranmer's
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the king's business.

Suf. He has; and we shall see him
For it, an archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.
The cardinal——

Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, Cromwell,
Gav't you the king?

Crom. To his own hand, in his bed-chamber,

Wol. Look'd he o' the inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them; and the first he view'd,

D

He did it with a serious mind ; a heed
Was in his countenance : You, he bade
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready
To come abroad ?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.— [Exit CROMWELL.

It shall be the dutchess of Alencon,
The French king's sister : he shall marry her.—
Anne Bullen ! No ; I'll no Anne Bullens for him :
There's more in't than fair visage.—Bullen !
No, we'll no Bullens !—Speedily I wish
To hear from Rome.—The marchioness of Pembroke !—

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the king
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice !

Wol. The late queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the queen's queen !—
This candle burns not clear ; 'tis I must snuff it ;
'Then, out it goes.—What tho' I know her virtuous,
And well-deserving ? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of
Our hard rul'd king. Again, there is sprung up
An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the king,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He is vex'd at something.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,
The master cord of his heart !

Enter the King, reading a Schedule ; and LOVEL.

Suf. The king, the king !

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion ! and what expence by the hour
Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,
Does he rake this together !—Now, my lords,

Saw you the cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
 Stood here observing him: Some strange commotion
 Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
 Then lays his finger on his temple; straight,
 Springs out into fast gait; then stops again,
 Strikes his breast hard; and anon, he casts
 His eyes against the moon: in most strange postures
 We have seen him fet himself.

King. It may well be;
 There is a mutiny in his mind. This morning
 Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
 As I requir'd; And, wot you, what I found
 There; on my conscience, put unwittingly—
 Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing—
 The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
 Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household; which
 I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
 Possession of a subject.

Nor. It is Heaven's will;
 Some spirit put this paper in a packet,
 To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think
 His contemplations were above the earth,
 And fix'd on spiritual object, he should still
 Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
 His thinkings are below the moon, not worth
 His serious considering.

[*He takes his Seat; and whispers* LOVEL,
who goes to WOLSEY.

Wol. Heaven forgive me!—
 Ever God bless your highness!

King. Good my lord,
 You are full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory
 Of your best graces in your mind; the which
 You were now running o'er: you have scarce time
 To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
 To keep your earthly audit: Sure in that
 I deem you an ill husband; and am glad
 To have you therein my companion.

Wol. Sir,
 For holy offices I have a time ; a time
 To think upon the part of business, which
 I bear i' the state ; and nature does require
 Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
 I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
 Must give tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your highness yoke together,
 As I will lend you cause, my doing well
 With my well-saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
 And 'tis a kind of good deed, to say well :
 And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you :
 He said, he did ; and with his deed did crown
 His word upon you. Since I had my office,
 I have kept you next my heart ; have not alone
 Employ'd you where high profits might come home,
 But par'd my present havings, to bestow
 My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

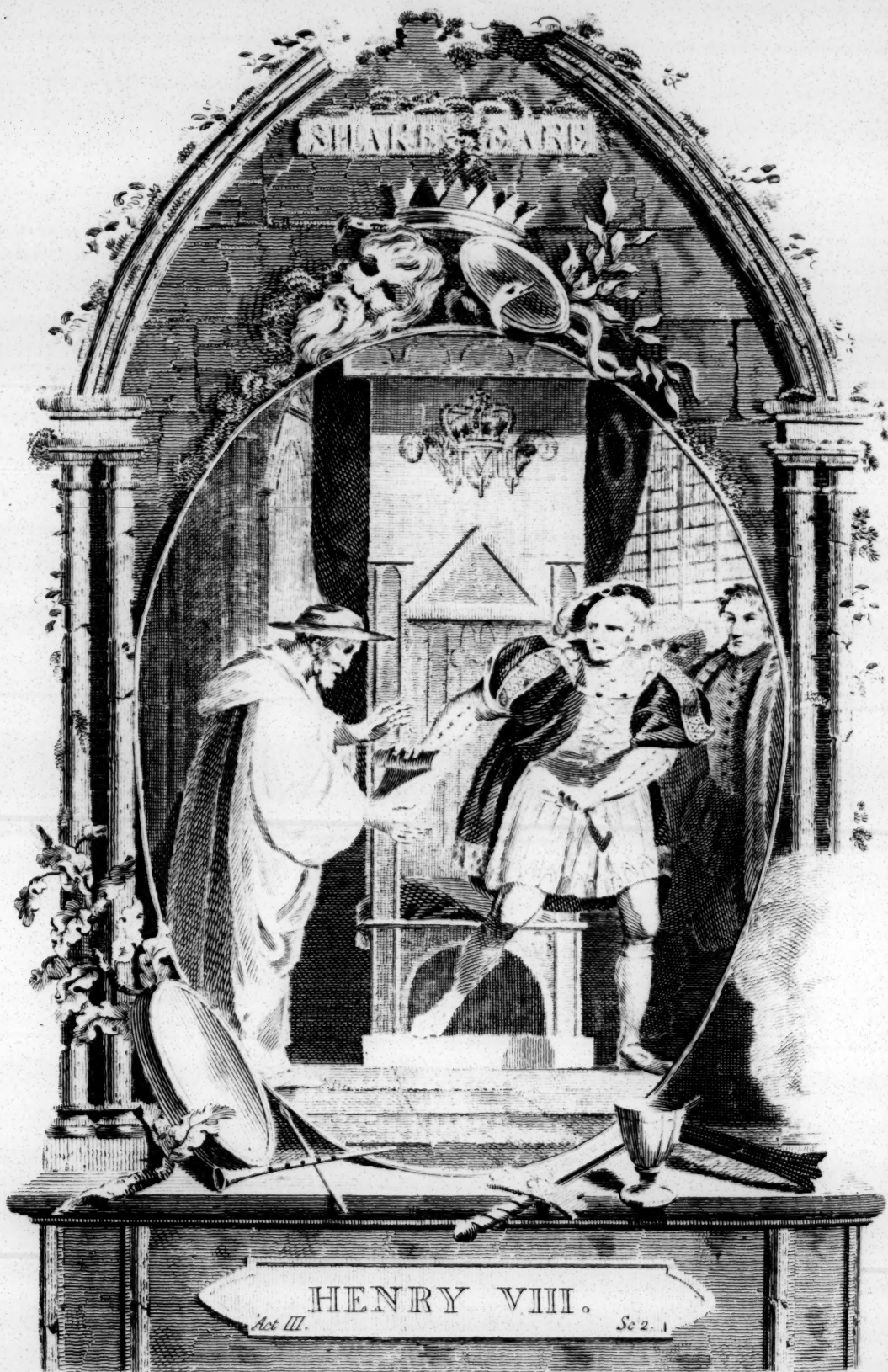
[*Aside.*

Sur. The lord increase this business !

[*Aside.*

King. Have not I made you
 The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
 If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
 And if you may confess it, say withal,
 If you are bound to us, or no. What say you ?

Wol. My sovereign, I confess, your royal graces
 Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could
 My studied purposes requite ; which went
 Beyond all man's endeavours ; my endeavours
 Have ever come too short of my desires,
 Yet, fill'd with my abilities : Mine own ends
 Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
 To the good of your most sacred person, and
 The profit of the state. For your great graces
 Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I
 Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;
 My prayers to heaven for you : my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 'Till death, that winter, kill it.



Parker del.

Sc. 2. 1

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King. Fairly answer'd:
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated: the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it; as, i' the contrary,
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
 That, as my hand has open'd bounty o' you,
 My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more
 On you than any; so your hand, and heart,
 Your brain, and every function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess,
 That for your highness' good I ever labour'd
 More than mine own; that am, have, and will be,
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken your's.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken:—
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this;
[Giving him papers.]
 And after, this; and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you have.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal WOLSEY; the
 Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.]

Wol. What should this mean?
 What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 Leap'd from his eyes: so looks the chafed lion
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him;
 Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper;
 I fear the story of his anger.—'Tis so;
 This paper has undone me:—'Tis the account
 Of all that world of wealth I have drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
 And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?
 I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,
 Will bring me off again. What's this—*To the Pope ?*
 The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to his holiness. Nay then, farewell !
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,
 I haste now to my setting : I shall fall
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
 And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl
 of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. Hear the king's pleasure, cardinal : who com-
 mands you

To render up the great seal presently
 Into our hands ; and to confine yourself
 To Ether-house, my lord of Winchester's,
 'Till you hear further from his highness.

Wol. Stay,

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em ?

Bearing the king's will from his mouth expressly ?

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words, to do it

(I mean, your malice), know, officious lords,

I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel

What course metal your are moulded—envy.

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,

As if it fed ye ? and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin ?

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;

You have christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,

You ask with such a violence, the king

(Mine, and your master) with his own hand gave me :

Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,

During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,

Ty'd it by letters patent : Now, who'll take it !

Sur. The king, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou art a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours Surrey durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in law :
The heads of all thy brother cardinals
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !
You sent me deputy for Ireland ;
Far from his succour, from the king, from all
That might have mercy on the fault thou gav'st him ;
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
I answer, is most false. The duke by law
Found his deserts : how innocent I was
From any private malice in his end,
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
You have as little honesty as honour ;
That I, in the way of loyalty and truth
Toward the king, my ever royal master,
Dare mate a sounder man than Surrey can be,
And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st feel
My sword i' the life blood of the else. — My lords,
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,
To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
Farewell nobility ; let his grace go forward,
And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

Into your own hands, cardinal, by extortion;
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to the pope, against the king: your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.—
 My lord of Norfolk—as you are truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility, our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentleman—
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life; I'll startle you
 Worse than the scaring bell, when the brown wench
 Lay kissing in your arms, lord cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,
 But that I am bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in the king's hand:
 But, thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
 And spotless, shall mine innocence arise,
 When the king knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
 I thank my memory, I yet remember
 Some of these articles; and out they shall.
 Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, cardinal,
 You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, sir;
 I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
 It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head. Have at
 you.

First, that without the king's assent, or knowledge,
 You wrought to be a legate; by which power
 You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that, in all you writ to Rome, or else
 To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*
 Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the king
 To be your servant.

Sur. Then, that, without the knowledge
 Either of king or council, when you went
 Ambassador to the emperor, you made bold
 To carry into Flanders the great seal.

Sur. Item, you sent a large commission
 To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,

Without the king's will, or the state's allowance,
A league between his highness and Ferrara.

Suf. That, out of mere ambition, you have caus'd
Your holy hat to be stamp't on the king's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance
(By what means got I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways
You have for dignities; to the mere undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are;
Which, since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lie open to the laws; let them,
Not you correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord cardinal, the king's further pleasure is—
Because all those things, you have done of late
By your power legatine within this kingdom,
Fall into the compass of a *Præmunire*—
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you;
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the king's protection:—This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great seal to us,
The king shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.
So fare you well, my little good lord cardinal!

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.]

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewel, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride

At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Enter CROMWELL, amazed.

Why, how now, Cromwell ?

Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,
 I am fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your grace ?

Wol. Why well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now ; and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities,
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his grace ; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy, too much honour :
 O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.

Crom. I am glad your grace has made the right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have : I am able now, methinks,
 (Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,)
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
 Is your displeasure with the king !

Wol. God bleis him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas Moor is chosen
 Lord chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphan's tears wept on them !
What more ?

Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long marry'd,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O
Cromwell !

The king has gone beyond me, all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever :
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master : Seek the king ;
That sun, I pray, may never set I have told him
What, and how true thou art : he will advance thee !
Some little memory of me will stir him,
I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too : Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not ; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you ? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master ?—
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service ; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be your's.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes : And thus far hear me, Cromwell ;

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,
 Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And founded all the depths and shoals of honour—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell!
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king;
 And—pr'ythee, lead me in:
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
 And my integrity to heaven, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.
Crom. Good Sir, have patience.
Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.
[*Exeunt.*

A C T IV.

S C E N E II. *A Street in Westminster.*

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Gentleman.

YOU are well met once again.

2 Gen. So are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and behold
 The lady Anne pass from her coronation?

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business At our last encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true: but that time offer'd sorrow,
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well: the citizens
I am sure, have shewn at full their royal minds;
As, let 'em have their rights, they are ever forward
In celebration of this day, with shews
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir.

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes; 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the coronation.
The duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims
To be high-steward; next, the duke of Norfolk,
To be earl-marshal: you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir; had I not known those customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of Katharine,
The princess-dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too. The archbishop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned and reverend fathers of his order,
Held a late court at Dunstable, six miles off
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not;
And, to be short, for not appearance, and
The king's last scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect:
Since which, she was removed to Kimbolton,
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady!—
The trumpets sound: stand close, the queen is coming.

[Hautboys.]

THE ORDER OF THE CORONATION.

1. *Alively Flourish of Trumpets.*
 2. *Then two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor with the Purse and Mace before him.*
 4. *Choristers singing.* [Music.]
 5. *Mayor of London, bearing the Mace. Then Garter, in his Coat of Arms, and on his head a gilt Copper Crown.*
 6. *Marquis DORSET, bearing a Sceptre of Gold, on his head, a Demi-Coronal of Gold. With him the Earl of SURREY, bearing a Rod of Silver with the Dove, crown'd with an Earl's Coronet. Collar of SS.*
 7. *Duke of SUFFOLK in his robe of Estate, his Coronet on his Head, bearing a long white Wand, as High-Steward. With him the Duke of NORFOLK, with the Rod of Marshalship, a Coronet on his Head. Collar of SS.*
 8. *A Canopy borne by four of the Cinque Ports; under it, the Queen in her Robe; her Hair Richly adorned with Pearl, crowned. On each side her the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Dutcheſs of NORFOLK, in a Coronal of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queen's Train.*
 10. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain Circlets of Gold without Flowers.*
- They paſs over the Stage in order and State.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me.—Theſe I know;—Who's that, that bears the ſceptre?

1 Gen. Marquis Dorſet:

And that the earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be The duke of Suffolke.

1 Gen. 'Tis the ſame; high-ſteward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heaven bleſs thee! [Looking on the Queen.]
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on.—

Sir, as I have a ſoul, ſhe is an angel;

Our king has all the Indies in his arms,

And more, and richer, when he ſtrains that lady:

I cannot blame his conſcience.

1 Gen. They, that bear
The cloth of honour over her, are four barons
Of the Cinque-Ports.

2 Gen. Those men are happy ; so are all are near her.
I take it, she that carries up the train,
Is that old noble lady, duchess of Norfolk.

1 Gen. It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 Gen. Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed ;
And, sometimes, falling ones.

1 Gen. No more of that.

[Exit Procession, with a great Flourish of Trumpets.

Enter a Third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 Gen. Among the crowd i'the abbey ; where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more : I am stifled
With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 Gen. You saw the ceremony ?

3 Gen. That I did.

1 Gen. How was it ?

3 Gen. Well worth the seeing.

2 Gen. Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 Gen. As well as I am able. The rich stream
Of lords and ladies, having brought the queen
To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
A distance from her ; while her grace sat down
To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely
The beauty of her person to the people.
Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman
That ever lay by man : which when the people
Had a full view of, such a noise arose
As the throuds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
As loud, and to as many tunes : Hats, cloaks,
(Doublets, I think,) flew up ; and had their faces
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, *This my wife*, there ; all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gen.* But what followed?

3 *Gen.* At length her grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar; where she kneel'd, and, faint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people;
When, by the archbishop of Canterbury,
She had all the royal makings of a queen;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum!* So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To York-place, where the feast is held.

1 *Gen.* You must no more call it York-Place, that's
past:

For, since the cardinal fell, that title's lost;
'Tis now the king's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gen.* I know it;
But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 *Gen.* What two reverend bishops
Were those that went on each side of the queen?

3 *Gen.* Stokesly and Gardiner; the one of Winchester
(Newly preferr'd from the king's secretary,)
The other, London.

2 *Gen.* He of Winchester
Is held no great good lover of the archbishop's,
The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gen.* All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when it comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gen.* Who may that be, I pray you?

3 *Gen.* Thomas Cromwell;
A man in much esteem with the king, and truly
A worthy friend. The king has made him
Master o' the jewel-house,
And one already of the privy council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which
Is to the court, and there shall be my guests;

Something I can command. As I walk thither,
I'll tell you more.

Both. You may command us, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Kimbolton.*

Enter KATHARINE, Dowager, sick, led between GRIFFITH her Gentleman-Usher, and PATIENCE her Woman.

Grif. How does your grace?

Kath. O, Griffith! sick to death:

My legs, like loaded branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair;—

So—now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, madam: but, I think, your grace
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Kath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd:
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

Kath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester;
Lodg'd in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;
To whom he gave these words—*O father abbot,*
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!

So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,

E

He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

Kath. So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes ; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom ; simony was fair play ;
His own opinion was his law : I' the presence
He would say untruths ; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning : He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.

Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now ?

Kath. Yes, good Griffith ;
I were malicious else.

Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one :
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading :
Lofty, and sour to them that lov'd him not ;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely : Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out live the good he did it ;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :

And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Kath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth, and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower!
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and Solemn Music.

Grif. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her:—Softly, gentle Patience.

The vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six
Personages clad in white Robes, wearing on their Heads
Garlands of Bays, and golden Vizards on their Faces;
Branches of Bays, or Palm in their Hands. They first
congee unto her, then dance; and at certain Changes, the
first two hold a spare Garland over her Head; at which,
the other four make reverend Courtesies; then the two, that
held the Garland, deliver the same to the other next two,
who observe the same Order in their Changes, and holding
the Garland over her Head; which done, they deliver the
same Garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same
Order: at which, (as it were by Inspiration,) she makes in
her Sleep Signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her Hands to
Heaven: and so in their Dancing they vanish, carrying the
Garland with them. The music continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace! where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we are here.

Kath. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, madam.

Kath. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop

Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces
 Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun ?
 They promis'd me eternal happiness ;
 And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
 I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,
 Assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
 Possess your fancy.

Kath. Bid the music leave.

They are harsh and heavy to me. *[Music ceases.]*

Pat. Do you note,
 How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden ?
 How long her face is drawn ? How pale she looks,
 And of an earthly cold ? Mark her eyes.

Grif. She's going, wench ; pray, pray.

Pat. Heaven comfort her !

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your grace—

Kath. You are a saucy fellow :
 Deserve we no more reverence ?

Grif. You are to blame,
 Knowing, she will not lose her wonted greatness,
 To use so rude behaviour : go to—kneel.

Mes. I humbly do entreat your highness' pardon ;
 My haste made me unmannerly : There is staying
 A gentleman, sent from the king, to see you.

Kath. Admit him entrance, Griffith : But this fellow
 Let me ne'er see again.

[Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.]

Re-enter GRIFFITH, and CAPUCIUS.

If my sight fail not,
 You should be lord ambassador from the emperor,
 My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Kath. O my lord,
 The times, and titles, now are alter'd strangely
 With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
 What is your pleasure with me ?

Cap. Noble lady,
 First, mine own service to your grace ; the next,

The king requests that I would visit you ;
 Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
 Sends you his princely commendations,
 And heartily entreats you to take good comfort.

Kath. O my good lord ! that comfort comes too late :
 'Tis like a pardon after execution :
 That gentle physic, given in time, had cur'd me ;
 But now I am past all comforts here, but prayers.
 How does his highness ?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,
 When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
 Banish'd the kingdom !—Patience, is that letter,
 I caused you write, yet sent away ?

Pat. No, madam.

Kath. Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver
 This to my lord the king.

Cap. Most willing, madam.

Kath. In which I have commended to his goodness
 The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter :—
 The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her !—
 Beseeching him, to give her virtuous breeding ;
 (She is young, and of a noble modest nature ;
 I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
 To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
 Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition
 Is, that his noble grace would have some pity
 Upon my wretched women, that so long
 Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :
 Of which there is not one, I dare avow
 (And now I should not lie,) but will deserve,
 For virtue, and true beauty of the soul,
 For honesty, and decent carriage,
 A right good husband ; let him be a noble ;
 And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.
 The last is, for my men ;—they are the poorest ;
 But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;—
 That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
 And something over to remember me by :
 If heaven had pleas'd to have given me longer life,
 And abler means, we had not parted thus.
 These are the whole contents :—And, good my lord,

By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you with Christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor peoples friend, and urge the king
To do me this last right

Cap. By heaven, I will;
Or let me loose the fashion of a man.

Kath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his highness:
Say, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I blest him,
For so I will. — Mine eyes grow dim. — Farewell,
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed; —
Call in more women. — When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden-flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more. — [Exeunt, leading KATHARINE.

A C T V.

S C E N E I. *Some Part of the Palace.*

*Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a
Torch before him, met by Sir THOMAS LOVEL.*

Gardiner.

It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

By. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
Not for delights; times to repair our nature
With comforting repose, and not for us
To waste these times. — Good hour of night, Sir Thomas!
Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the king, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas; and left him at primero
With the duke of Suffolk.

Lov. I must to him too,
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovel. What's the matter?
It seems you are in haste: an if the be
No great offence belong't to't, give your friend
Some touch of your late business: Affairs, that walk
(As, they say, spirits do) at midnight, have
In them a wilder nature, than the business
That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
And durst command a secret to your ear
Much weightier than this work. The queen's in labour,
They say, in great extremity; and fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit, she goes with,
I pray for heartily; that it may find
Good time, and live: but for the stock, Sir Thomas,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen; and yet my conscience says
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir Thomas: You are a gentleman
Of mine own way; I know you wise, religious;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well—
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovel, take't of me—
'Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell—
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O' the rolls, and the king's secretary; further, Sir,
Stands in the gap and trade of more preferments,
With which the time will load him: The archbishop
Is the king's hand and tongue: And who dare speak
One syllable against him?

Gard. Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,
There are that dare; and I myself have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him: and, indeed, this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'the council, that he is

(For so I know he is, they know he is)
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence
 That does infect the land : with which they moved,
 Have broken with the king ; who hath so far
 Given ear to our complaint (of his great grace
 And princely care ; foreseeing those fell mischiefs
 Our reasons laid before him) he hath commanded,
 To-morrow morning to the council-board
 He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,
 And we must root him out. From your affairs
 I hinder you too long : Good-night, Sir Thomas.

Lov. Many good-nights, my lord ; I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt GARDINER, and Page.*]

*As LOVEL is going out, enter the King and the duke of
 SUFFOLK.*

King. Charles, I will play no more to-night ;
 My mind's not on't, you are too hard for me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, Charles ;
 Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.—
 Now, Lovel, from the queen what is the news ?

Lov. I could not personally deliver to her
 What you commanded me, but by her woman
 I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
 In the greatest humbleness, and desir'd your highness
 Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou ? ha !
 To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

Lov. So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made
 Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burden, and
 With gentle travel, to the gladding of
 Your highness with an heir ;

King. 'Tis midnight, Charles,
 Pr'ythee to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
 The estate of my poor queen. Leave me alone ;
 For I must think of that, which company
 Would not be friendly to.

Suf. I wish your highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, good night.— [*Exit SUFFOLE.*]

Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.

Well, Sir, what follows?

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the archbishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha! Canterbury?

Denny. Ay, my good lord.

King. 'Tis true: Where is he, Denny?

Denny. He attends your highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [*Exit DENNY.*]

Lov. This is about that which the bishop spake;
I am happily come hither. [*Aside.*]

Re-enter DENNY with CRANMER.

King. Avoid the gallery. [*LOVEL seemeth to stay.*]
Ha:—I have said!—Be gone.

What!— [*Exeunt LOVEL and DENNY.*]

Cran. I am fearful:—Wherefore frowns he thus?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord? You do desire to know
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
To attend your highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, arise,
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury.
Come, you and I must walk a turn together;
I have news to tell you: Come, come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,
And am right sorry to repeat what follows:
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you; which, being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our council, that you shall,
This morning come before us; where, I know
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,
But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
Which will require you answer, you must take

Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your house our Tower: You, a brother of us,
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness
Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness;
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongue
Than I myself, poor man!

King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up;
Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy Dame,
What manner of man are you? My lord, I look'd
You would have given me your petition, that
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
Yourself and your accusers; and to have heard you,
Without indurance, further.

Cran. Most dread liege,
The good I stand on is my truth, and honesty;
If they should fail, I, with mine enemies,
Will triumph o'er my person: which I weigh not,
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world?
Your enemies are many, and not small; their practices
Must bear the same proportion; and not ever
The justice and the truth o' the question carries
The due o' the verdict with it: At what ease
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
To swear against you; such things have been done,
You are potently oppos'd; and with a malice
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,
I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, whiles here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? Go to, go to;
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God, and your majesty,
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into

The trap is laid for me !

King. Be of good cheer ;
 They shall no more prevail, than we give way to,
 Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see
 You do appear before them : if they shall chance,
 In charging you with matters, to commit you,
 The best persuasions to the contrary
 Fail not to use, and with what vehemency
 The occasion shall instruct you : if intreaties
 Will render you no remedy, this ring
 Deliver them, and your appeal to us
 There make before them.—Look, the good man weeps!
 He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest Mother!
 I swear, he is true-hearted ; and a soul
 None better in my kingdom.—Get you gone,
 And do as I have bid you.—He has strangled
 His language in his tears. [Exit CRANMER.]

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [within.] Come back ; What mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring
 Will make my boldness manners.—Now, good angels,
 Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
 Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
 I guess thy message. Is the queen deliver'd ?
 Say, ay ; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my liege ;
 And of a lovely boy : The God of heaven
 Both now and ever blest her !—'tis a girl,
 Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your queen
 Desires your visitation, and to be
 Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you
 As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovel—

Enter LOVEL.

Lov. Sir.

King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the queen.
[Exit King.]

Lady. An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll have more.
 An ordinary groom is for such payment.
 I will have more, or scold it out of him ?
 Said I for this, the girl was like to him ?
 I will have more, or else unfay't ; and now,
 While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E II. *Before the Council-Chamber.*

CRANMER, *Servants, Door-Keeper, &c. attending.*

Cran. I hope I'm not too late ; and yet the gentleman,
 That was sent to me from the council, pray'd me
 To make great haste. All fast ? what means this !—Ho !
 Who waits there ?—Sure, you know me ?

D. Keep. Yes, my lord ;
 But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why ?

D. Keep. Your grace must wait 'till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor BUTTS.

Cran. So—

Butts. This is a piece of malice. I am glad
 I came this way so happily : The king
 Shall understand it presently.

Cran. [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,
 The king's physician : As he pass along,
 How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
 Pray heaven he found not my disgrace ! For certain,
 This is of purpose play'd, by some that hate me
 (God turn their hearts ! I never sought their malice)
 To quench mine honour : they would shame to make me
 Wait else at door ; a fellow counsellor,
 Among boys, grooms, and lackies, But their pleasures
 Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and BUTTS, at a Window above.

Butts. I'll shew your grace the strangest sight—
King. What's that, Butts ?

Butts. I think, your highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o'me, where is it?

Butts. There, my lord:

The high promotion of his grace of Canterbury;
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha! 'Tis he, indeed!

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well, there's one above them yet. I had thought,

They had parted so much honesty among 'em

(At least, good manners), as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery!

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close;

We shall hear more anon.—

Enter the Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper End of the Table on the Left-Hand; a Seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. Duke of SUFFOLK, Duke of NORFOLK, SURREY, Lord Chamberlain, and GARDINER, seat themselves in order on each Side. CROMWELL at the lower End, as Secretary.

Chan. Speak to the business, master secretary:

Why are we met in council?

Crom. Please your honours,

The chief cause concerns his grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lord?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your grace may enter now.

[CRANMER approaches the Council Table.

Chan. My good lord archbishop, I am very sorry

To sit here at this present, and behold

That chair stand empty: But we all are men,

In our own natures frail ; and capable
 Of our flesh – few are angels : out of which frailty,
 And want of wisdom, you that best should teach us,
 Have misdemeaned yourself, and not a little,
 Toward the king first, then his laws, in filling
 The whole realm, by your teaching, and your chaplains,
 (For so we are inform'd,) with new opinions,
 Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,
 And, not reformed, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
 My noble lords: for those that tame wild horses,
 Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle ;
 But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
 'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
 (Out of our easiness, and childish pity
 To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
 Farewel all physic ! And what follows then ?
 Commotions, uproars, with a general taint
 Of the whole state: as of late days, our neighbours,
 The Upper Germany, can dearly witness,
 Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress
 Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,
 And with no little study, that my teaching,
 And the strong course of my authority,
 Might go one way, and safely : and the end
 Was ever to do well : nor is there living
 (I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
 A man that more detests, more stirs against,
 Both in his private conscience, and his place,
 Defacers of a public peace, than I do.
 Pray heaven, the king may never find a heart
 With less allegiance in it ! Men that make
 Envy and crooked malice, nourishment,
 Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
 That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
 Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
 And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
 That cannot be ; you are a counsellor,
 And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we have business of more moment,
We will be short with you. 'Tis his highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better trial of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly !
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ah, my good lord of Winchester, I thank you
You are always my good friend ; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
you are so merciful : I see your end,
'Tis my undoing : Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition ;
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,
Lay all the weight you can upon my patience,
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth ; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of Winchester, you are a little,
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they had been : 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good master secretary,
I cry your honour mercy ; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord ?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect ? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found ?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest !
Men's prayers would then seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom. Do :

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much :
 Forbear, for shame, my lords.

Gard. I have done.

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord—It stands agreed,
 I take it, by all voices, that forthwith
 You be conveyed to the Tower a prisoner ;
 There to remain, 'till the king's further pleasure
 Be known unto us : Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
 But I must needs to the Tower, my lords ?

Gard. What other
 Would you expect ? you are strangely troublesome.
 Let some o' the guard be ready there.

Enter a Guard.

Cran. For me ?
 Must I go like a traitor thither ?

Gard. Receive him,
 And see him safe, i'the Tower.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,
 I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords ;
 By virtue of that ring, I take my cause
 Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it
 To a most noble judge, the king my master.

Cham. This is the king's ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis the right ring, by heaven ! I told ye all,
 When we first put this dangerous stone a rolling,
 'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. Do you think, my lords,
 The king will suffer but the little finger
 Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain :
 How much more is his life in value with him ?
 'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,
 In seeking tales and informations,
 Against this man (whose honesty the devil
 And his disciples only envy at,)
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye : Now have at ye.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread sovereign, how much we are bound to heaven

In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince ;
Not only good and wise, but most religious :
One that, in all obedience, makes the church
The chief aim of his honour ; and to strengthen
That holy duty, out of dear respect,
His royal self in judgment comes to hear
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You were ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
To hear such flatteries now, and in my presence ;
They are too thin and base to hide offences.
To me you cannot reach : You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;
But, whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I am sure,
Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.—
Good man, sit down. Now let me see the proudest

[*To CRANMER.*]

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :
By all that's holy ! he had better starve,
Than but once thinks this place becomes thee not.

Sir. May it please your grace.—

King. No, Sir, it does not please me,
I had thought I had men of some understanding
And wisdom of my council ; but I find none.
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deserve that title,)
This honest man, wait like a lousy foot-boy
At chamber door, and one as great as you are ?
Why, what a shame was this ? Did my commission
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,
Not as a groom : There's some of ye, I see,
More out of Malice than integrity,
Would try him to the utmost, had ye mean ;
Which ye shall never have, while I live.

Chan. Thus far,
My most dread sovereign may it like your grace
To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd

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Concerning his imprisonment, was rather
 (If there be faith in men) meant for his trial,
 And fair purgation to the world, than malice;
 I am sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him;
 Take him and use him well, he's worthy of it.
 I will say thus much for him, if a prince
 May be beholden to a subject, I
 Am, for his love and service, so to him.
 Make me no more ado, but all embrace him;
 Be friends, for thine, my lords.—My lord of Canterbury,
 I have a suit which you must not deny me:
 There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
 You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
 In such an honour; How may I deserve it,
 That am a poor and humble subject to you?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons;
 you shall have
 Two noble partners with you; the old dutchess of Nor-
 folk,
 And lady marquis Dorset; Will these please you?—
 Once more, my lord of Winchester, I charge you,
 Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart,
 And brother's love, I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
 Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true heart.
 The common voice, I see, is verify'd
 Of thee, which says thus, *Do my lord of Canterbury*
A shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.—
 Come, lords, we trifle time away; I long
 To have this young one made a Christian.
 As I have made ye one, lords, one remain;
 So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *The Palace Yard.*

Noise and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his Man.

Port. You'll leave your noise anon, you rascals! Do you take the court for Paris-Garden? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, you rogue! Is this a place to roar in?—Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; these are but switches to 'em.—I'll scratch your heads: You must be seeing christenings? Do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray, Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we sweep them from the door with cannons) To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning; which will never be: We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd.

Man. Alas I know not! How gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not Sampson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-make, let me never hope to see a chi e again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

Within. Do you hear, master porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good master puppy—Keep the door close, Sirrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? Is this Moorfields to muster in? or have we some strange Indian with the great tool come to court, the women so besiege us? Bless me, what a fry of fornication is at door! O' my Christian conscience, this one christening will beget a thousand—here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharg'd against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mis'd the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, *clubs!* when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to the broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot, deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; The devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house, and fight for bitten apples; that no audience, but the tribulation of Tower-Hill, or the limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have seen some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two bea-dles, that is to come.

Enter the Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here! They grow still too, from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves?—Ye have made a fine hand, fellows. There's a trim rabble let in: Are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

Port. Please your honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn to-pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
 If the king blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
 By the heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
 Clap round fines, for neglect: You are lazy knaves;
 And here ye lie baiting of bumbards, when
 Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
 They are come already from the christening:
 Go, break among the press, and find a way out
 To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
 A Marshall too, shall hold you play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make
 your head ache.

Port. You i' the camblet, get up o' the rail; I'll peck
 you o'er the pales else. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *The Palace.*

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord-Mayor.

Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his Marshall's Staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great standing Bowls for the Christening gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a Canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, Godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady; then follow the Marchioness of DORSET, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troop pass once about the Stage and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [Kneeling.] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
 My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
 All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
 Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
 May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
 What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*
 With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee!
 Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossip, ye have been too prodigal :
 I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,
 When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir,
 For heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter
 Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
 This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness : she shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed : Sheba was never
 More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,
 Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,
 Holy and Heavenly thoughts shall counsel her :
 She shall be lov'd and feard : Her own shall bless her ;
 Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
 And hang their heads with sorrow : Good grows with her :
 In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
 Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing
 The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :
 God shall be truly known ; and those about her
 From her shall read the perfect way of honour,
 And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
 [Nor shall this peace sleep with her : But as when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,
 Her ashes new, create another heir,
 As great in admiration as herself ;
 So shall she leave her blessedness to one
 (When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
 Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
 Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
 And so stand fix'd : Peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
 That were the servants to this chosen infant,

Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him ;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations ; He shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him :—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of England
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the saints must have her ; yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing :
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden ;
I have receiv'd much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house ; for all shall stay,
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.



